

A DELL COMIC
DELL
A DELL COMIC

Tom and Jerry comics

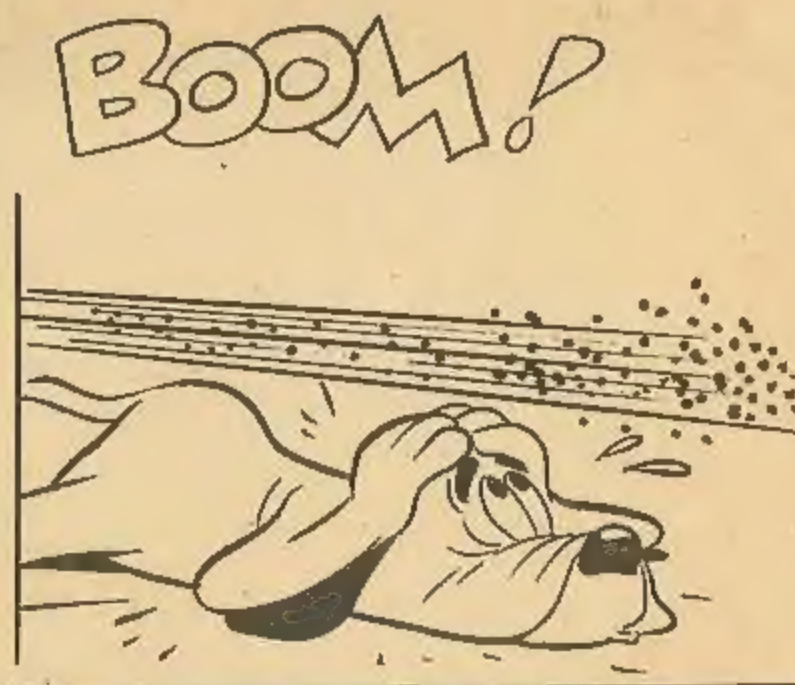
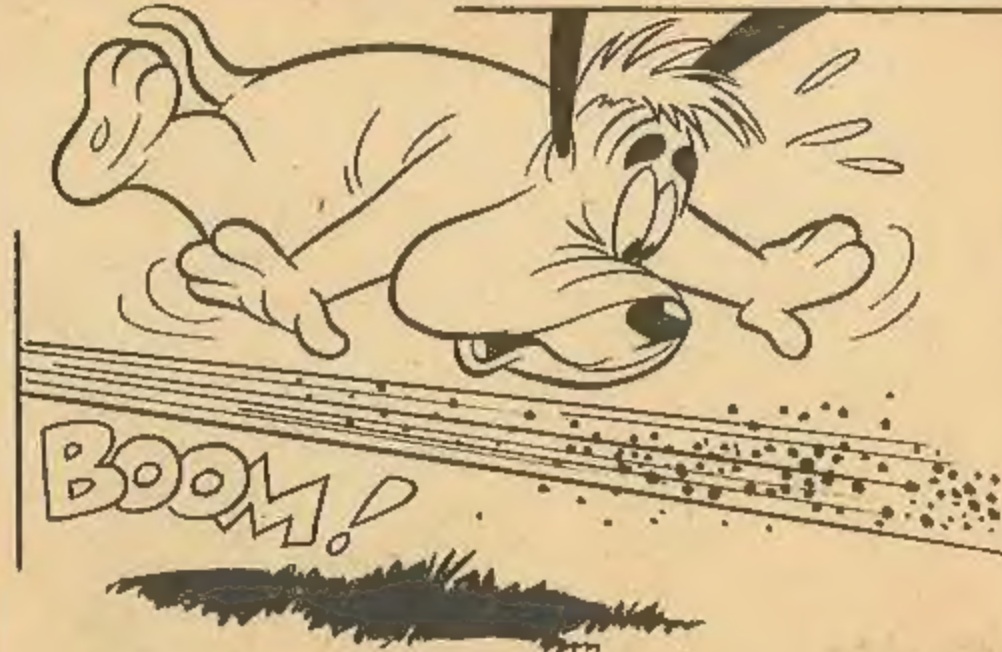
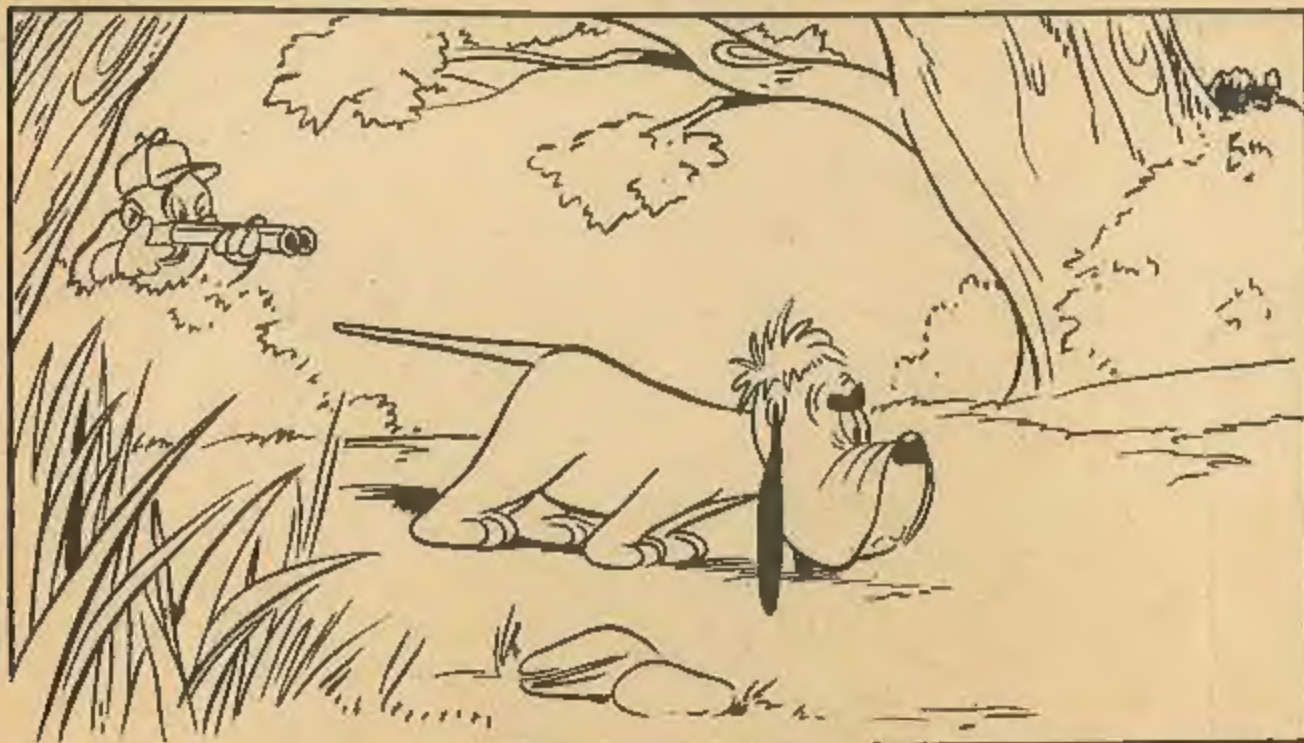
JULY 10¢



52 Pages
All Comics

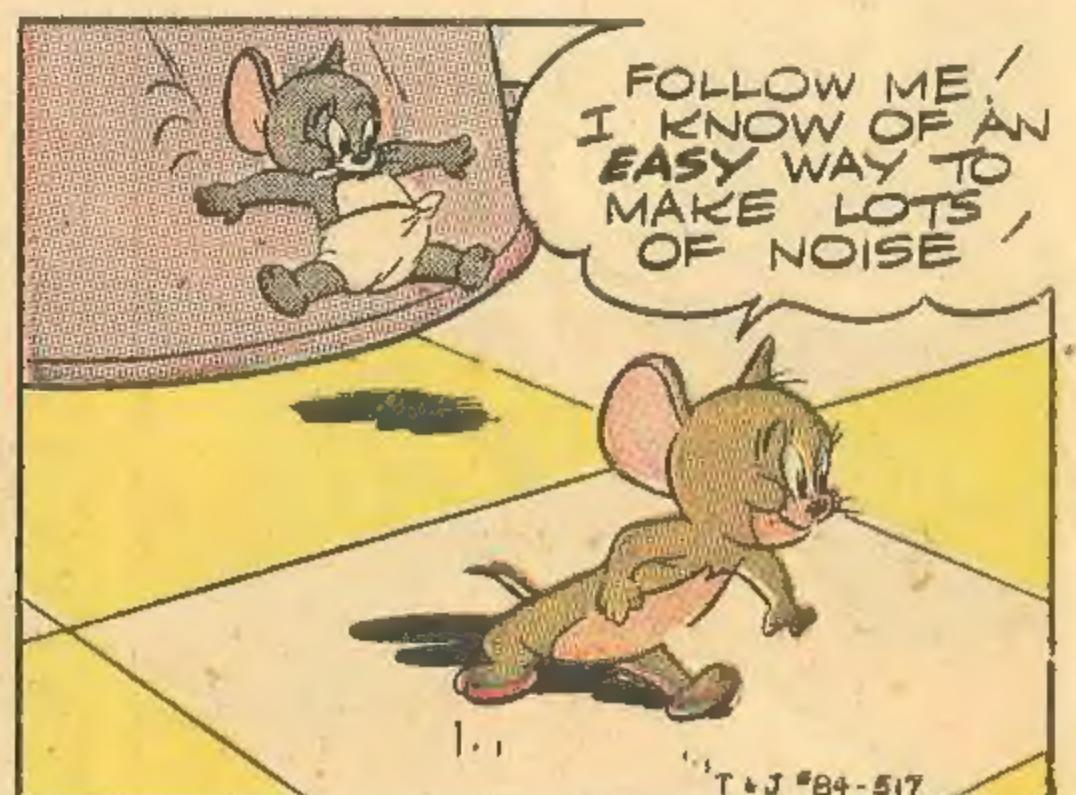
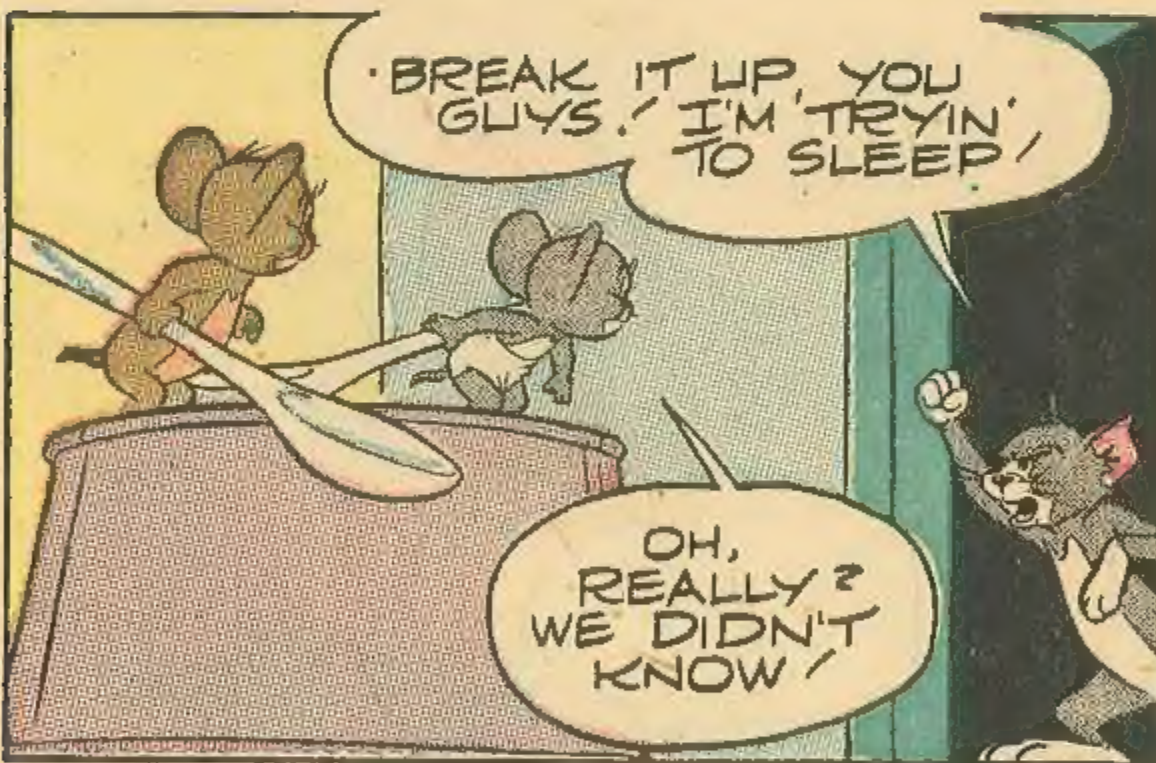
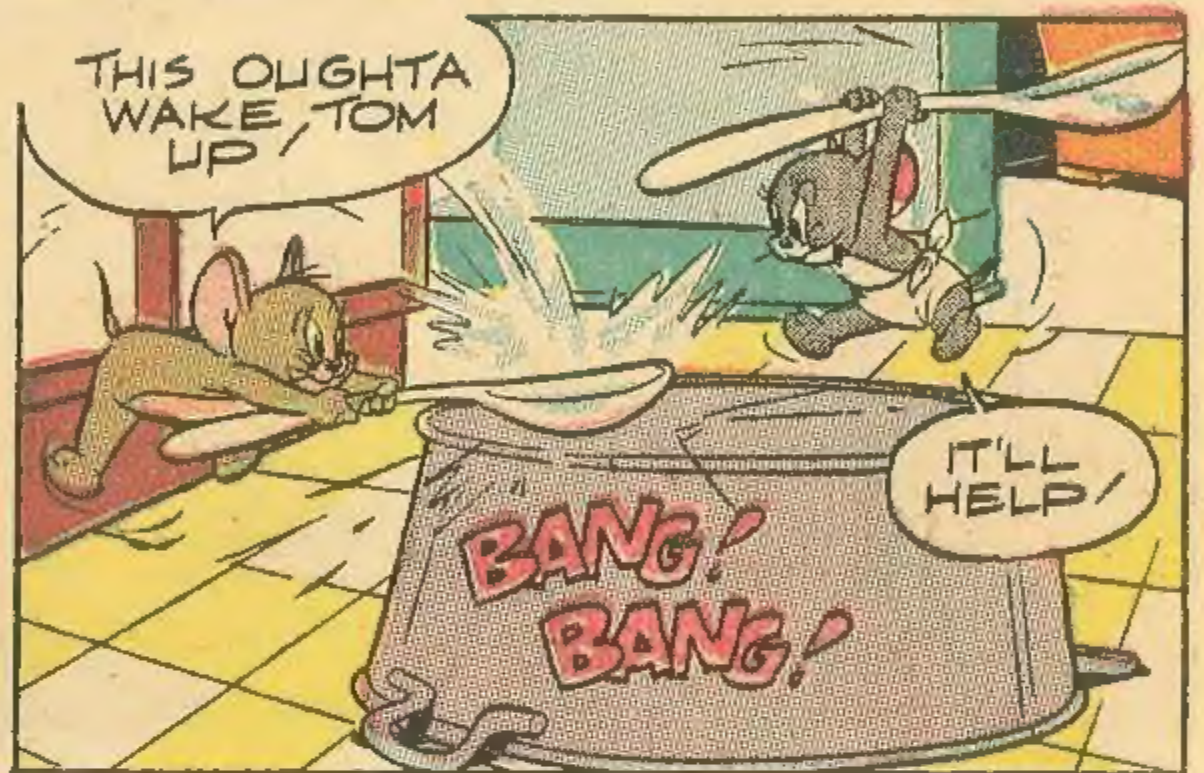
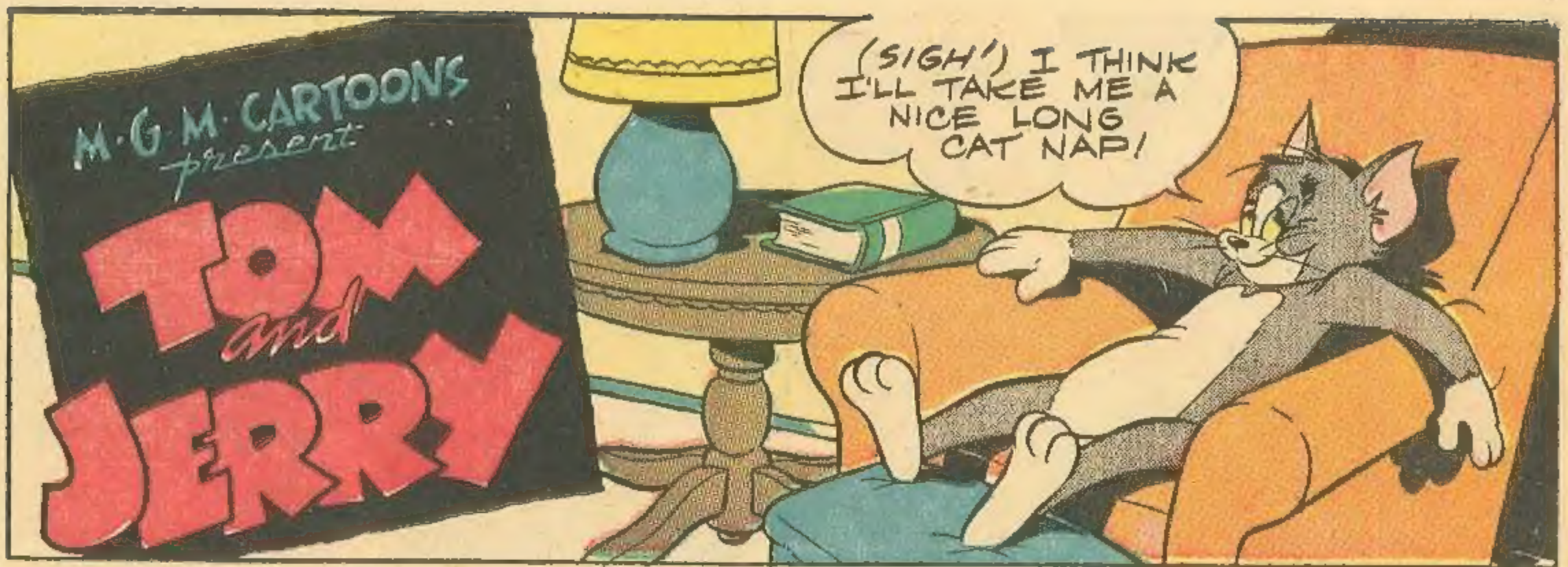


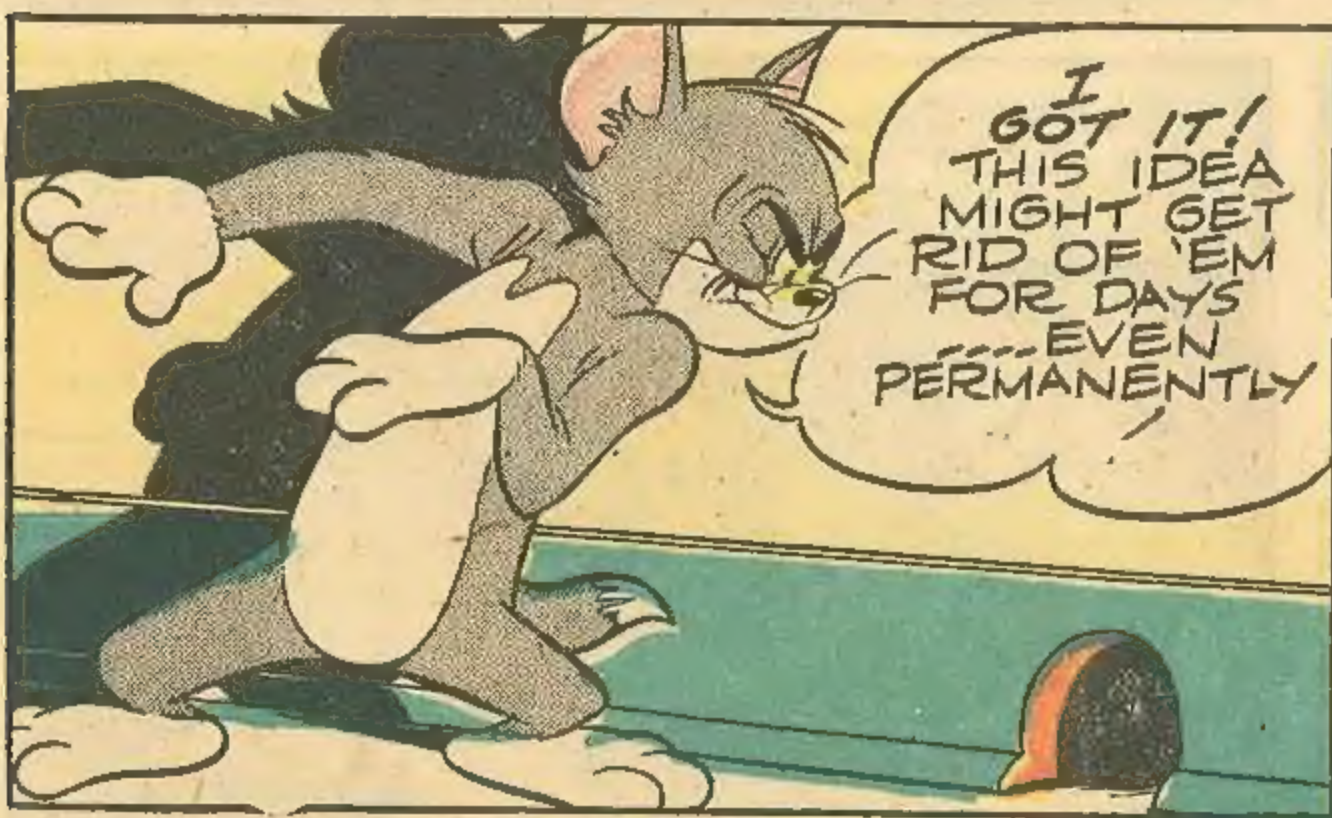
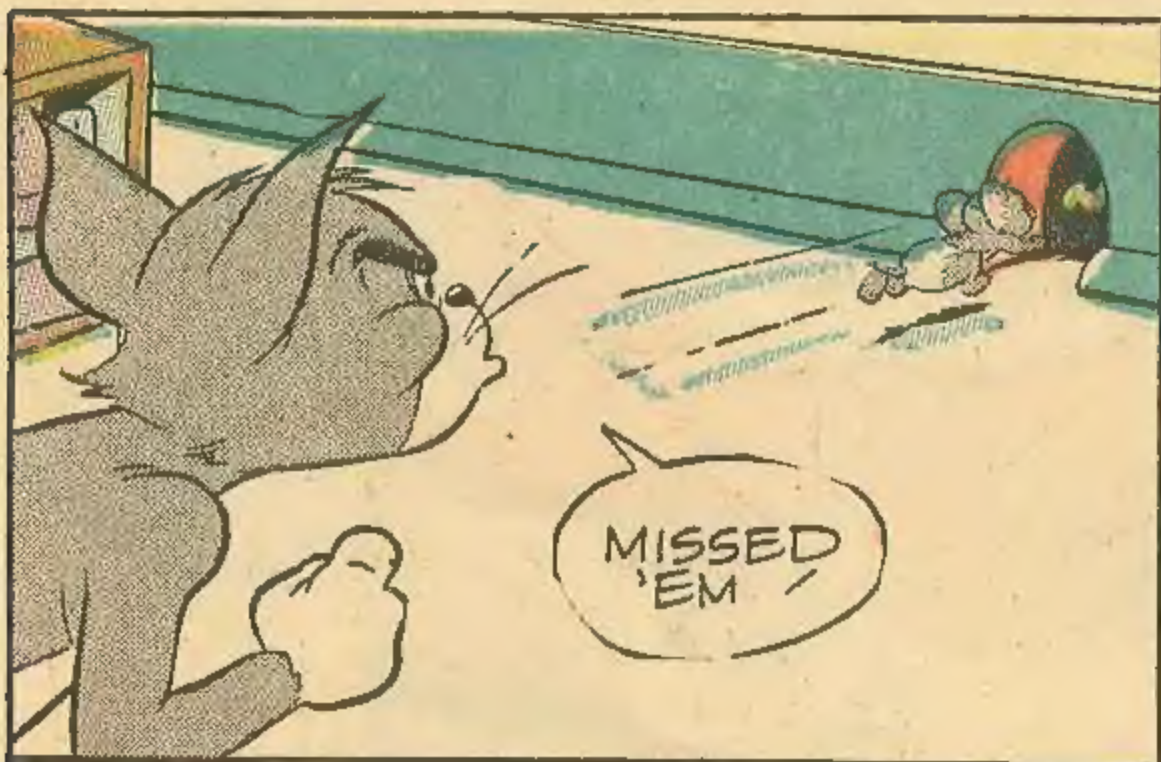
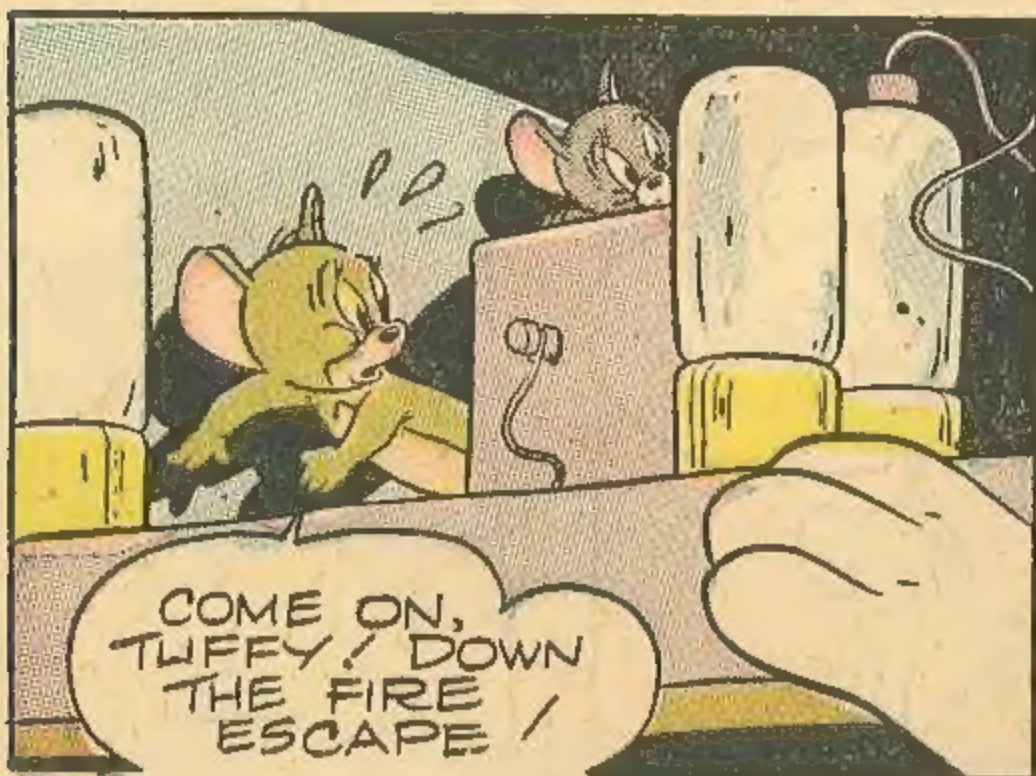
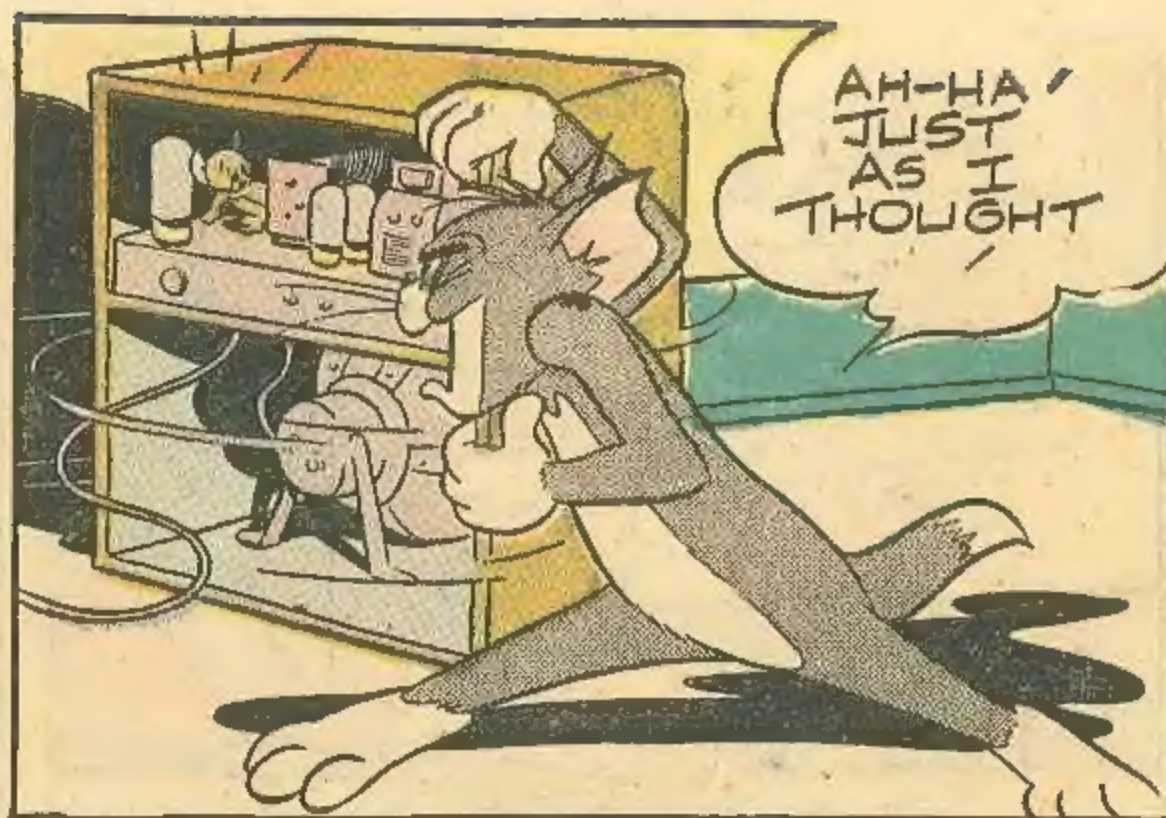
BOOM!

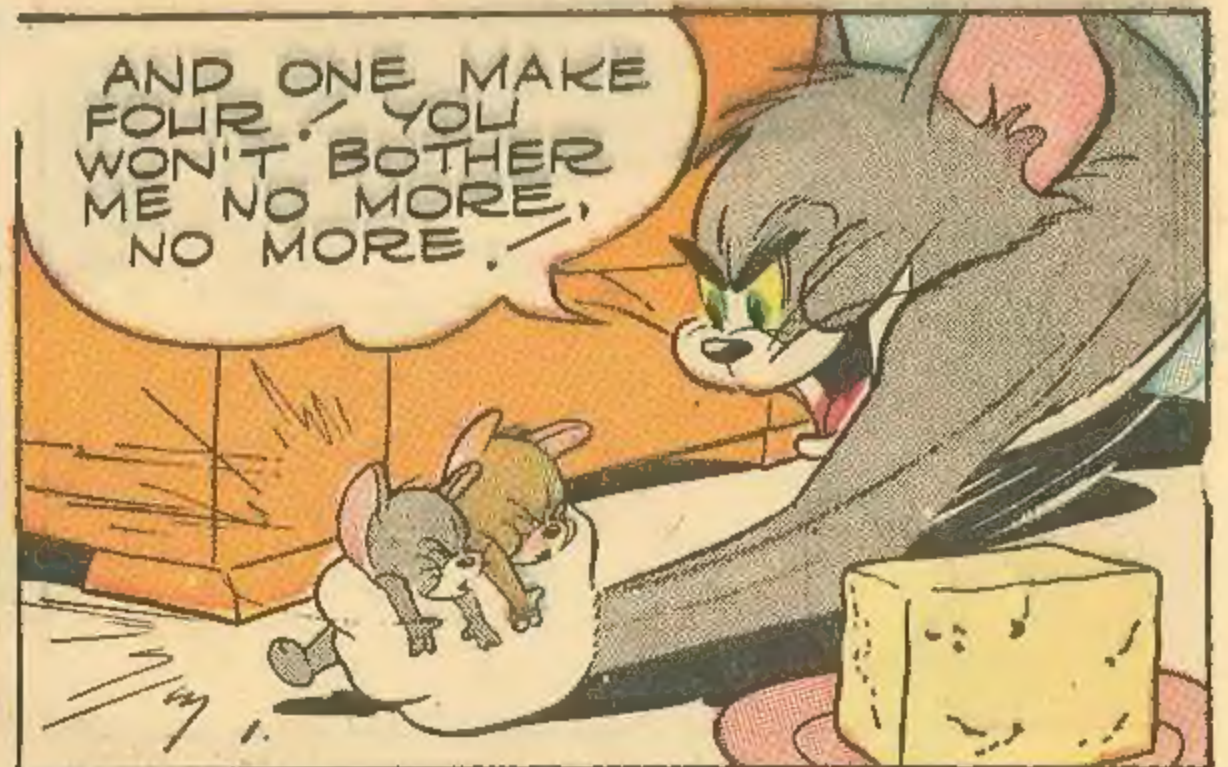
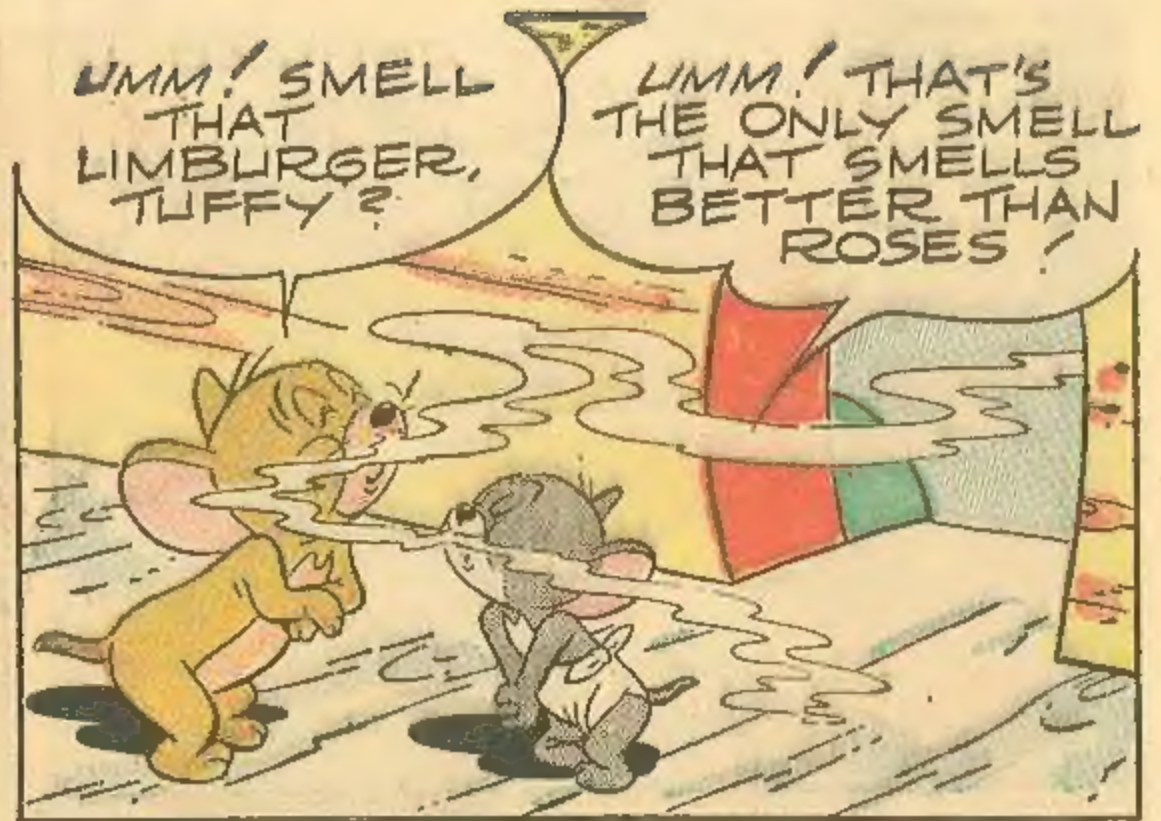


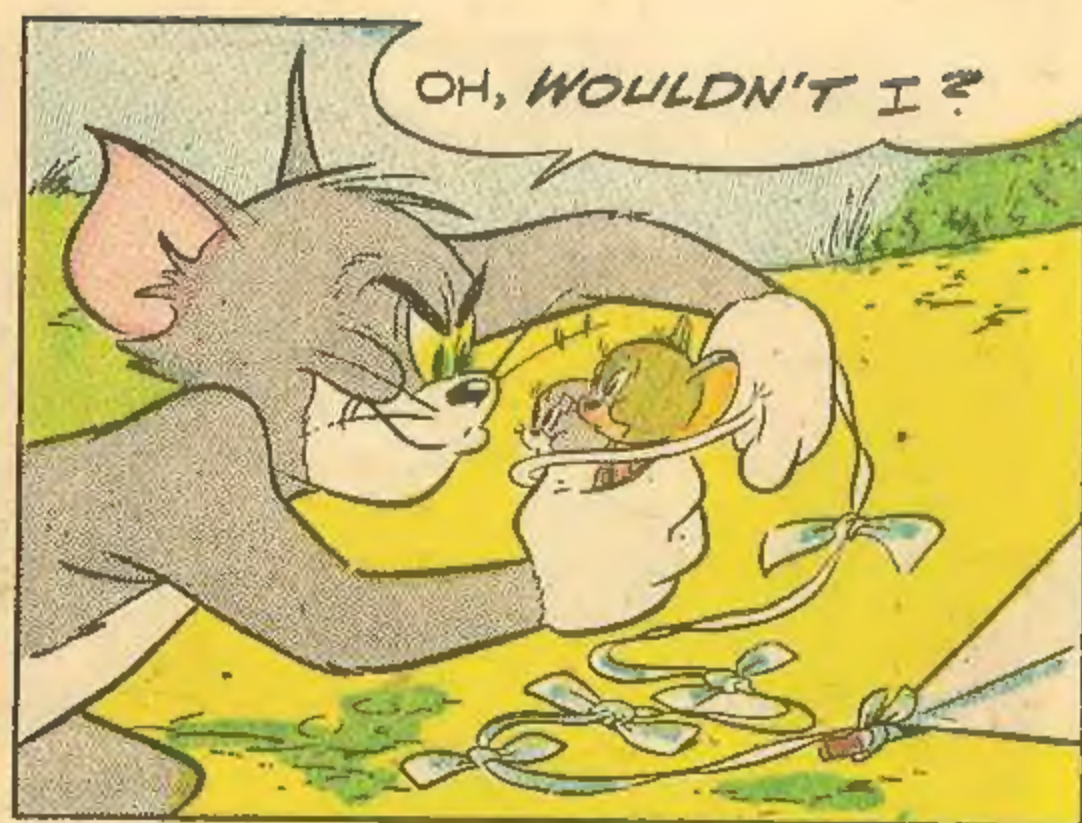
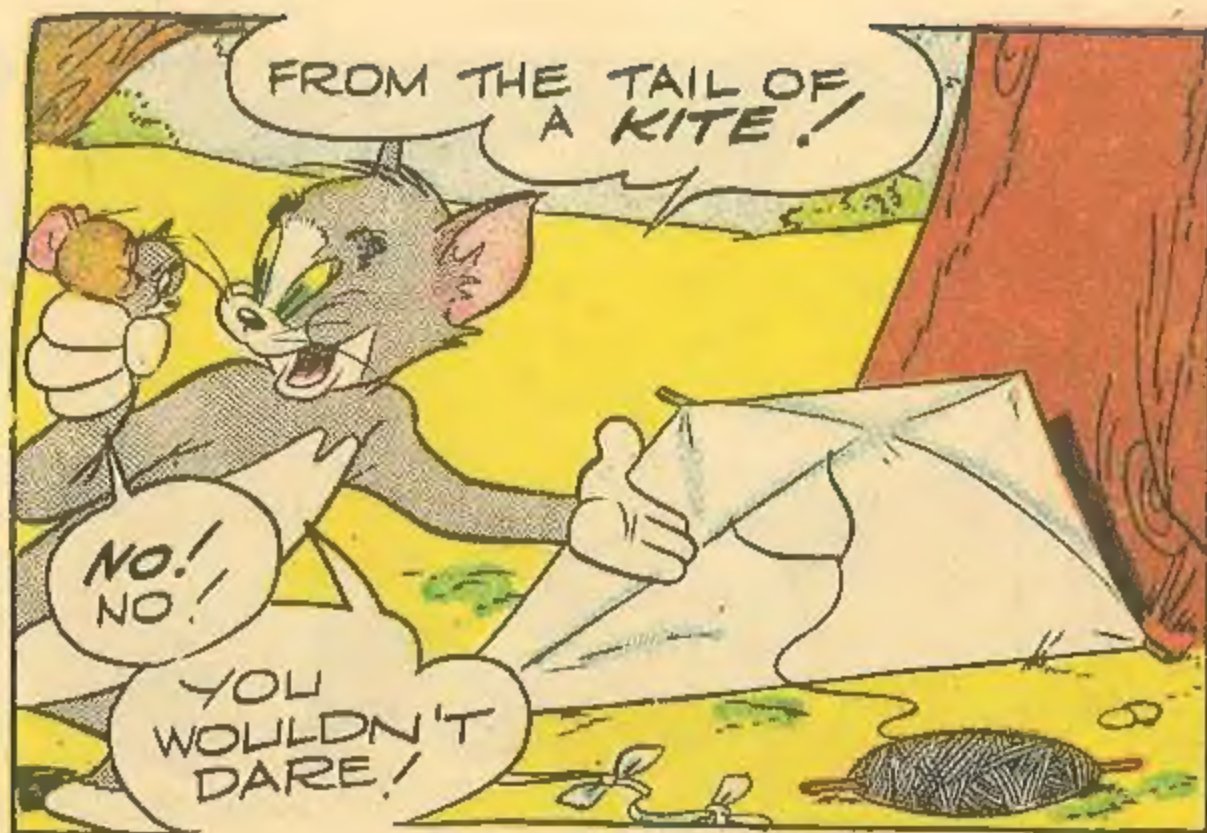
TOM & JERRY COMICS, Vol. 1, No. 84, July, 1951. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Re-entered as second-class matter May 9, 1949, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U. S. A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.20 per year. Copyright, 1951, by Loew's Incorporated. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

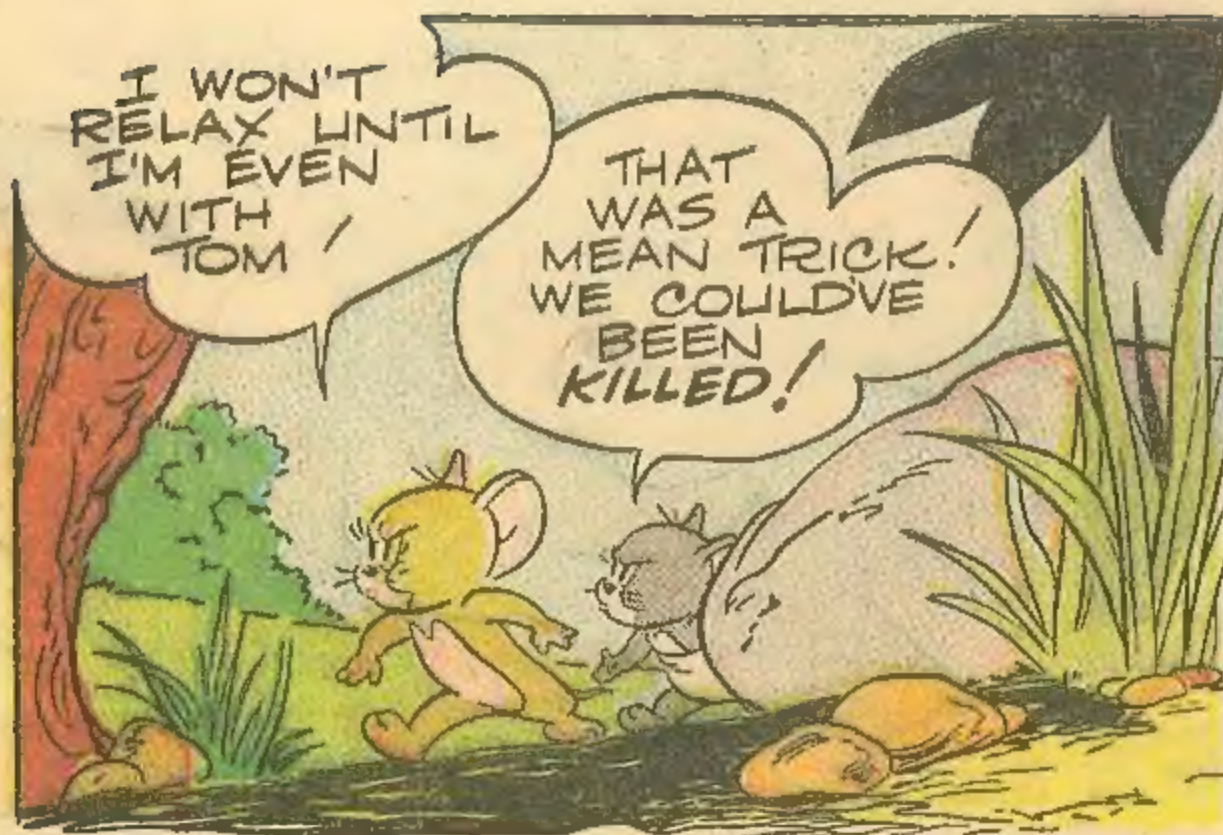
CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.





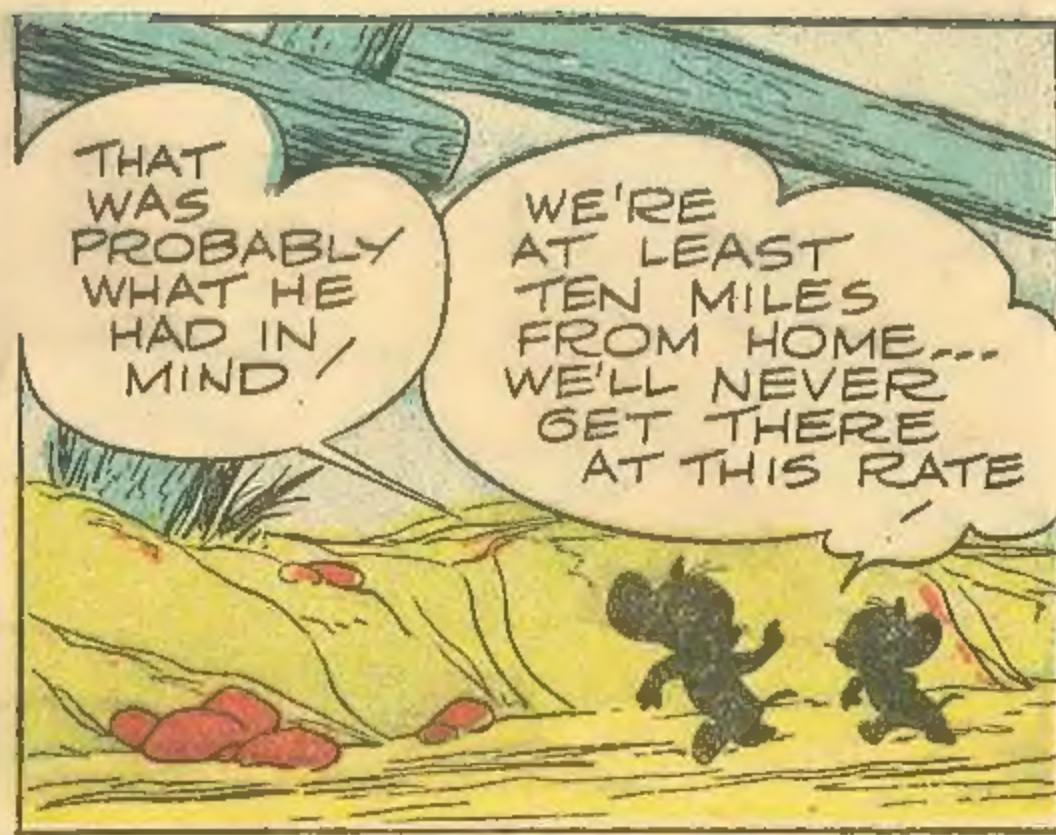






I WON'T RELAX UNTIL I'M EVEN WITH TOM!

THAT WAS A MEAN TRICK! WE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN KILLED!



THAT WAS PROBABLY WHAT HE HAD IN MIND!

WE'RE AT LEAST TEN MILES FROM HOME... WE'LL NEVER GET THERE AT THIS RATE!



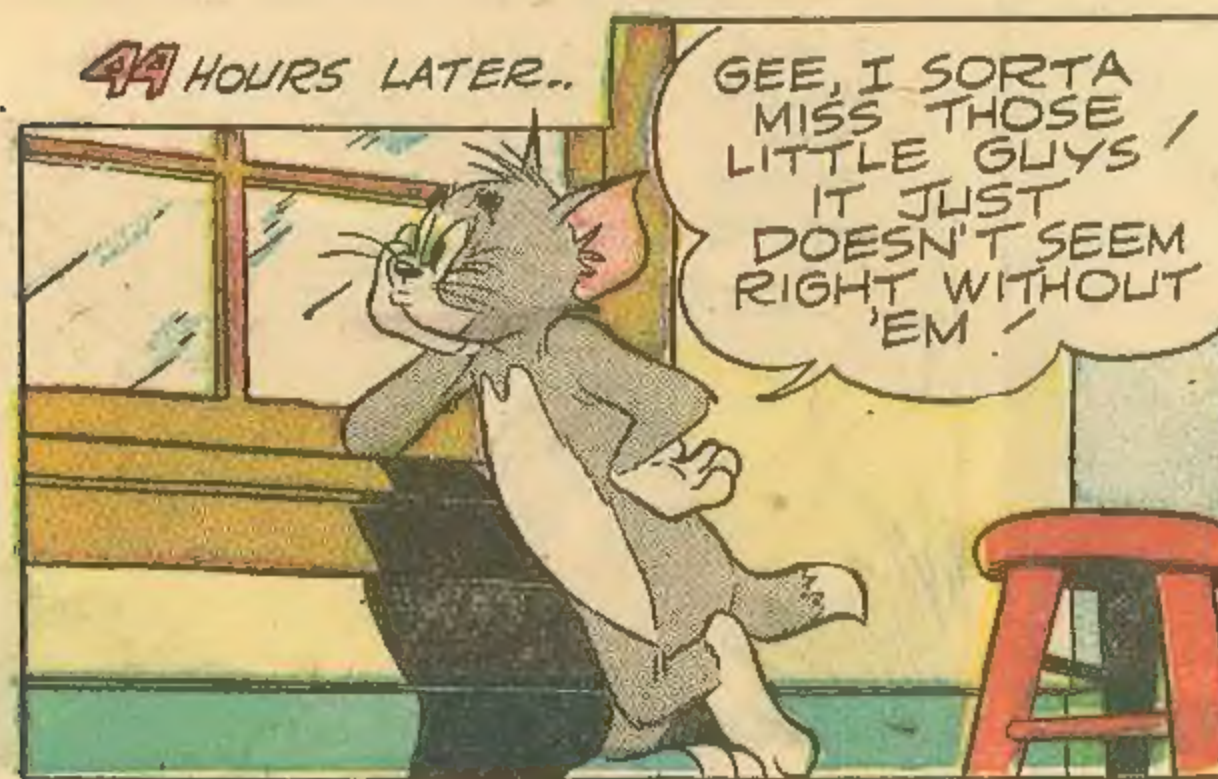
IT TAKES US THREE SECONDS TO WALK ONE FOOT... 5280 FEET IN A MILE... THAT'S 4 HOURS AND 24 MINUTES, TIMES TEN! WE'LL BE HOME IN 44 HOURS!!

GOSH! WE'D BETTER FIND US A NEW HOME!



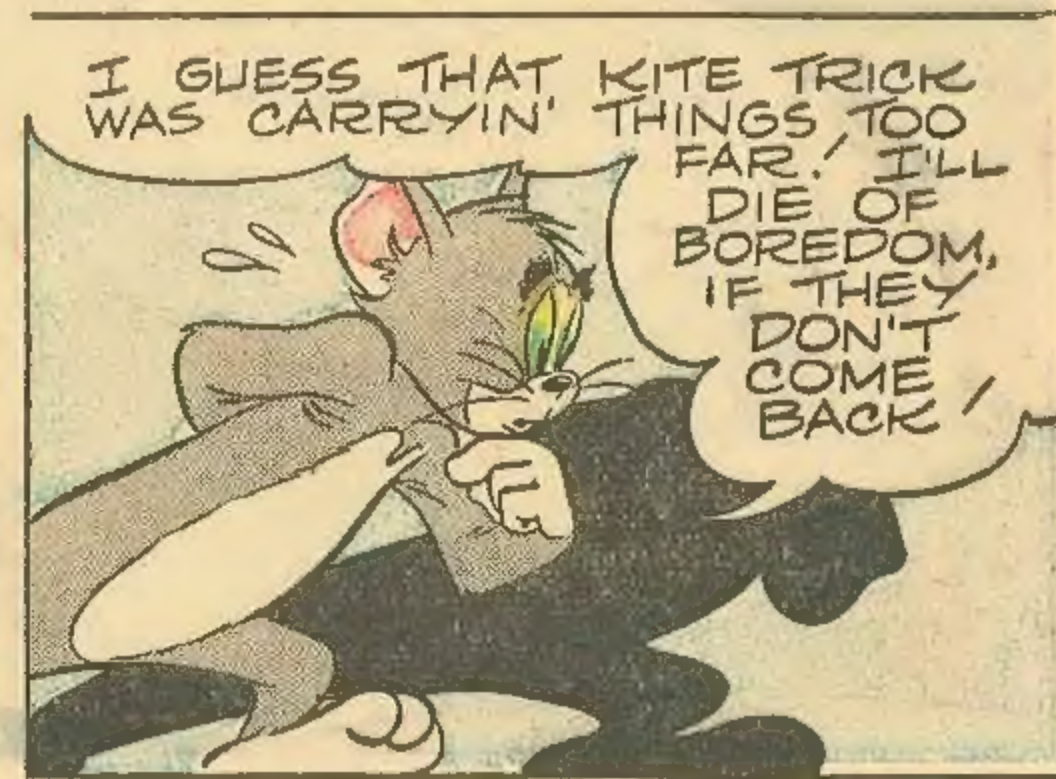
AND LET THAT CAT HAVE THE LAST LAUGH? I SHOULD SAY NOT!

WELL, IF YOU CAN MAKE IT, I GUESS I CAN, TOO!



44 HOURS LATER..

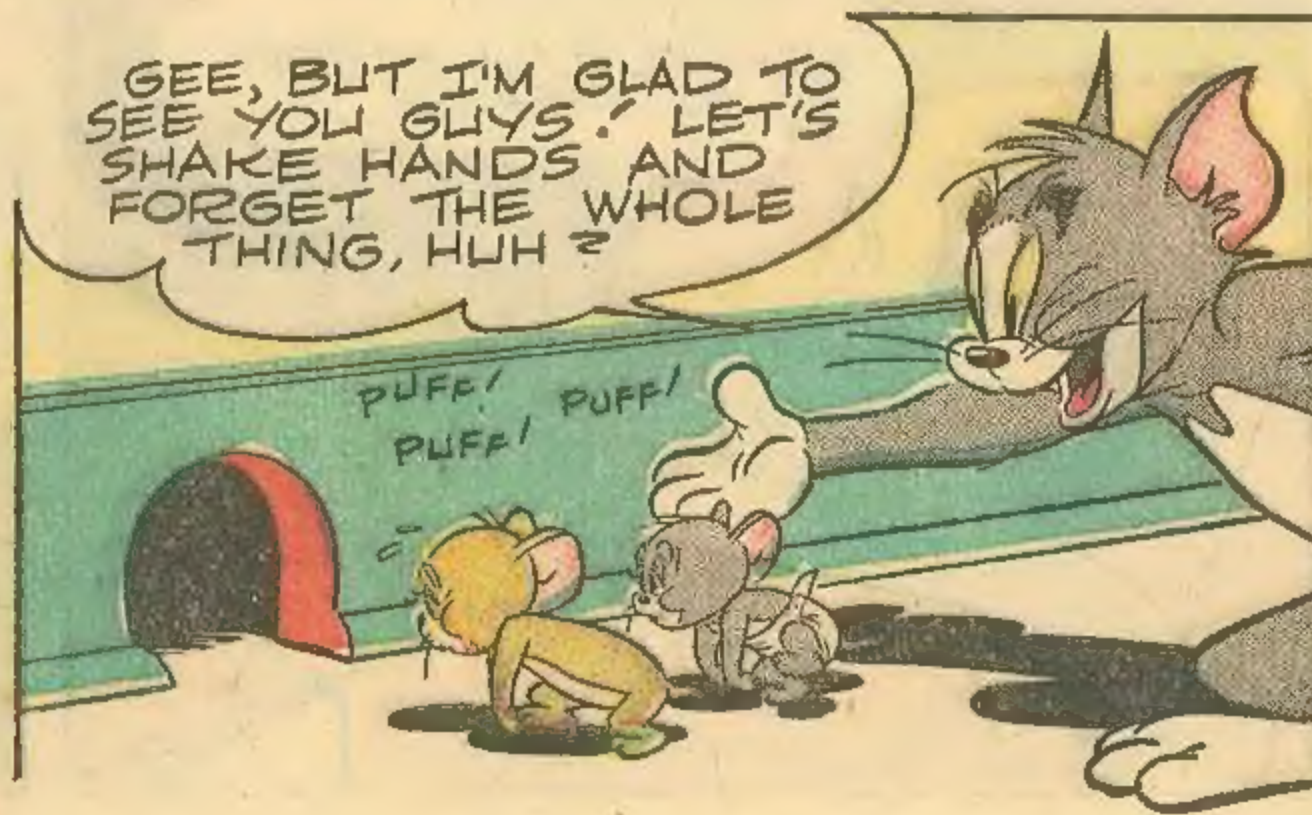
GEE, I SORTA MISS THOSE LITTLE GUYS! IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT WITHOUT 'EM!



I GUESS THAT KITE TRICK WAS CARRYIN' THINGS TOO FAR! I'LL DIE OF BOREDOM, IF THEY DON'T COME BACK!

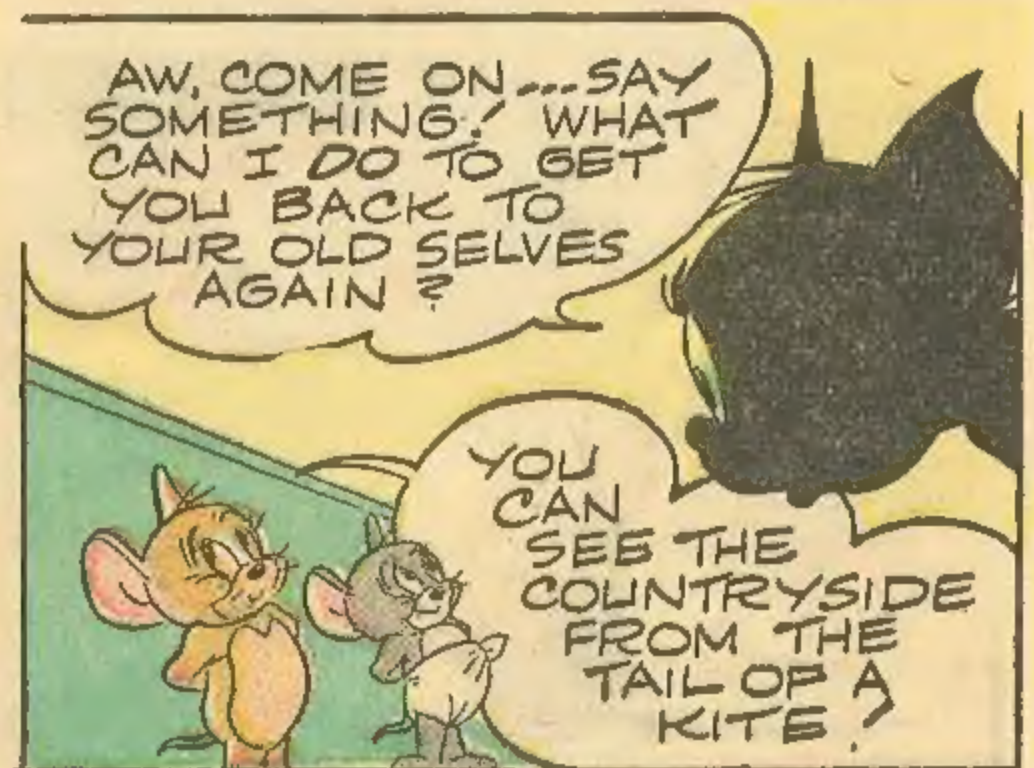
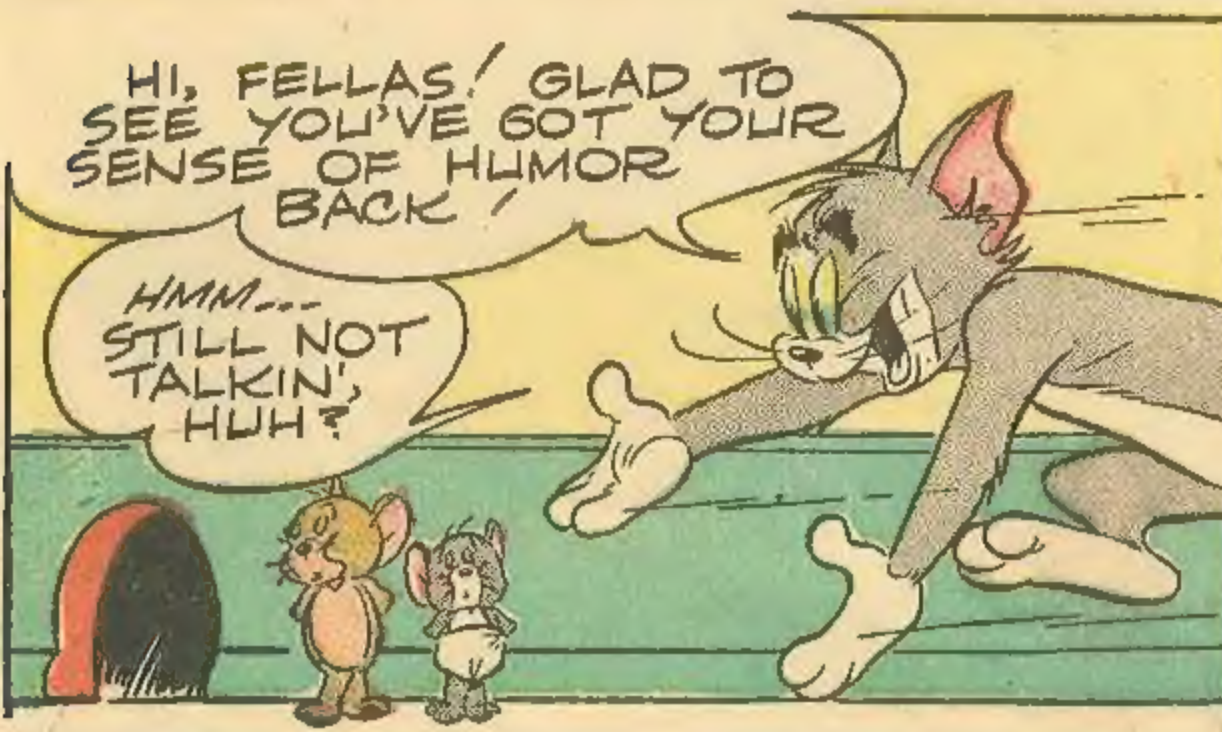
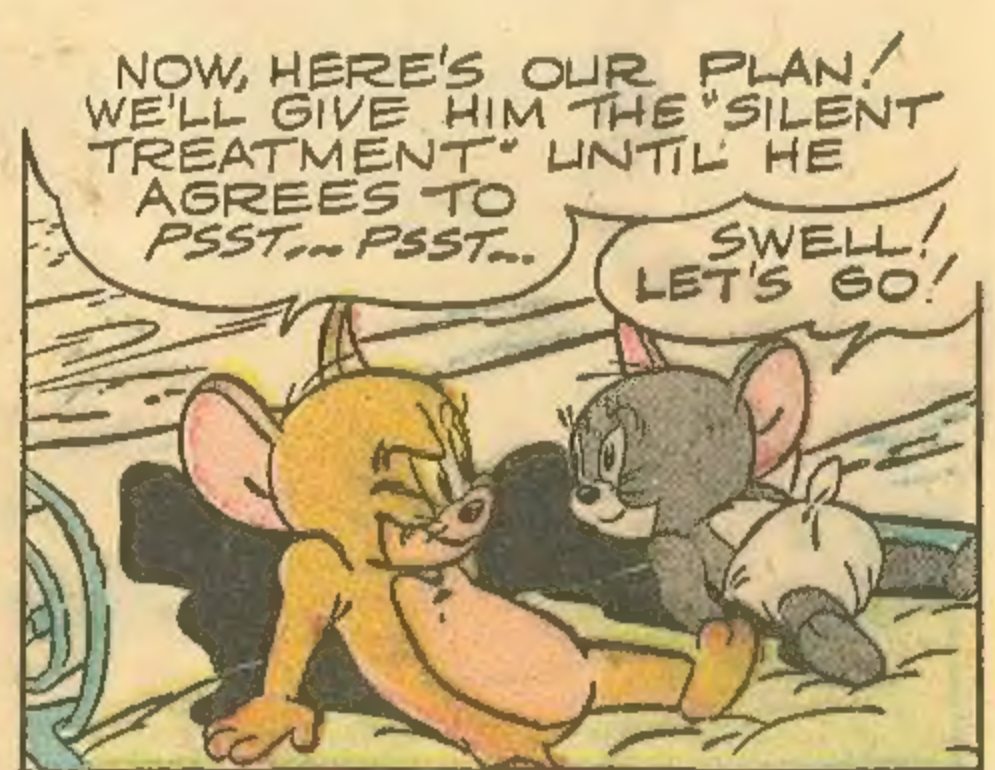
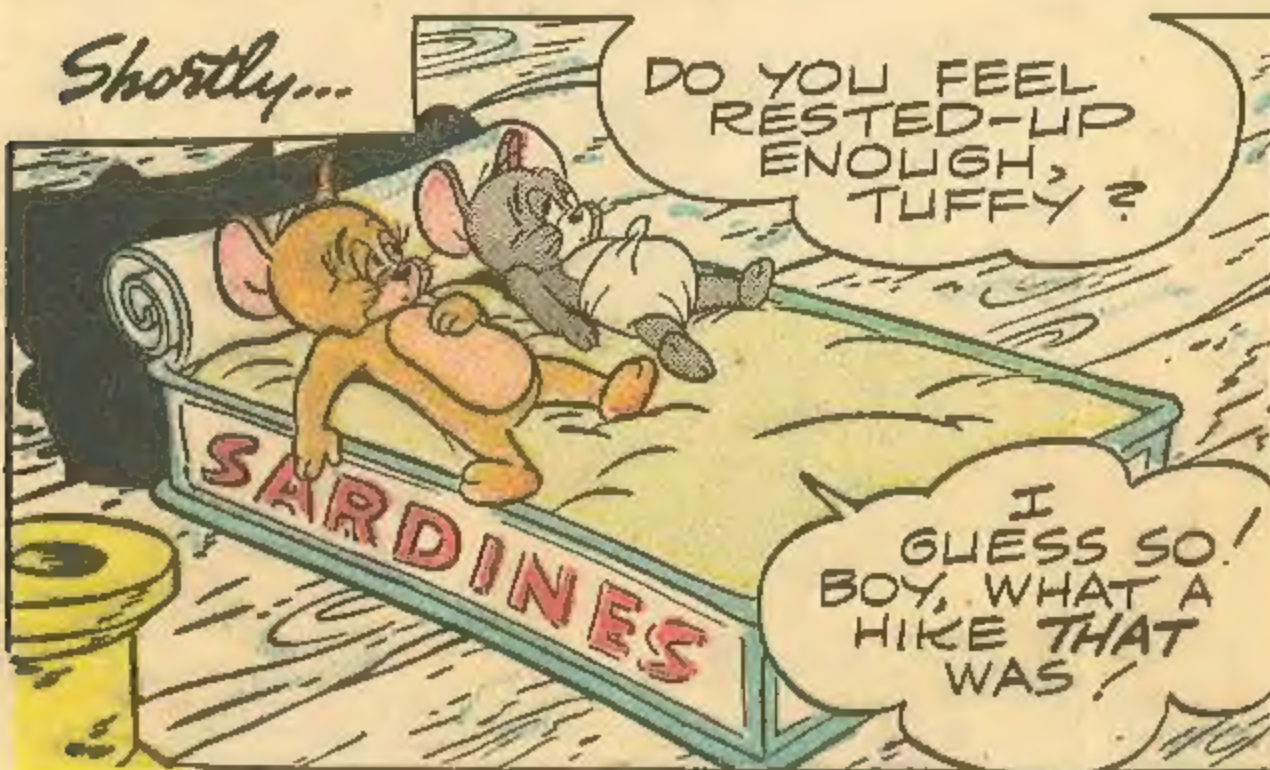
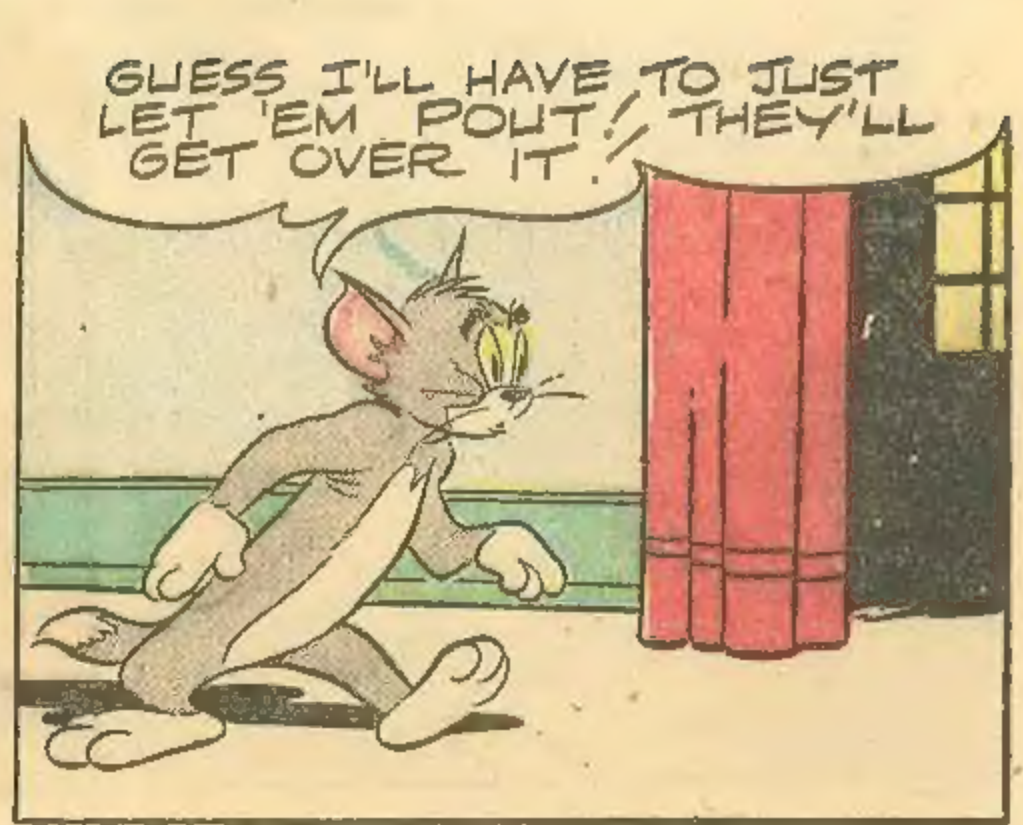


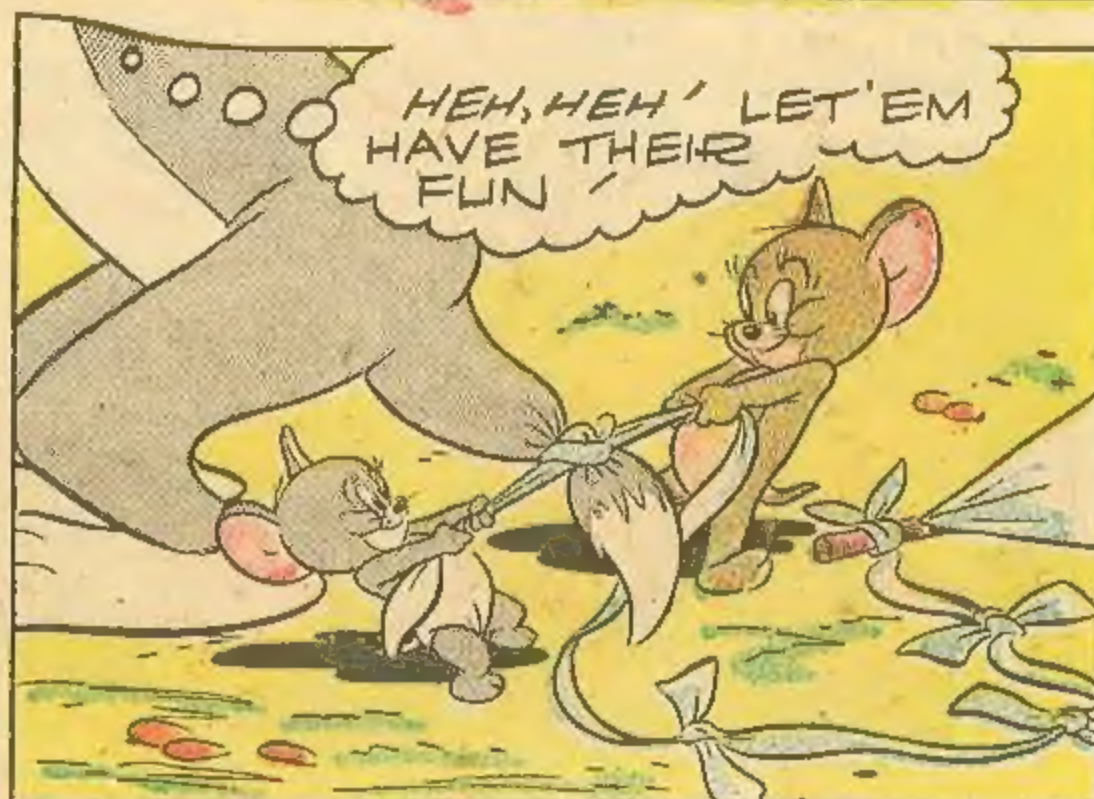
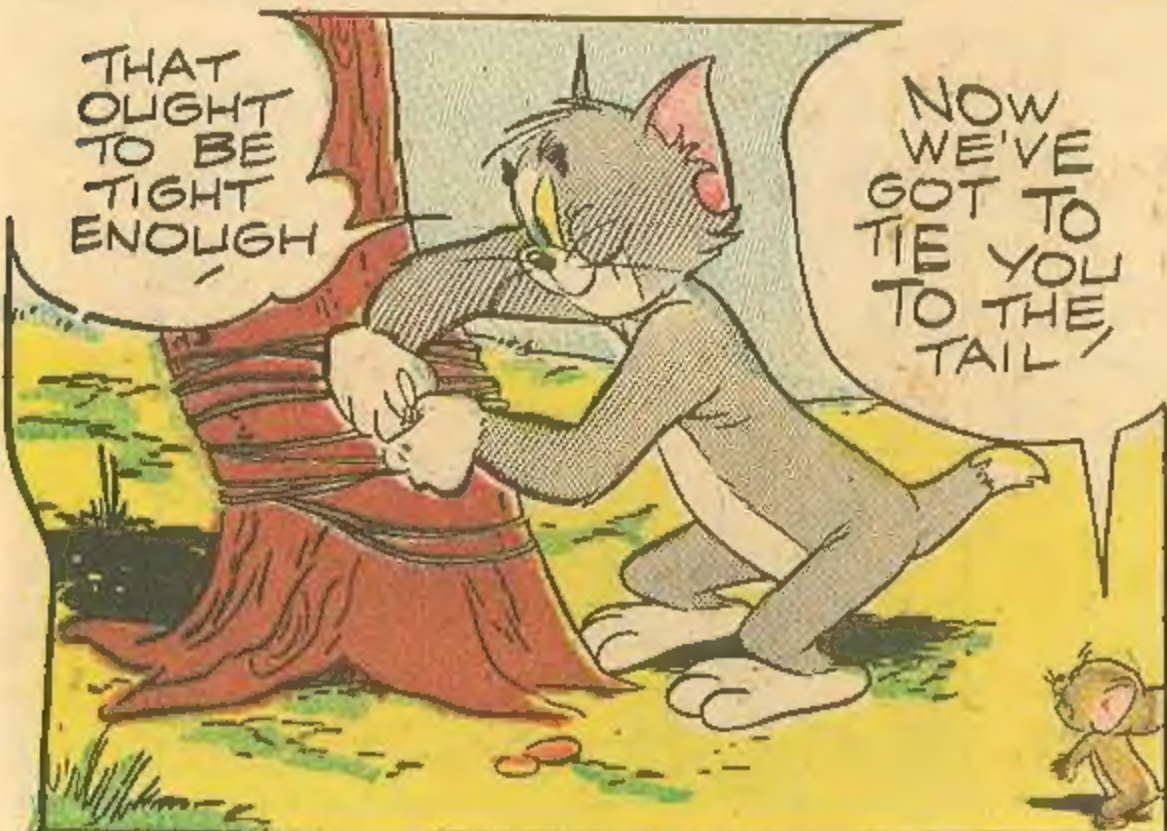
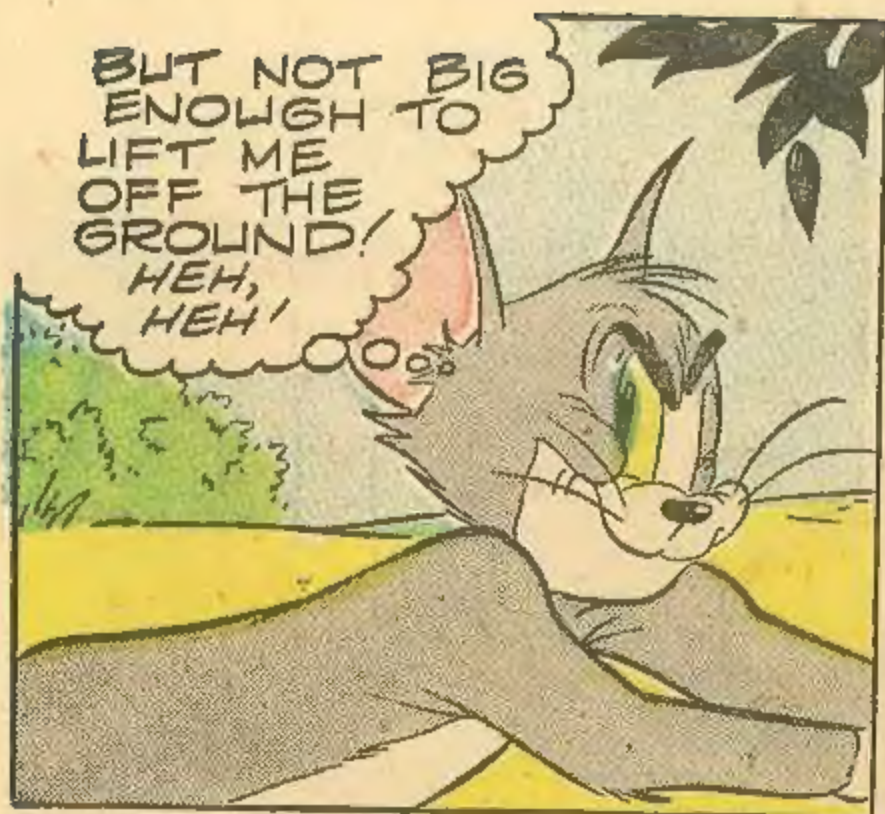
FELLAS! YOU'RE BACK!

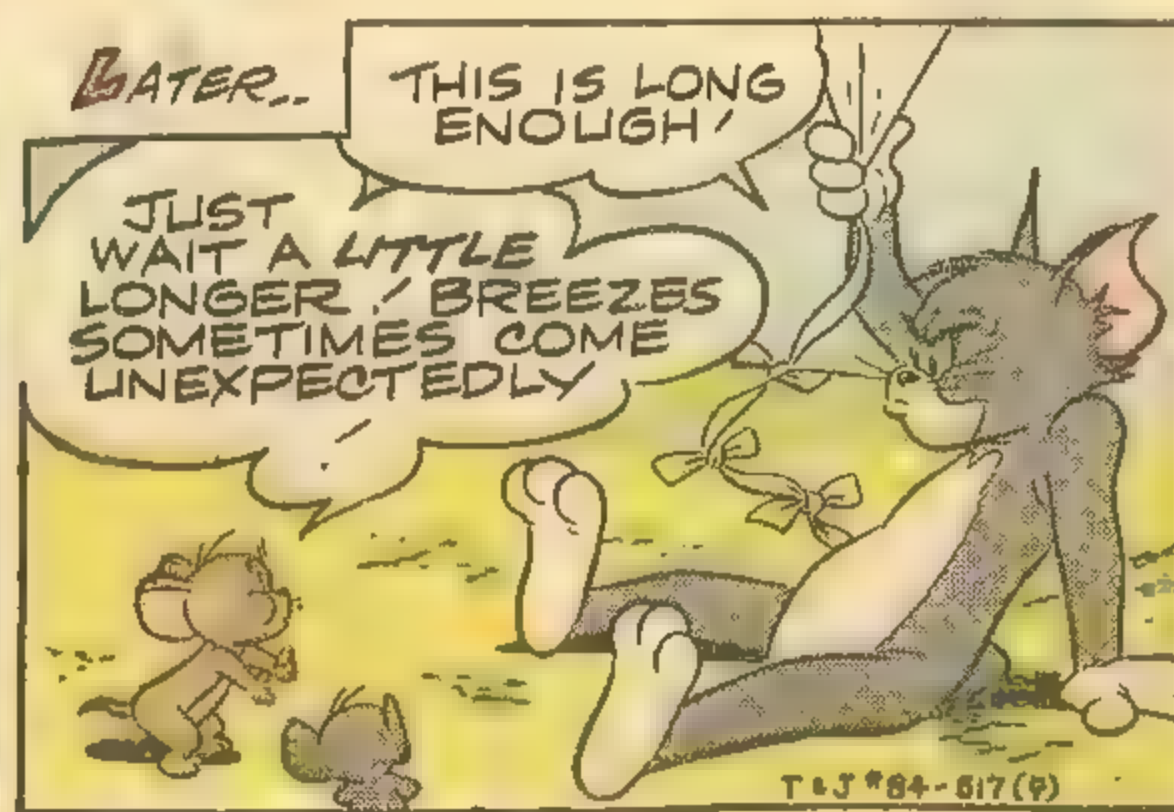
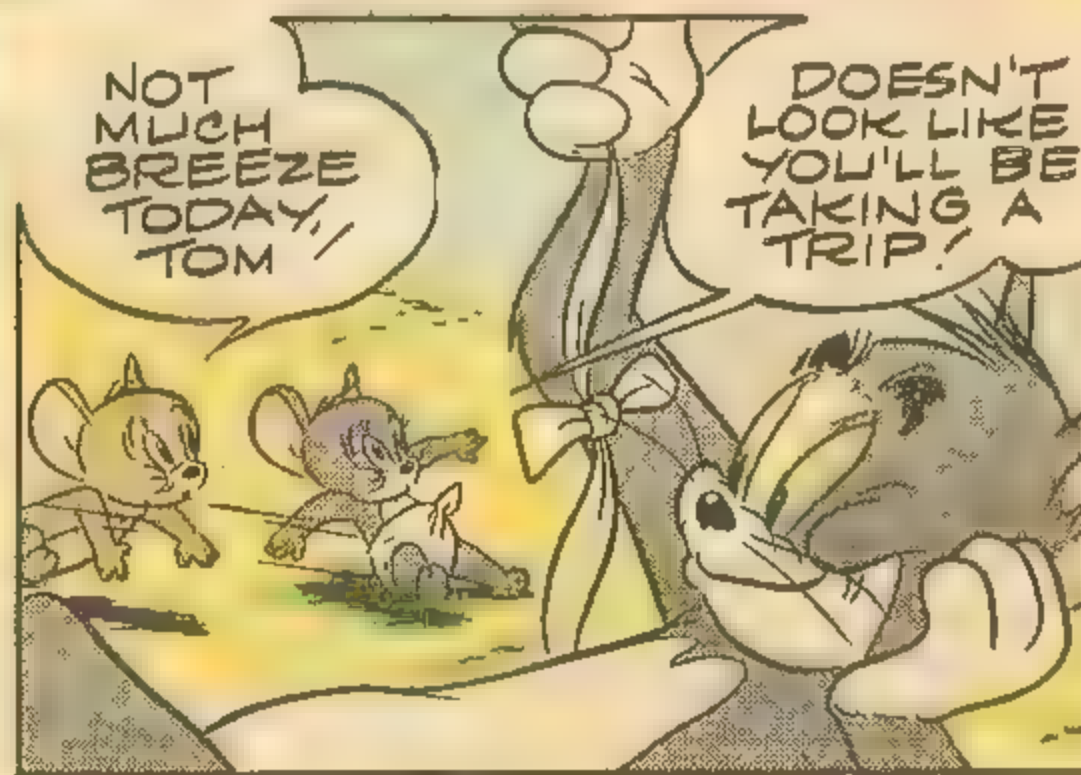
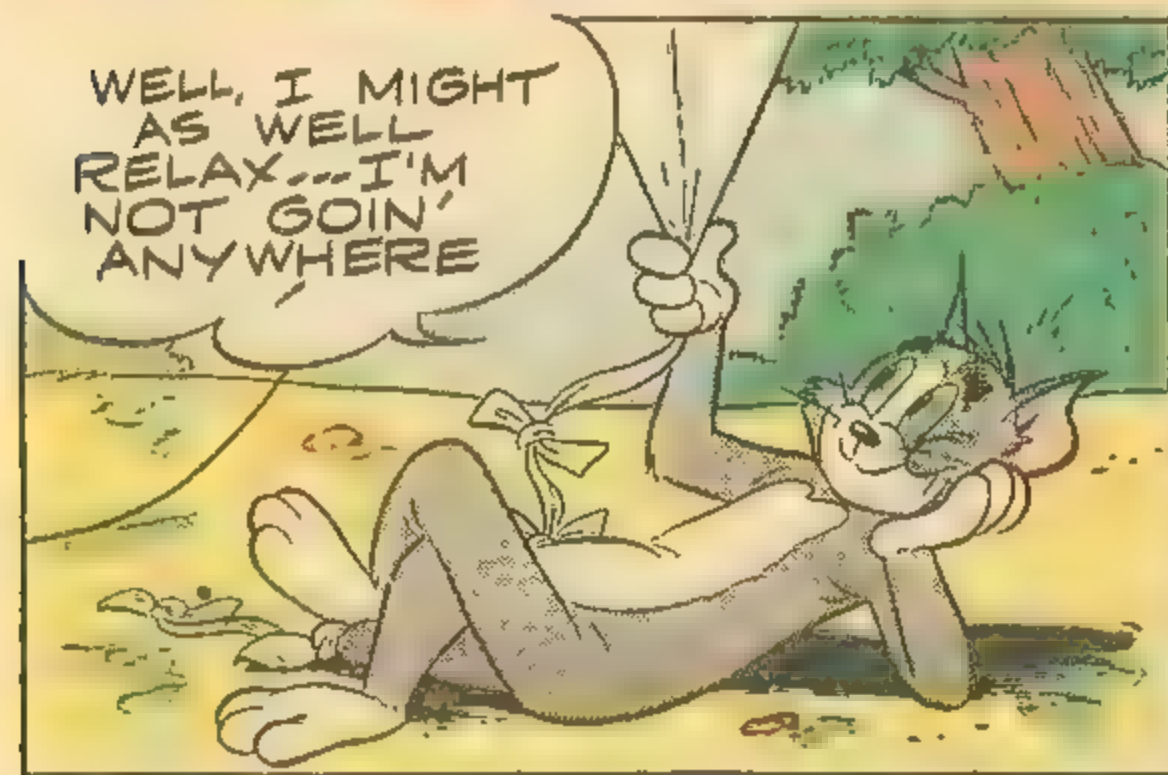
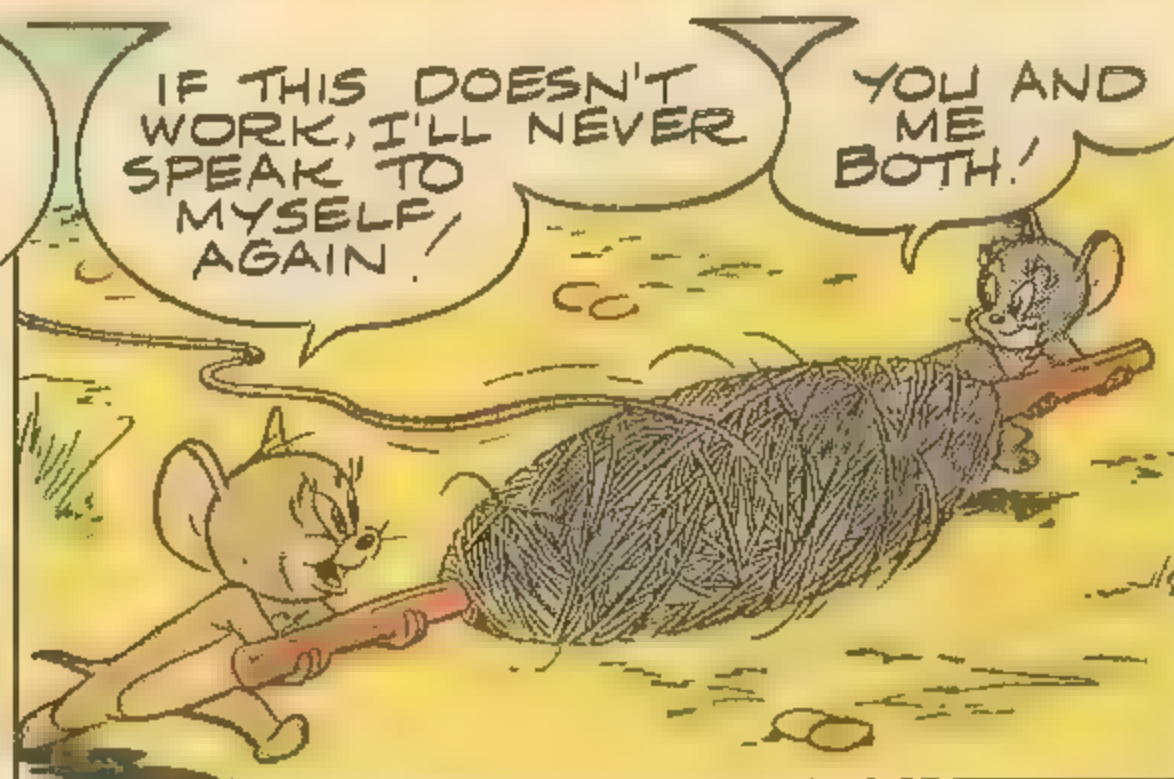
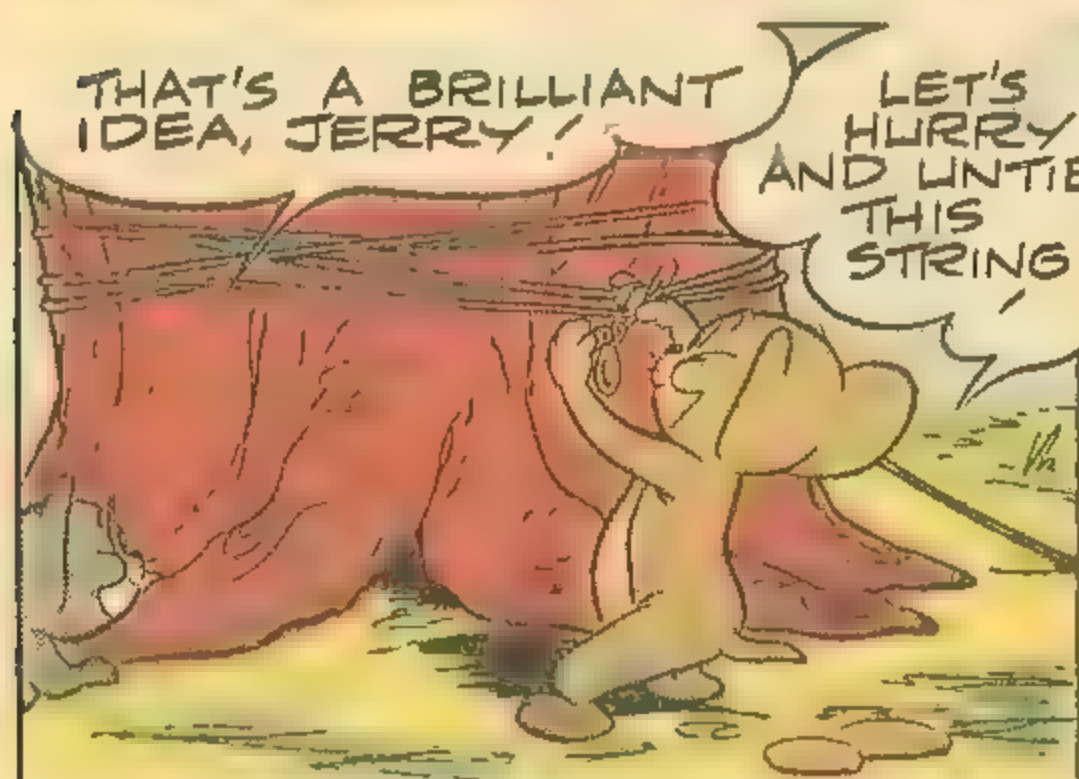
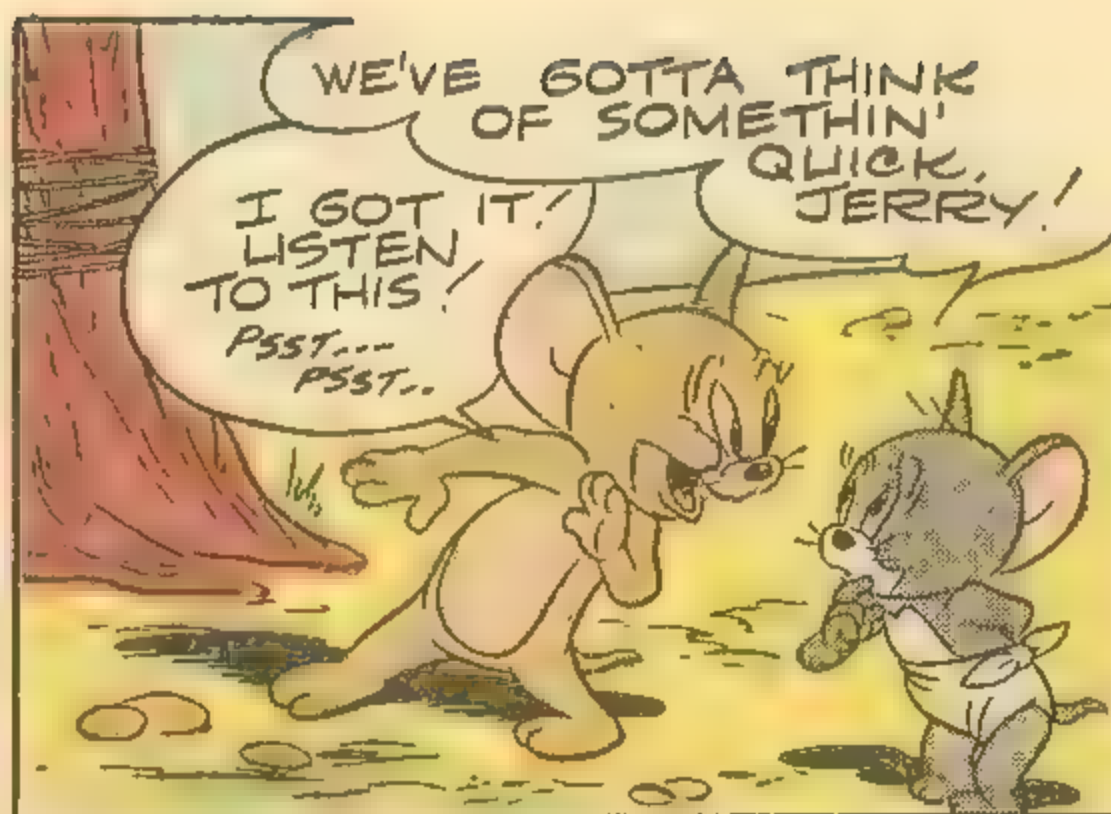


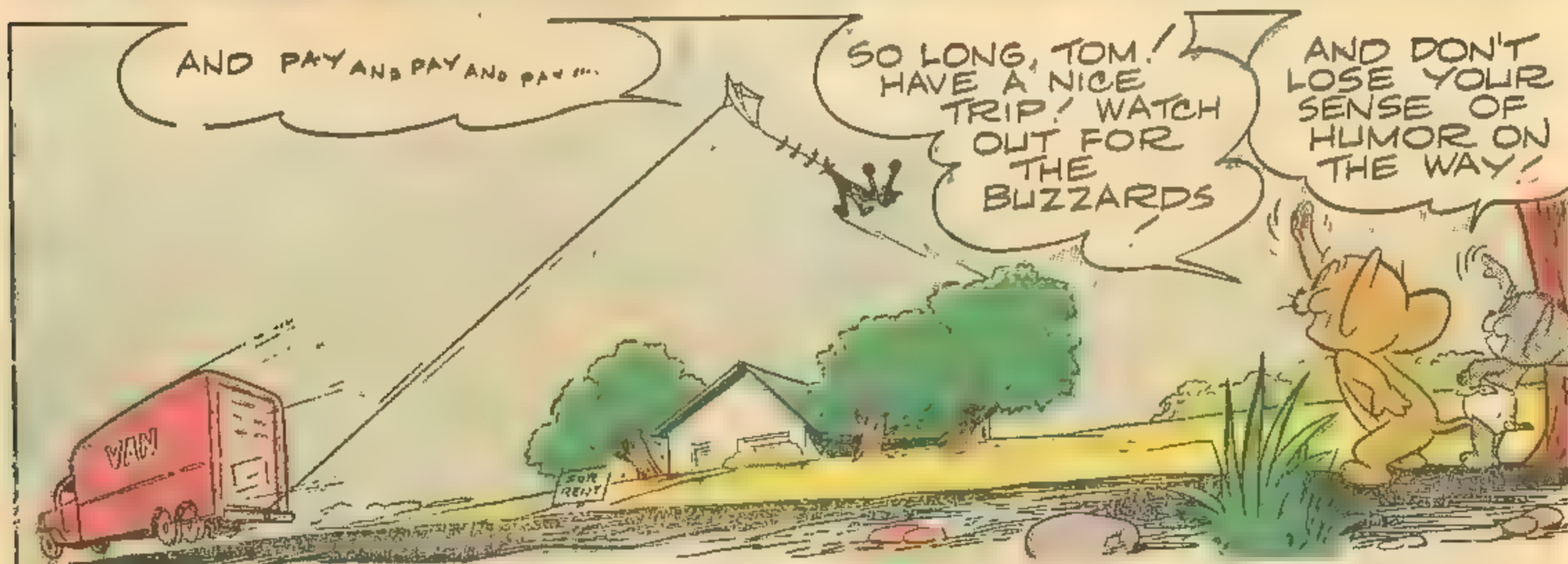
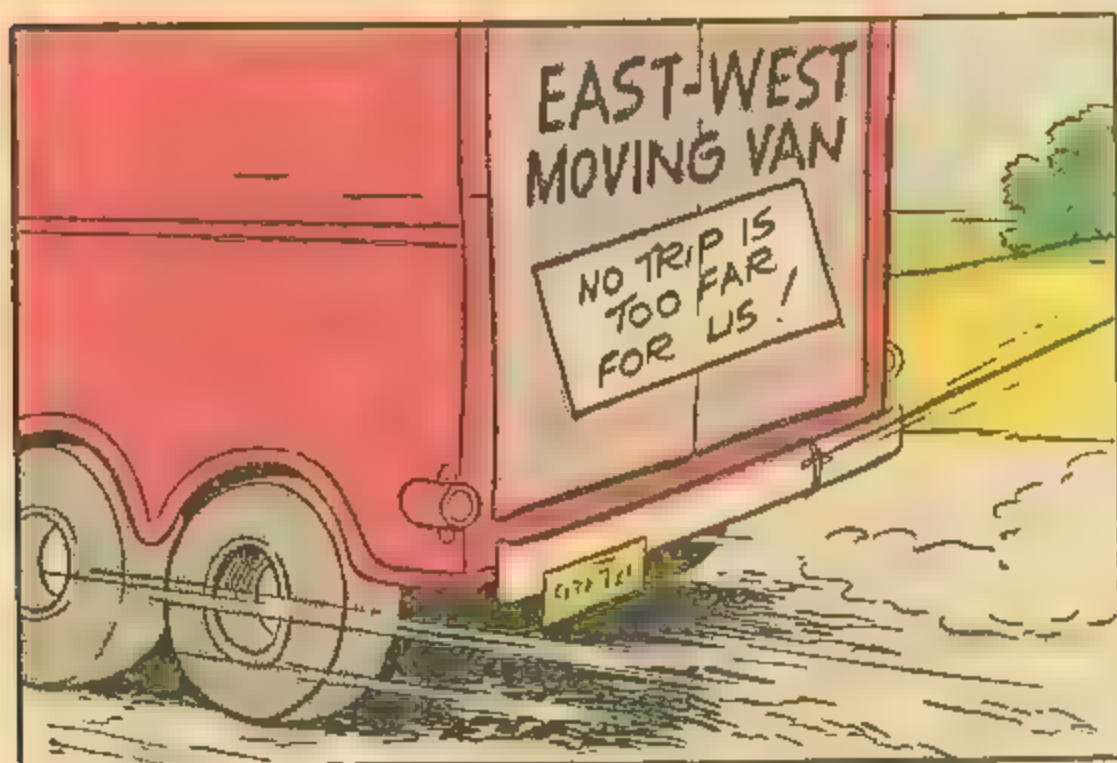
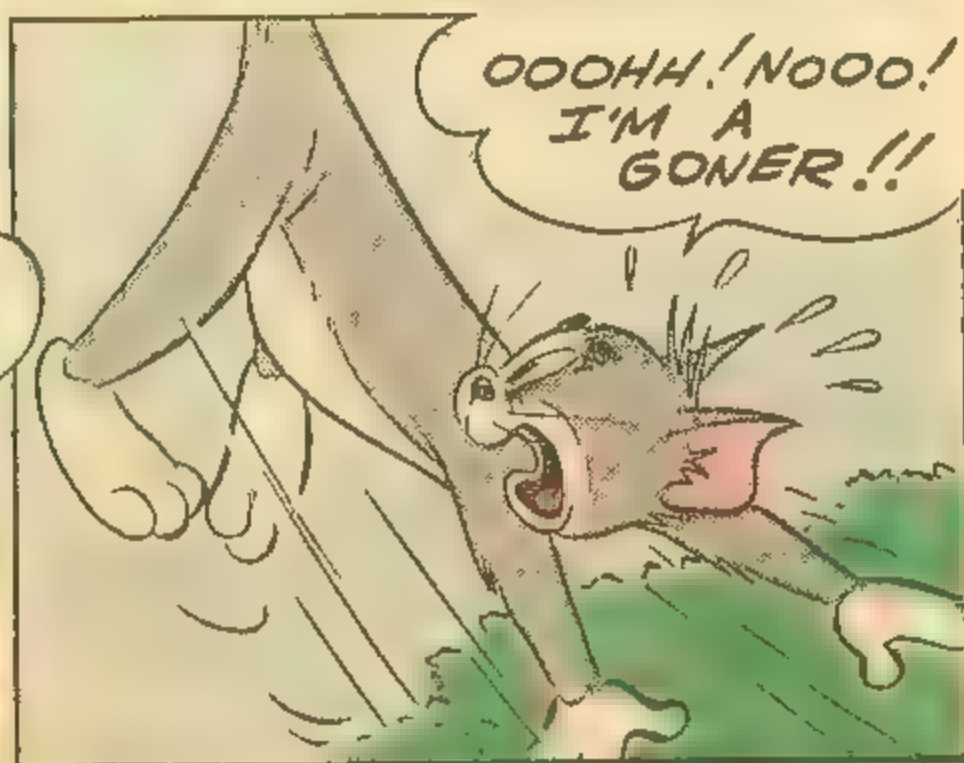
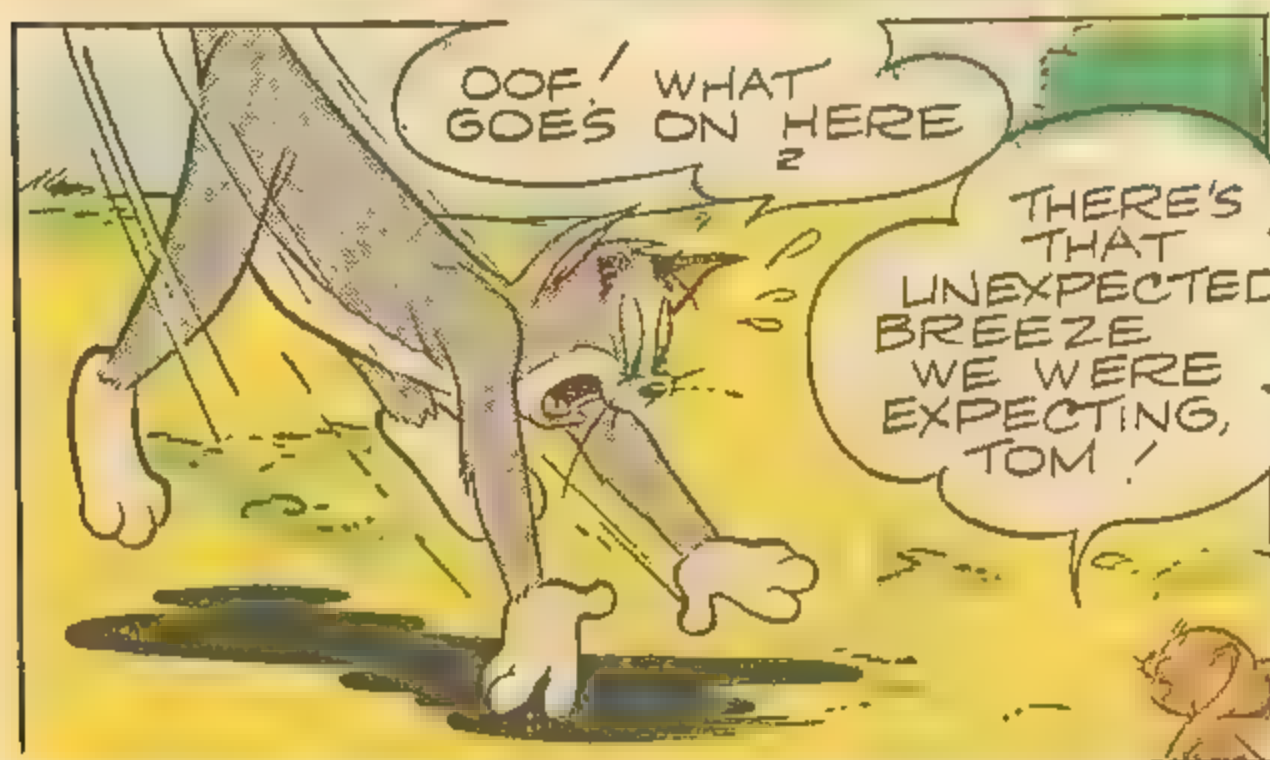
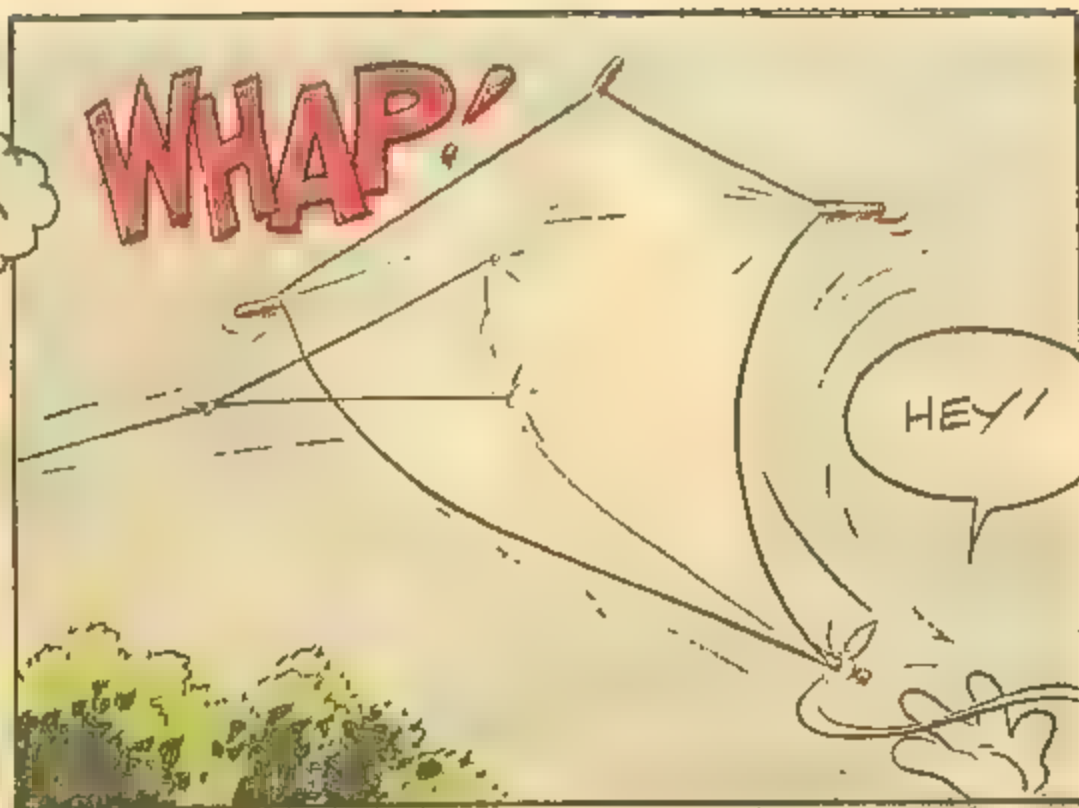
GEE, BUT I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU GUYS! LET'S SHAKE HANDS AND FORGET THE WHOLE THING, HUH?

PUFF! PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!

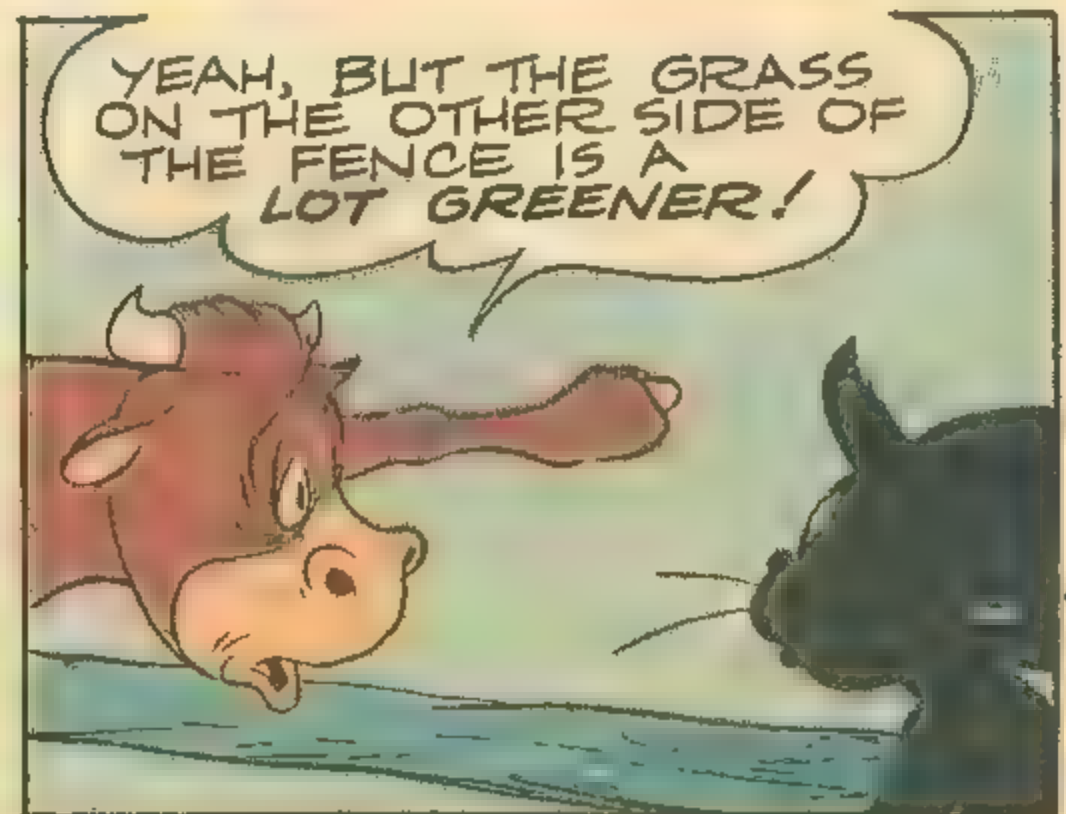
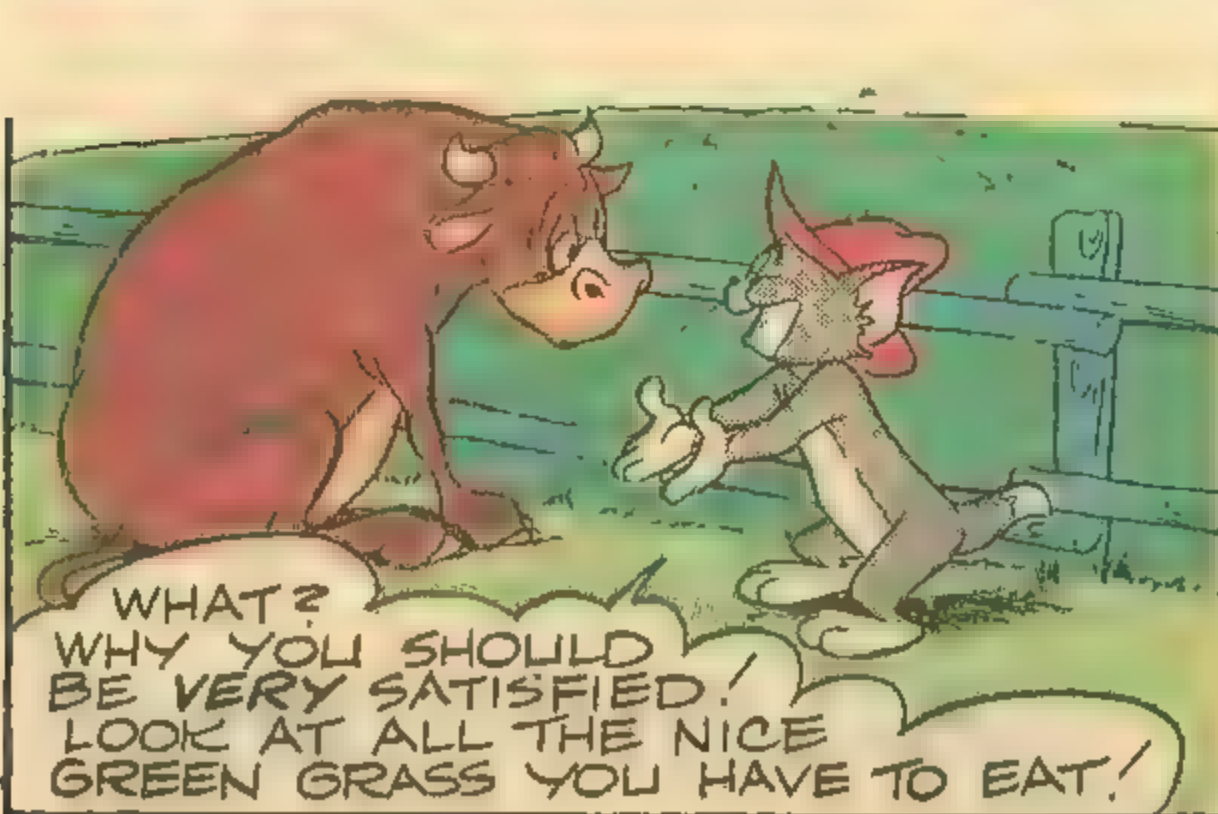
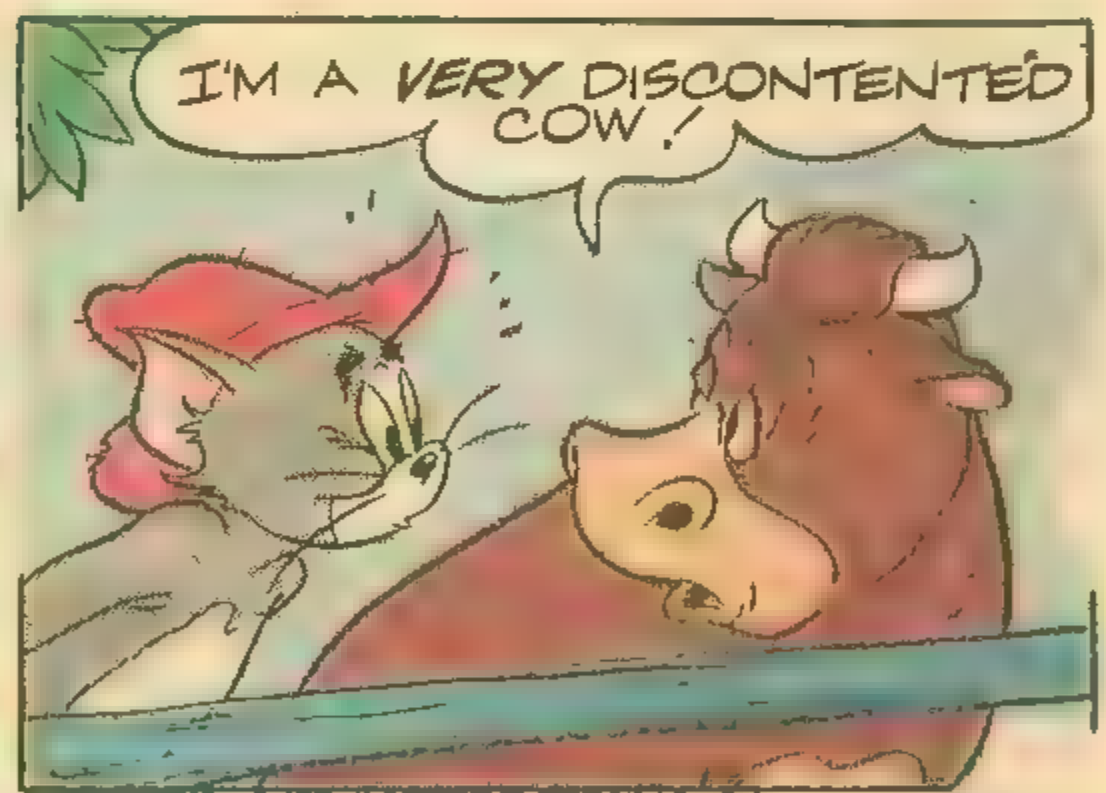
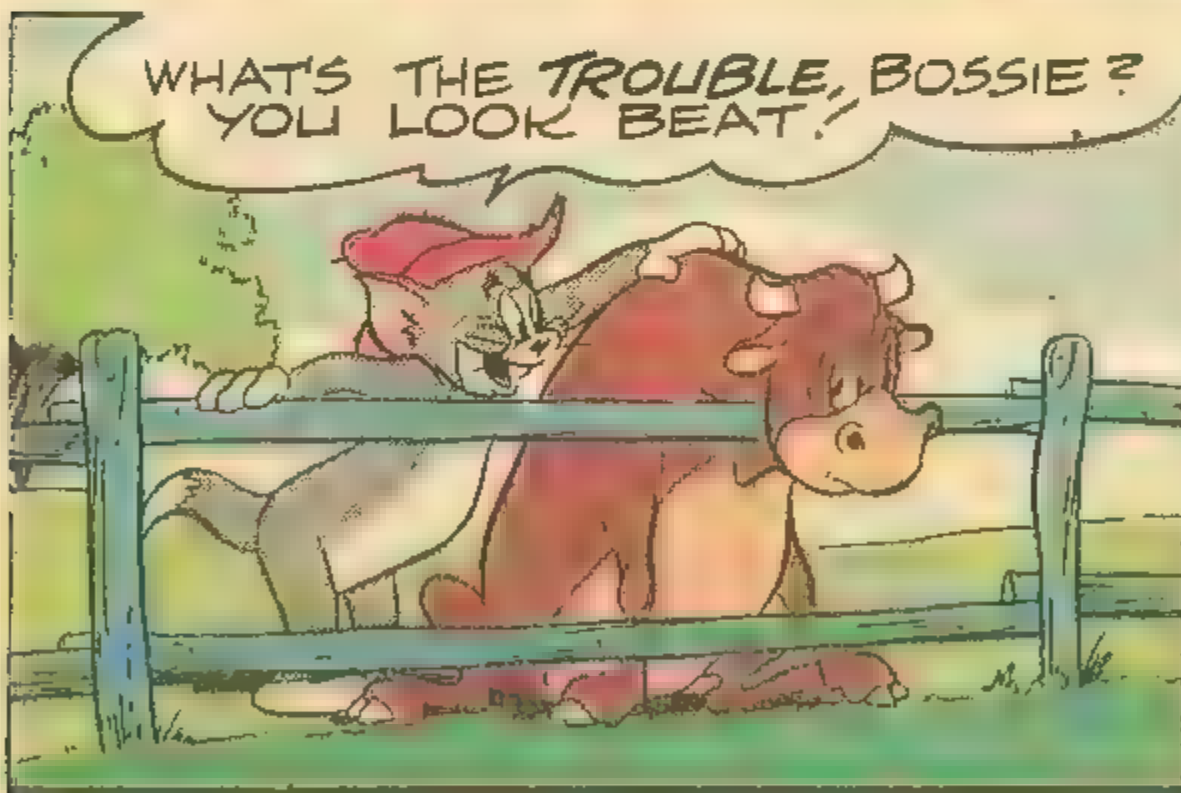
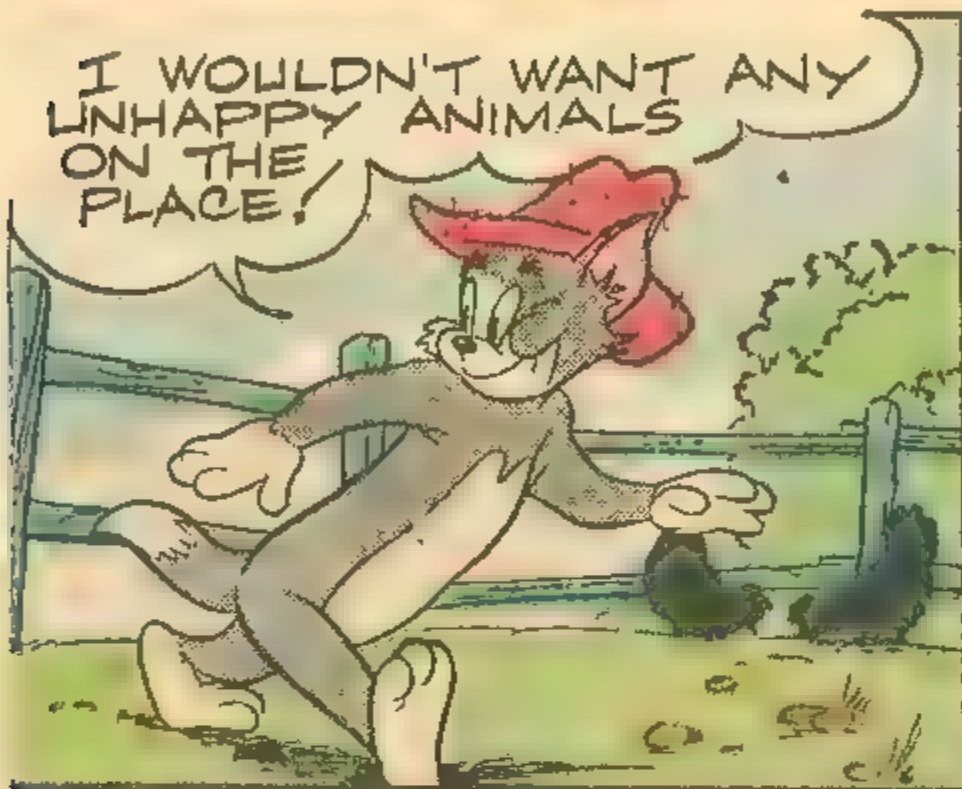
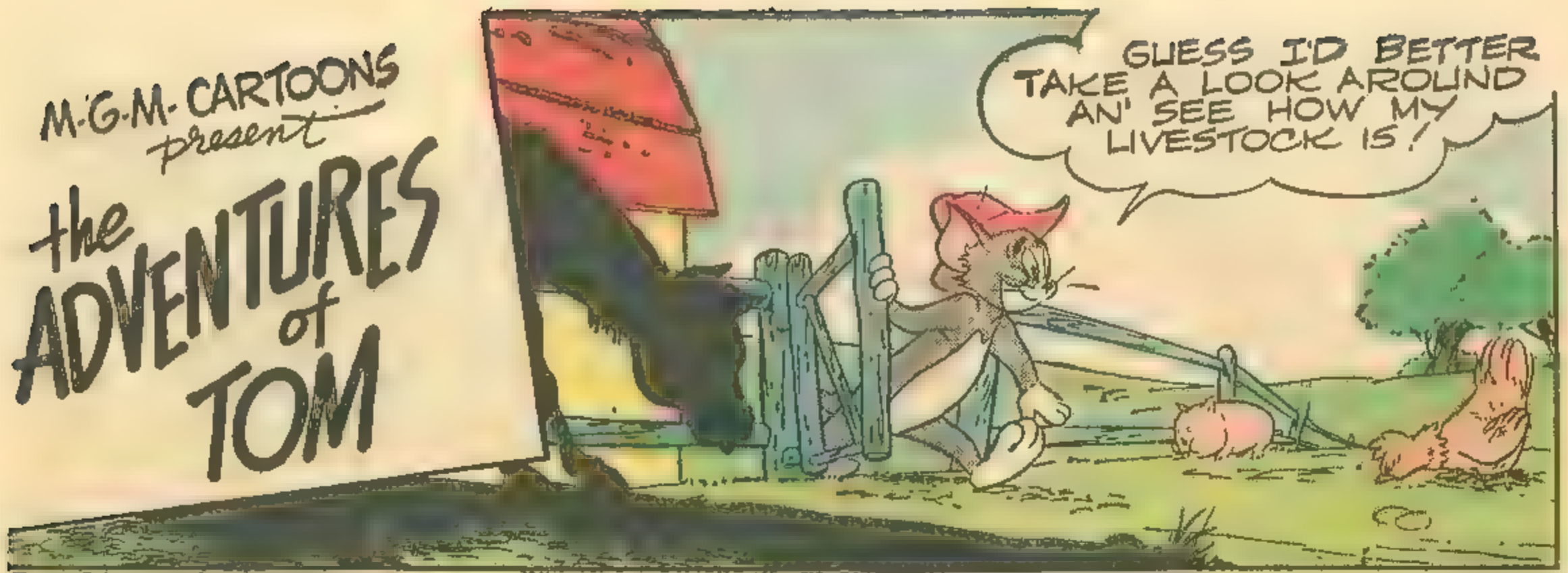


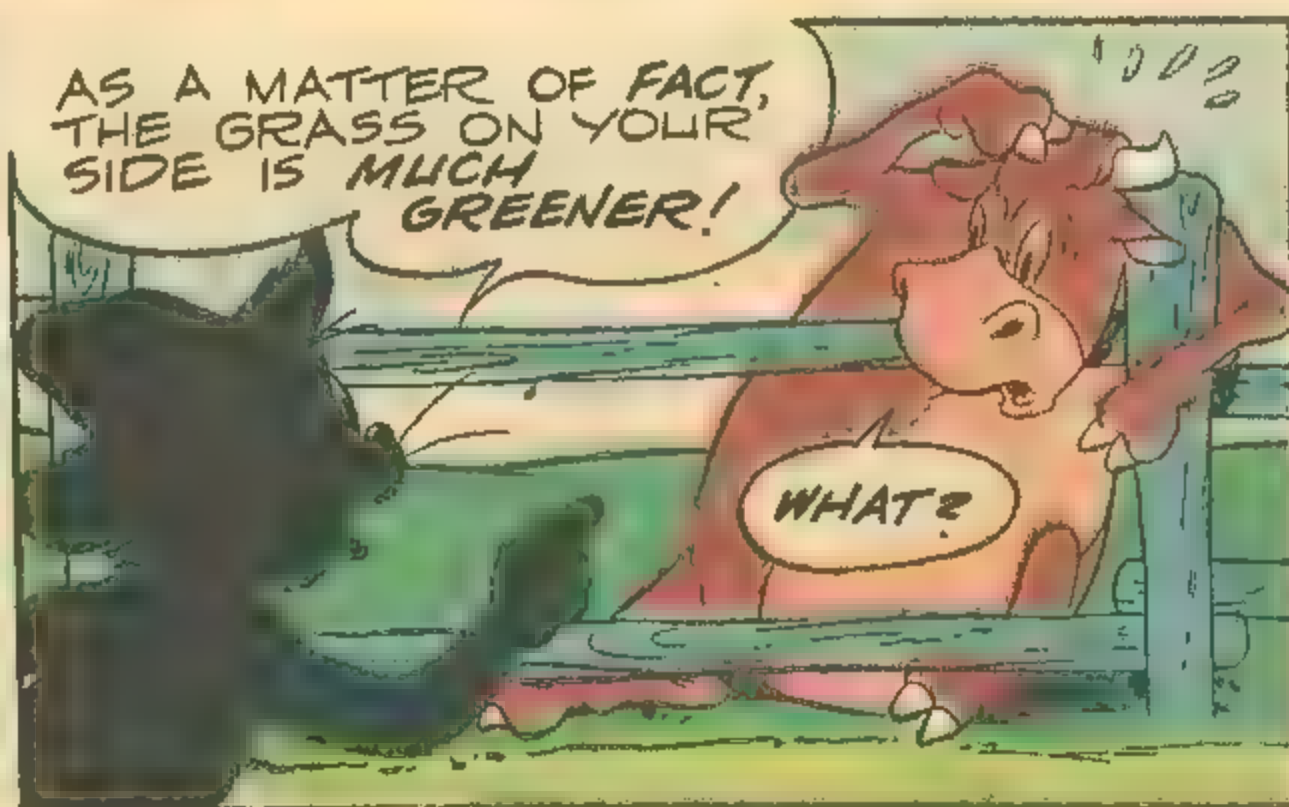
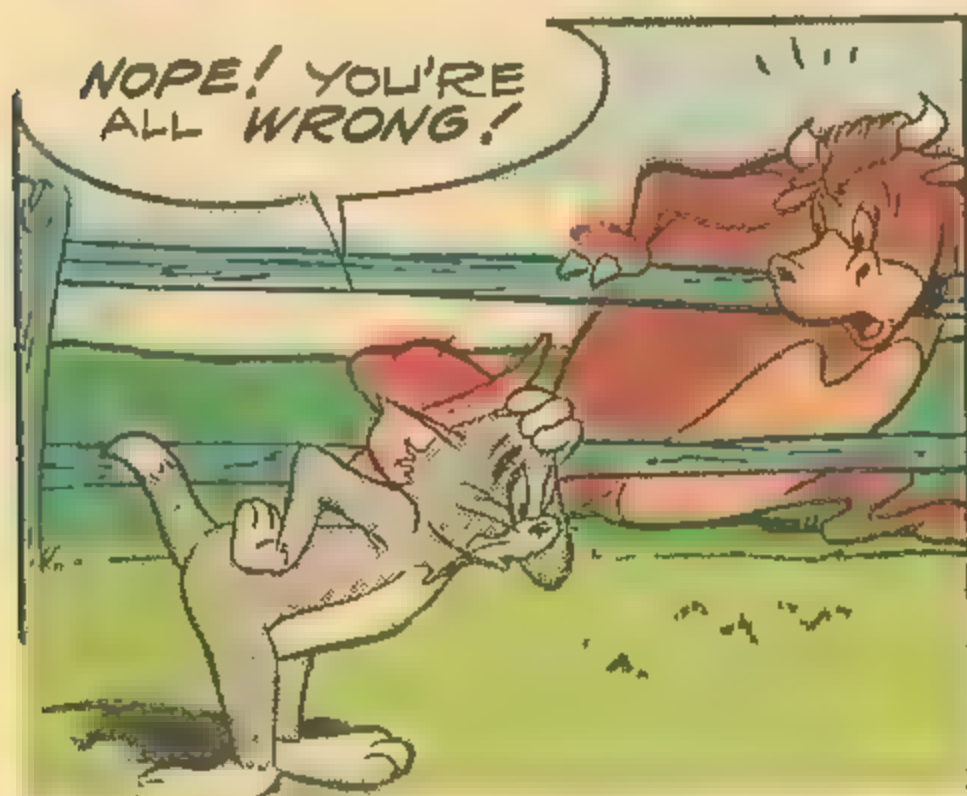
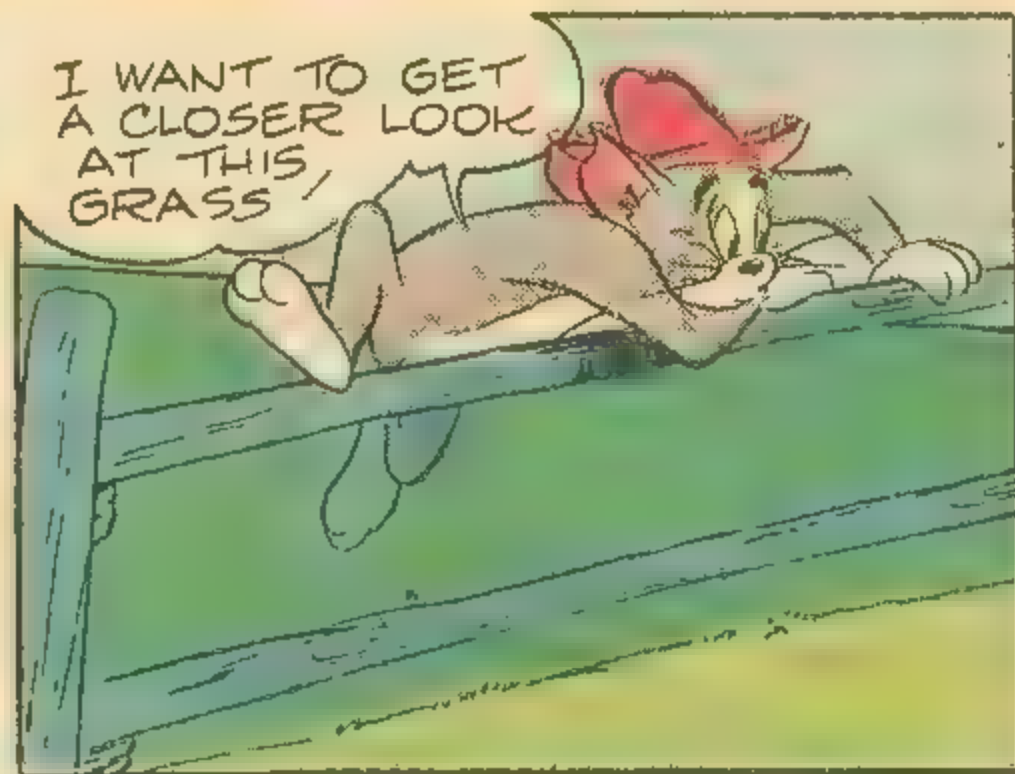
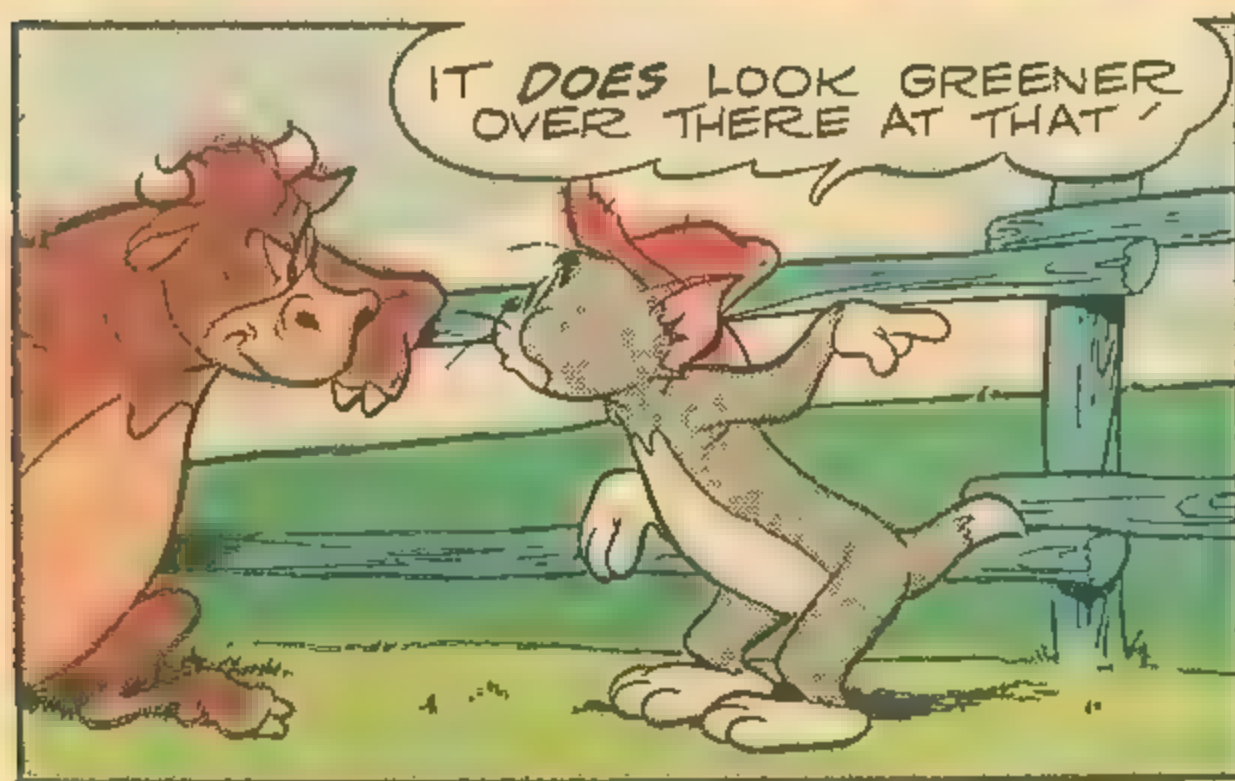
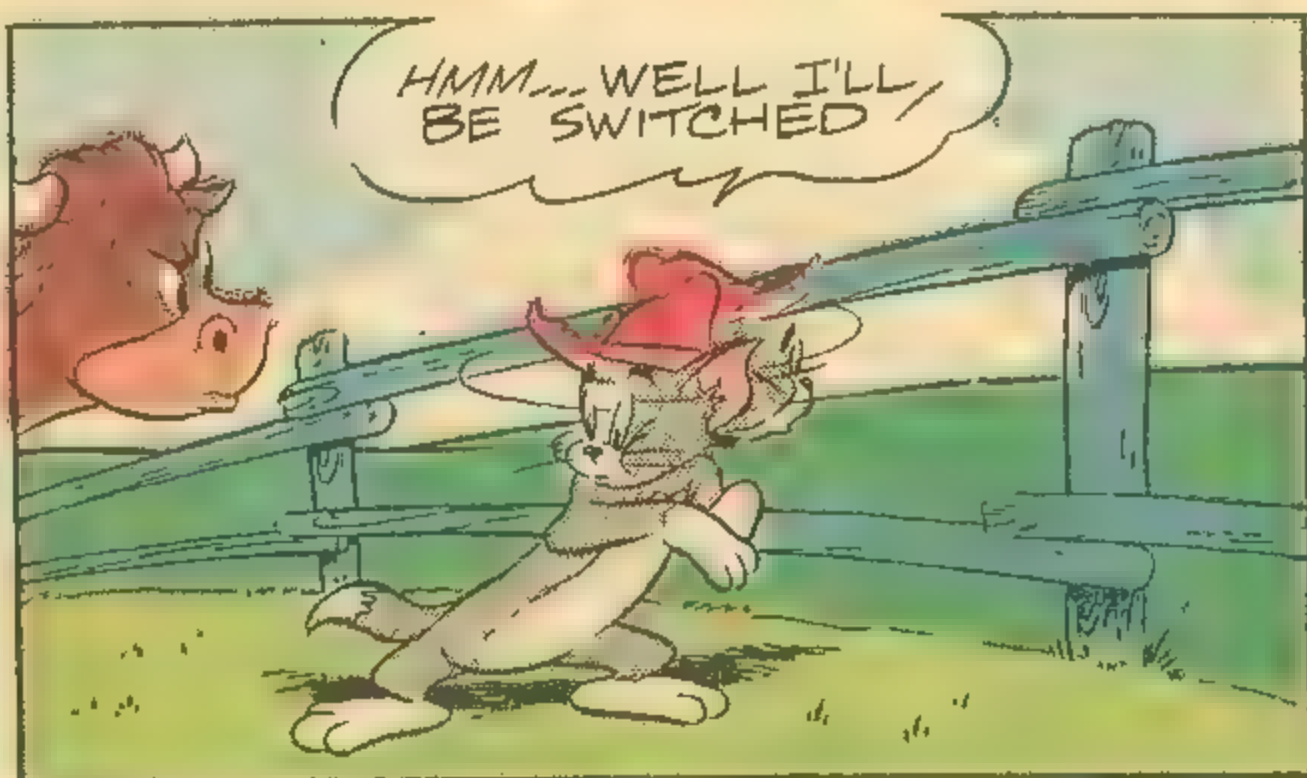
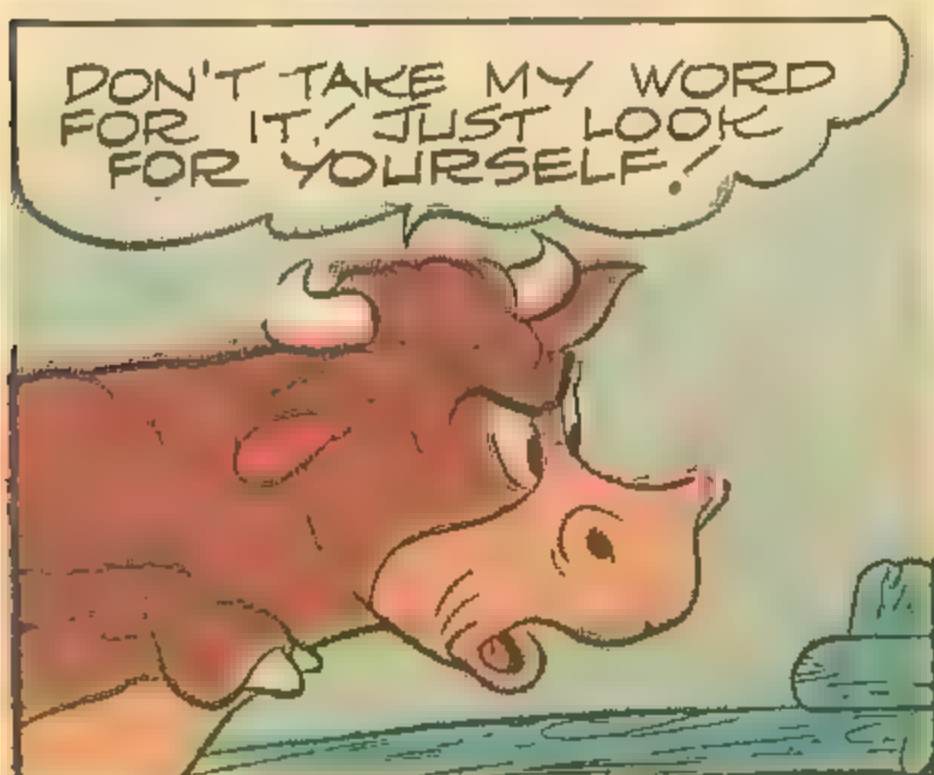
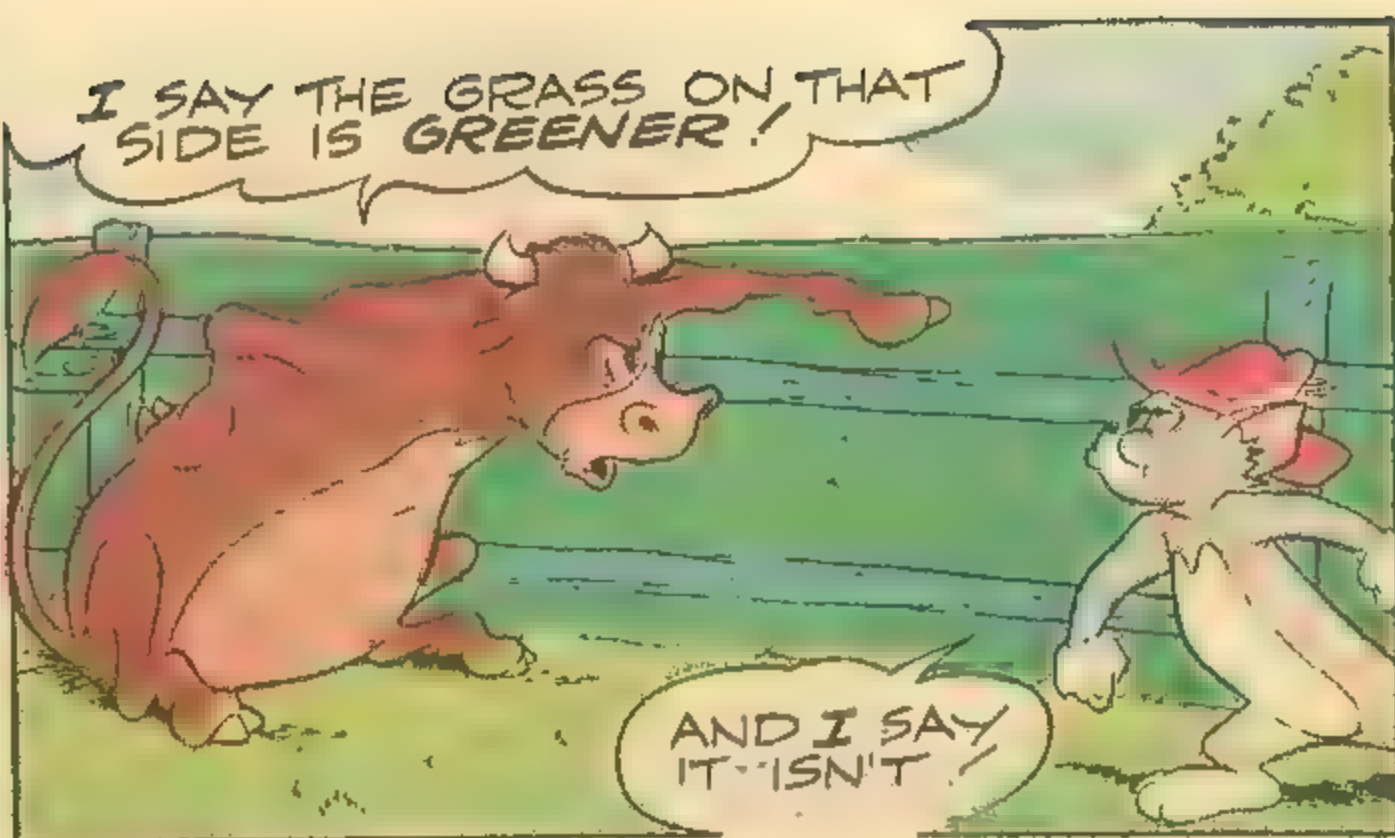


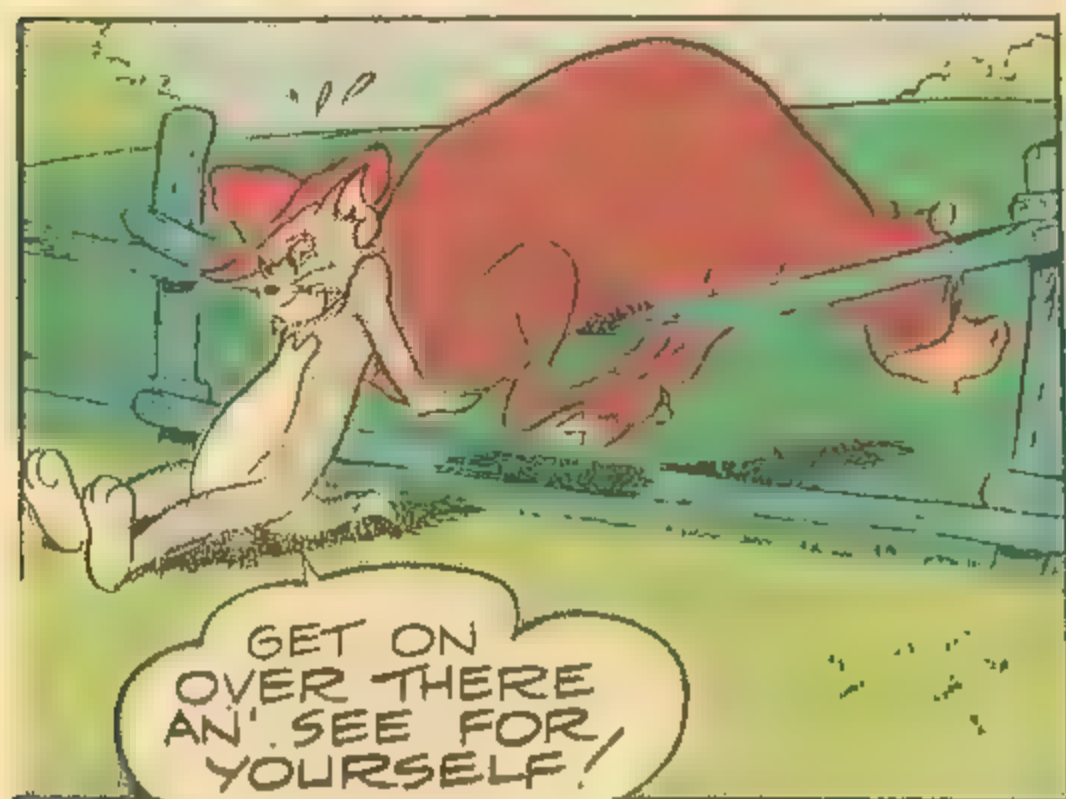
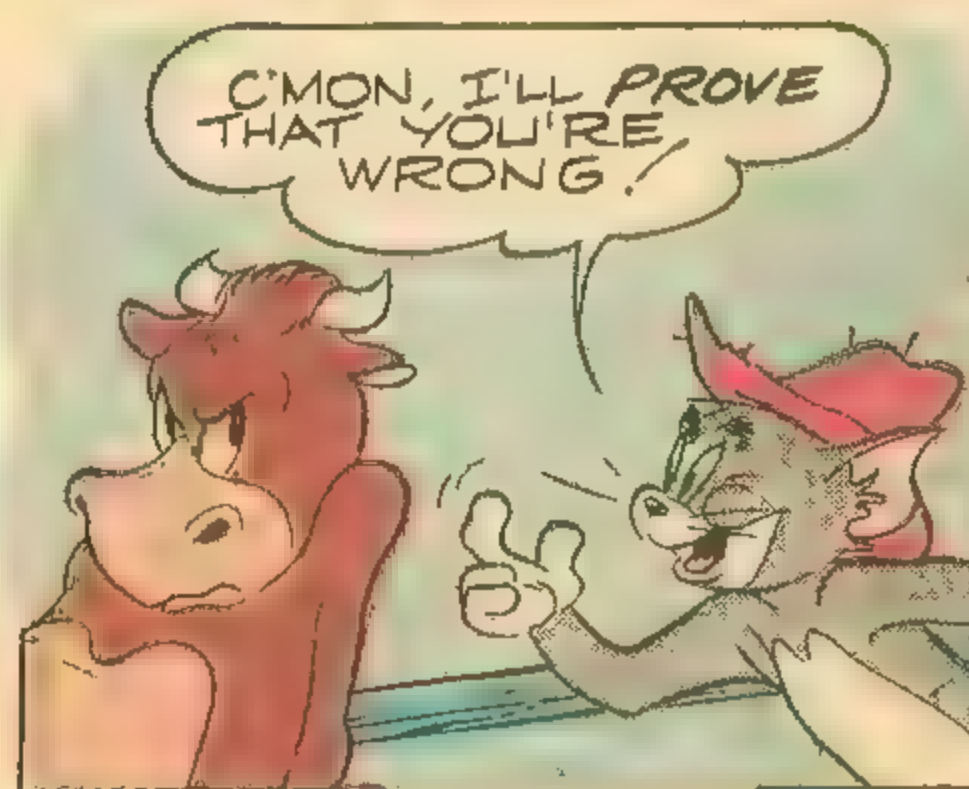
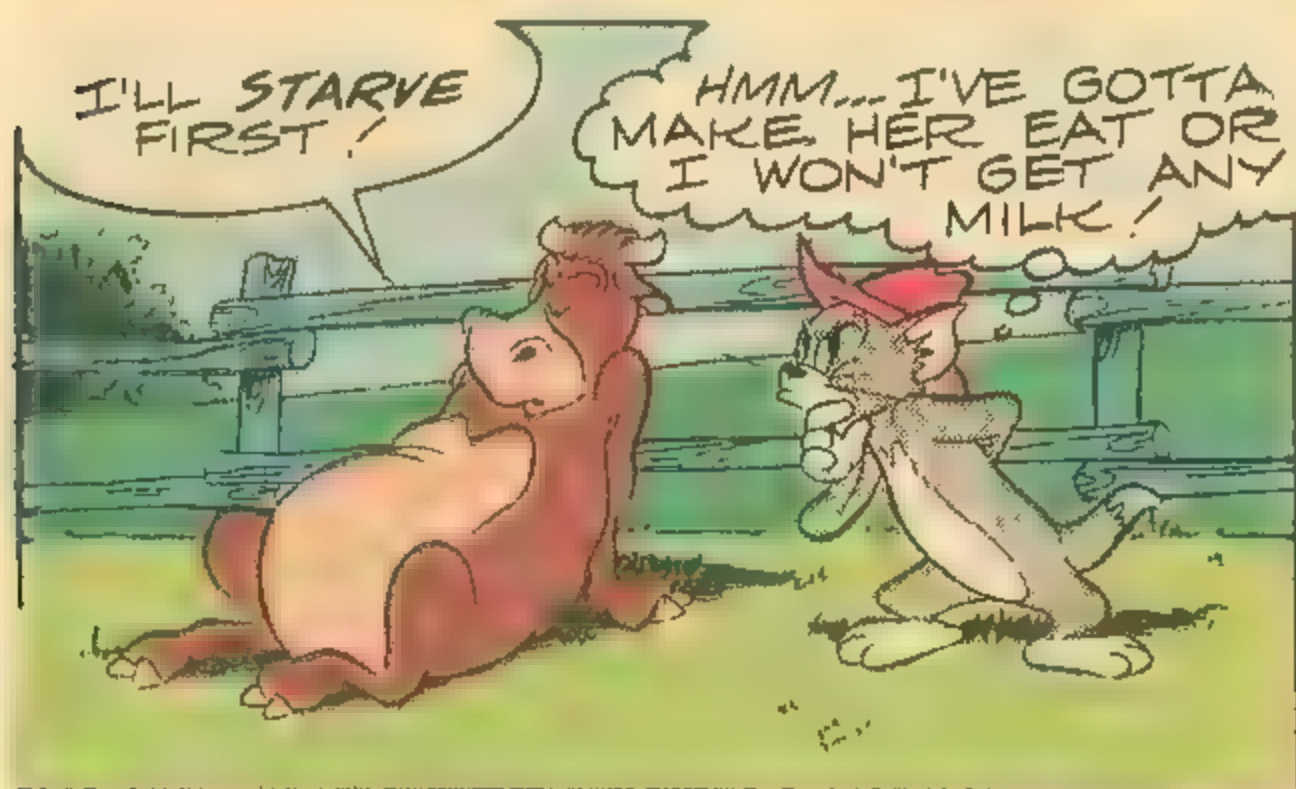
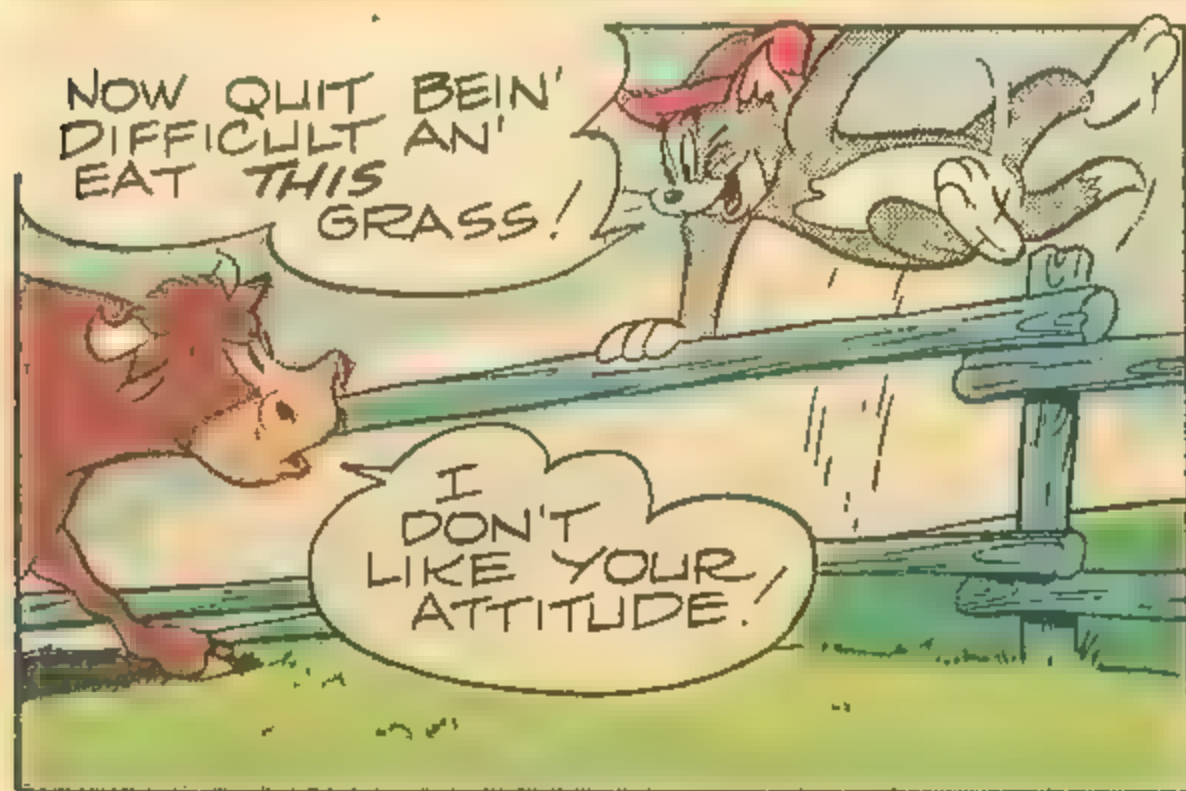
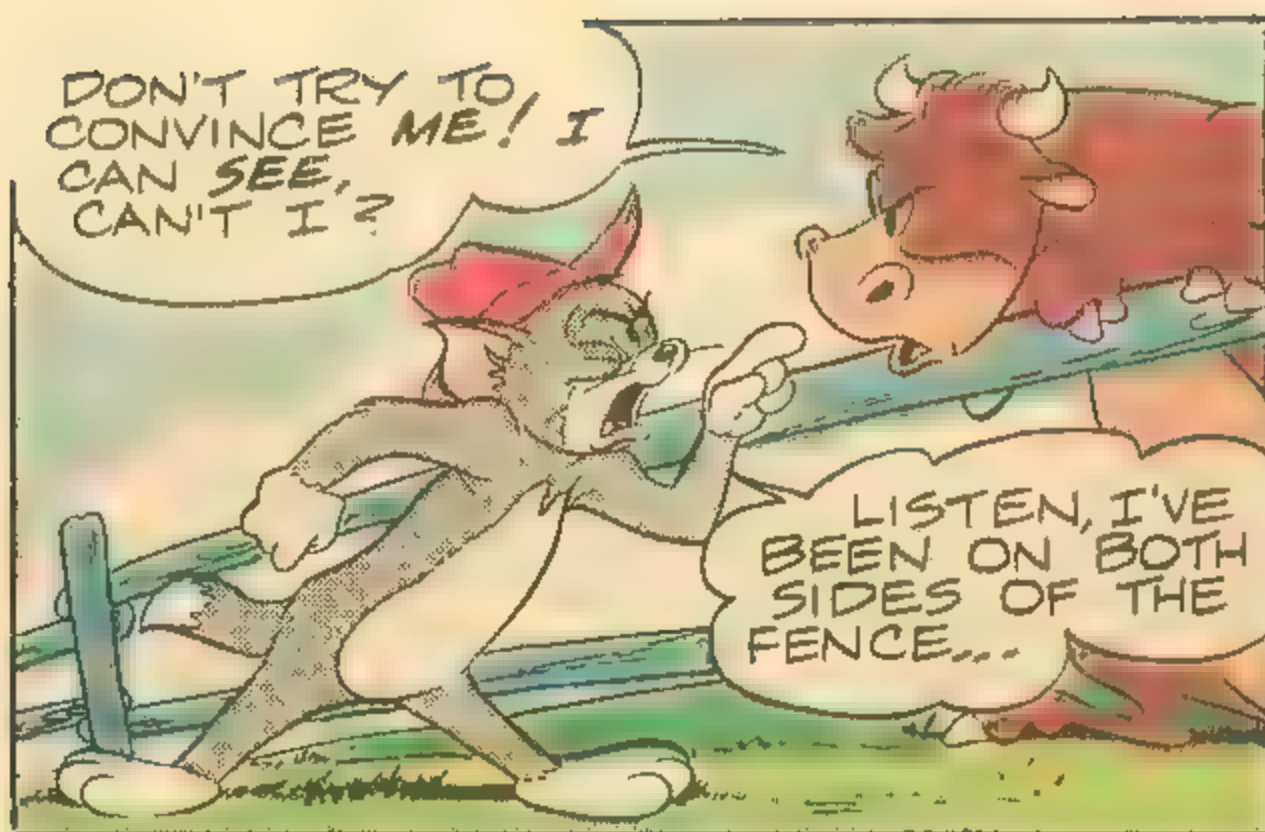


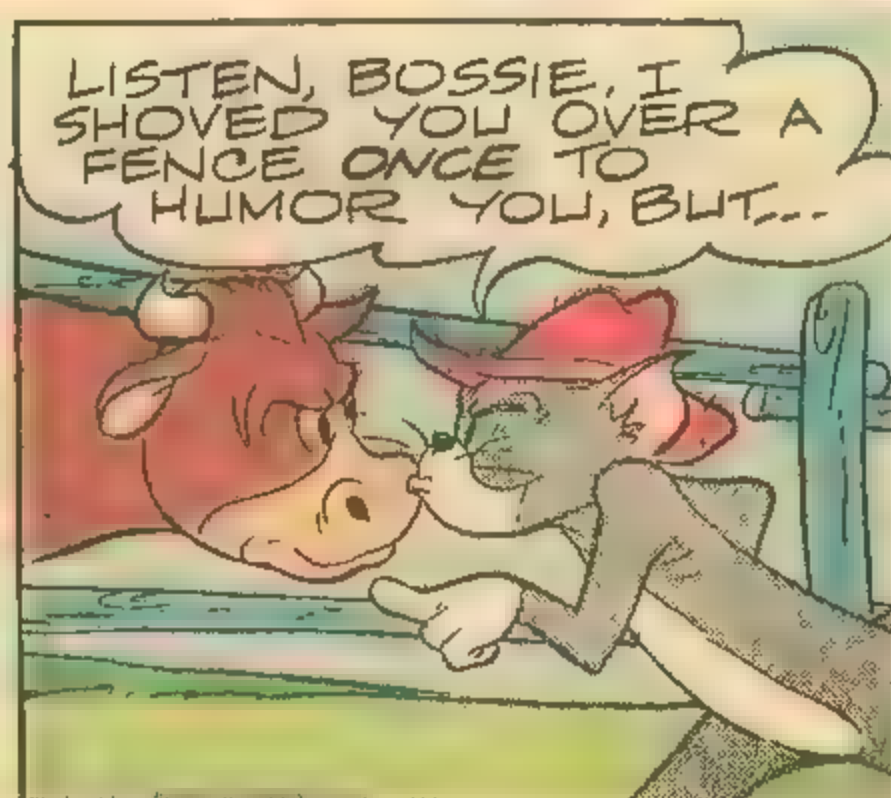
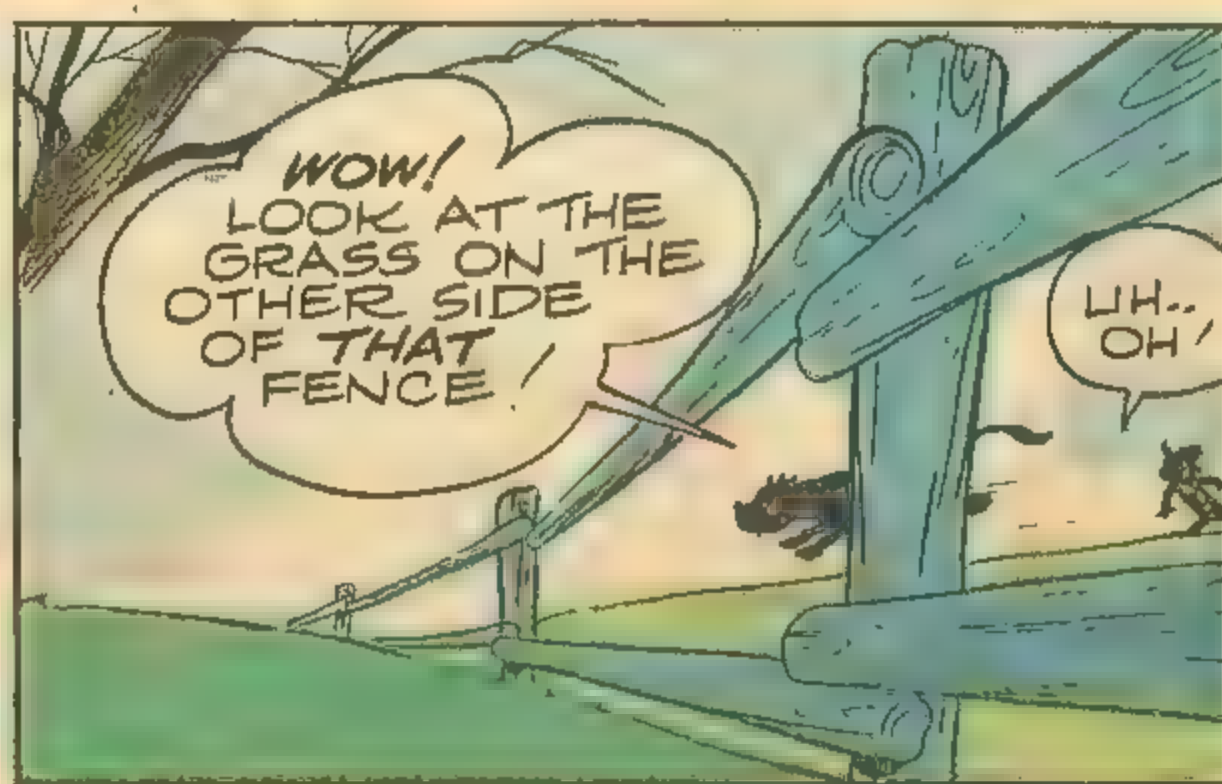
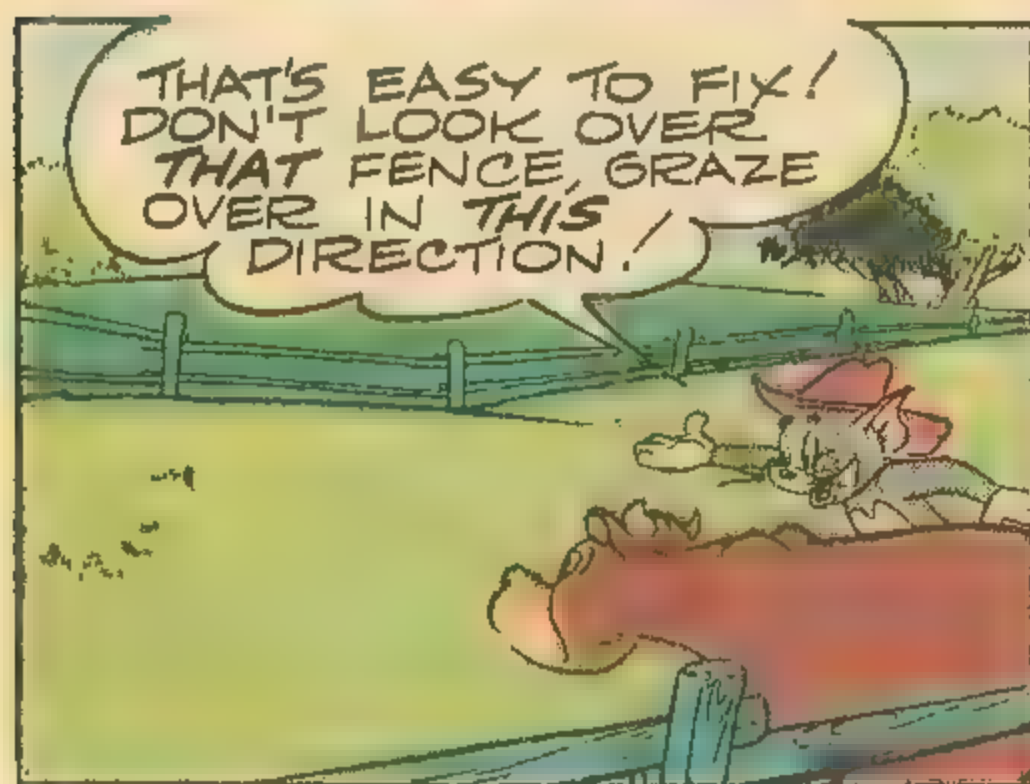
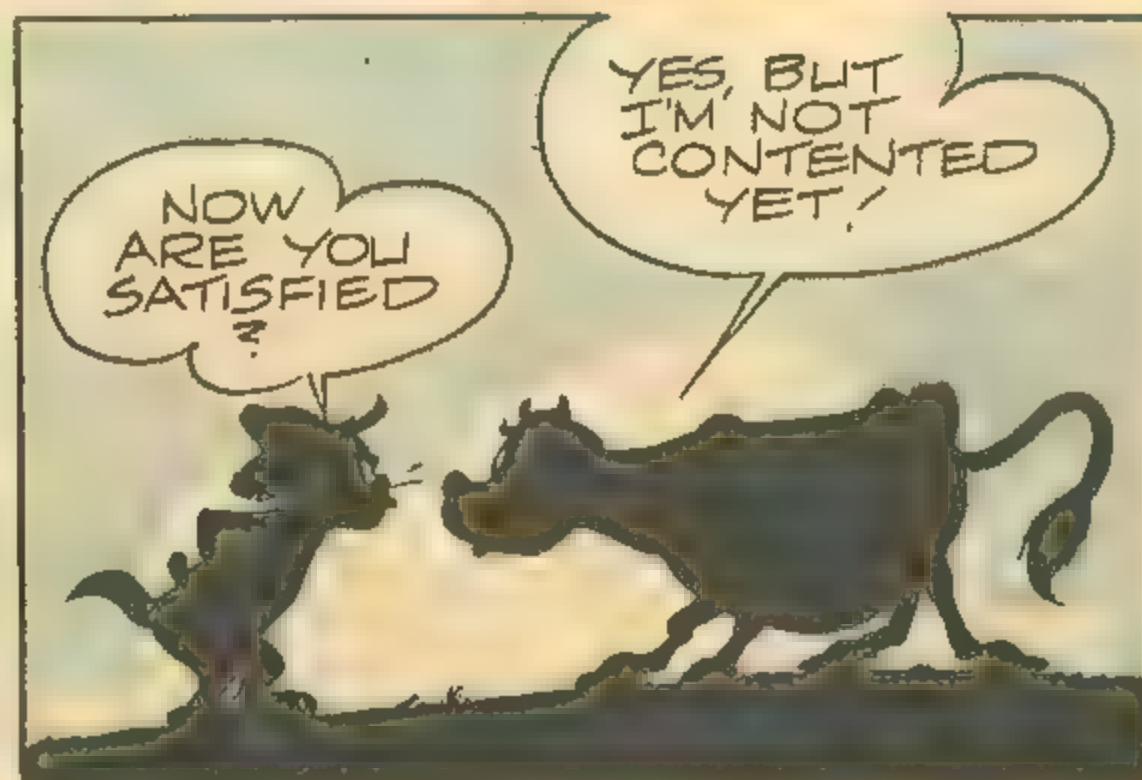
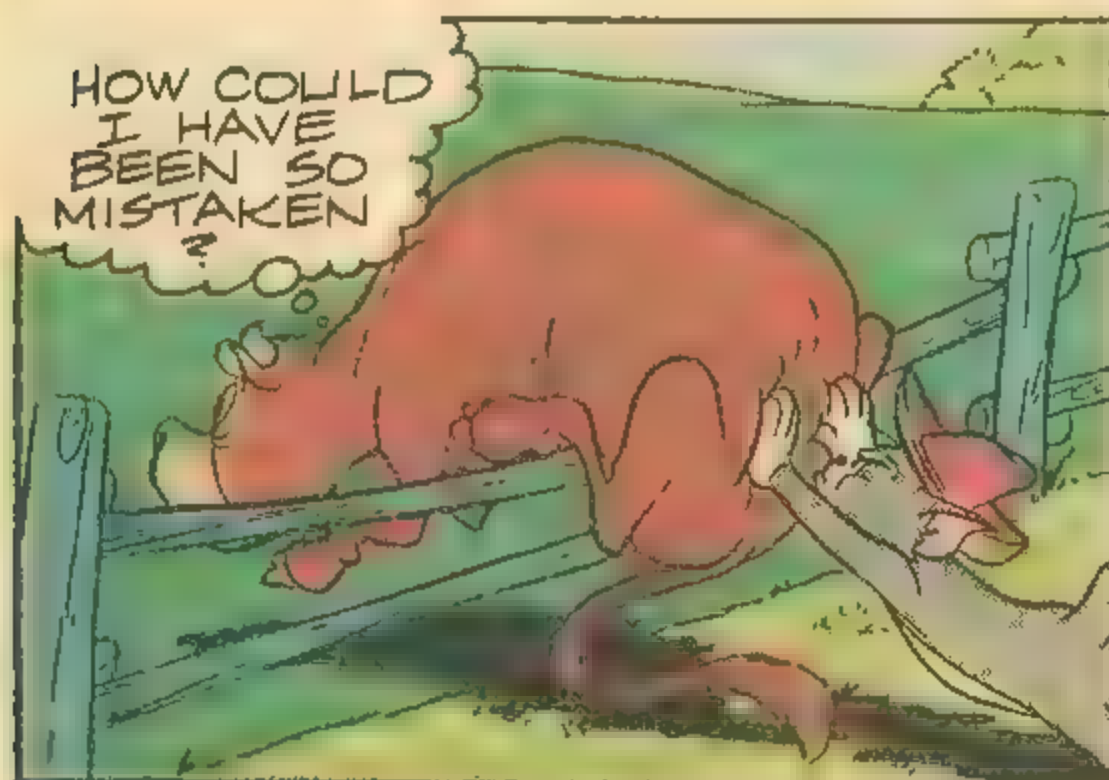
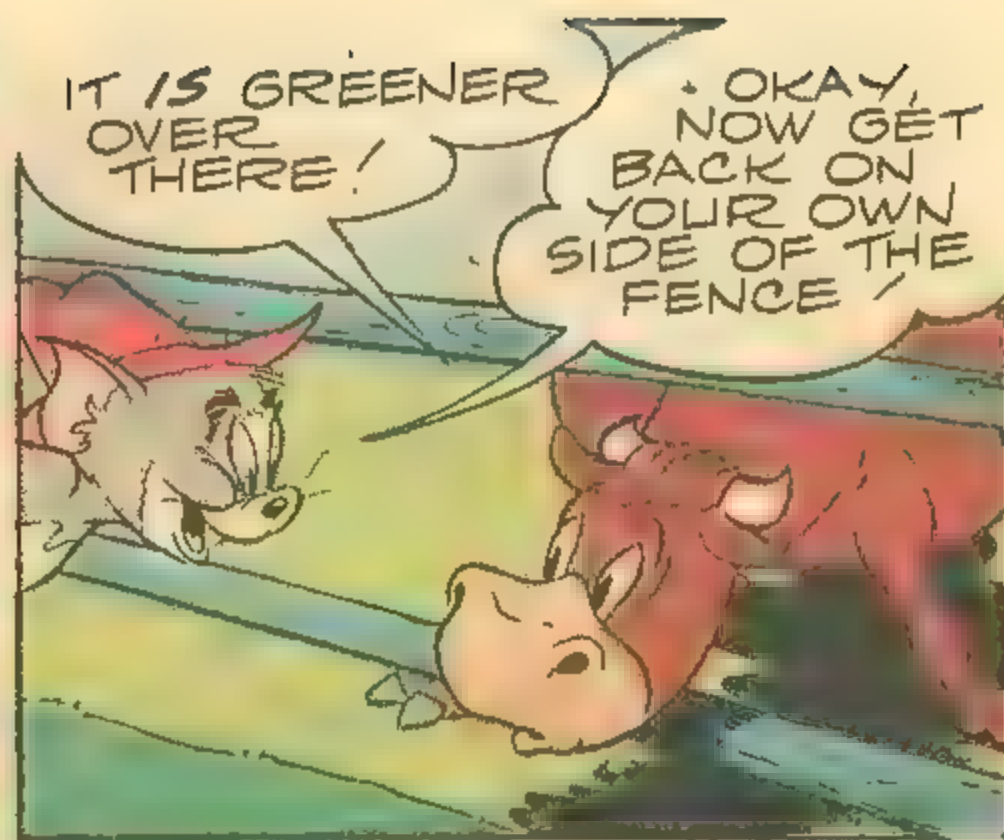
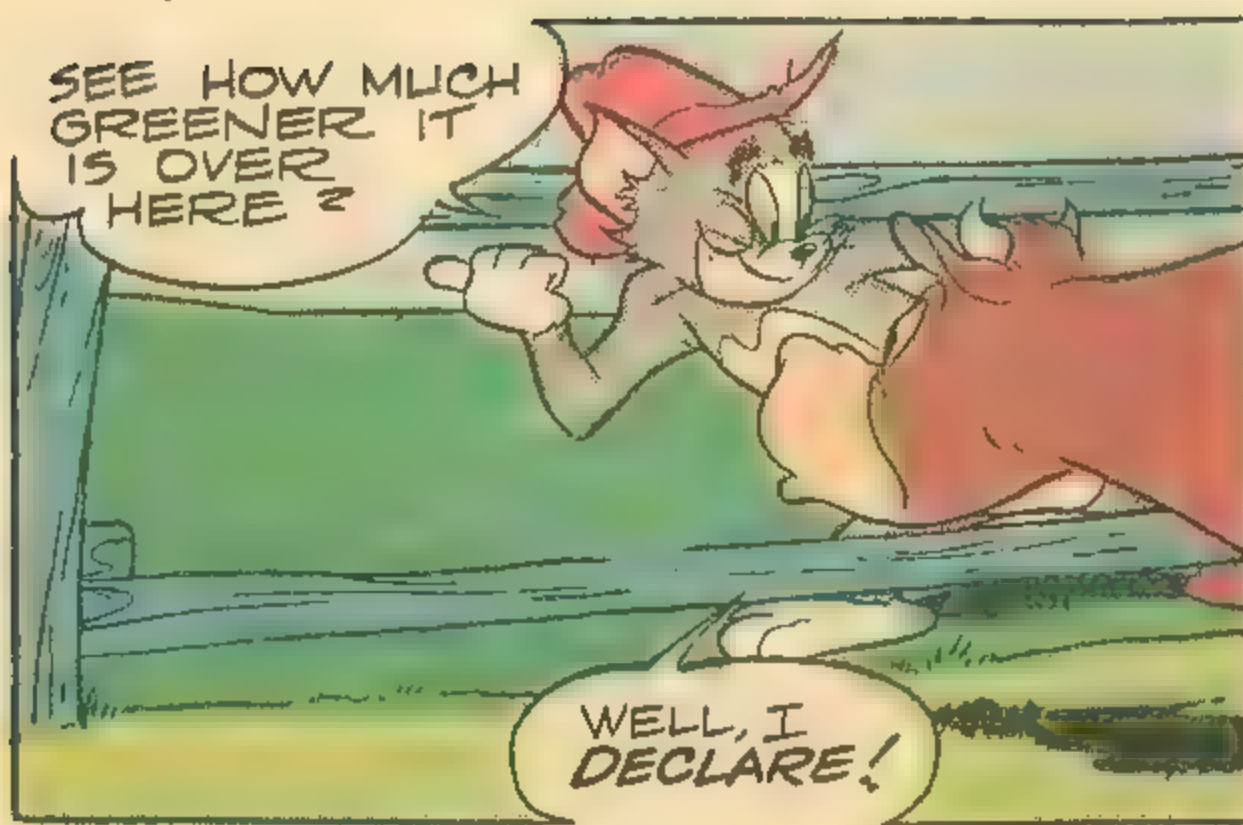


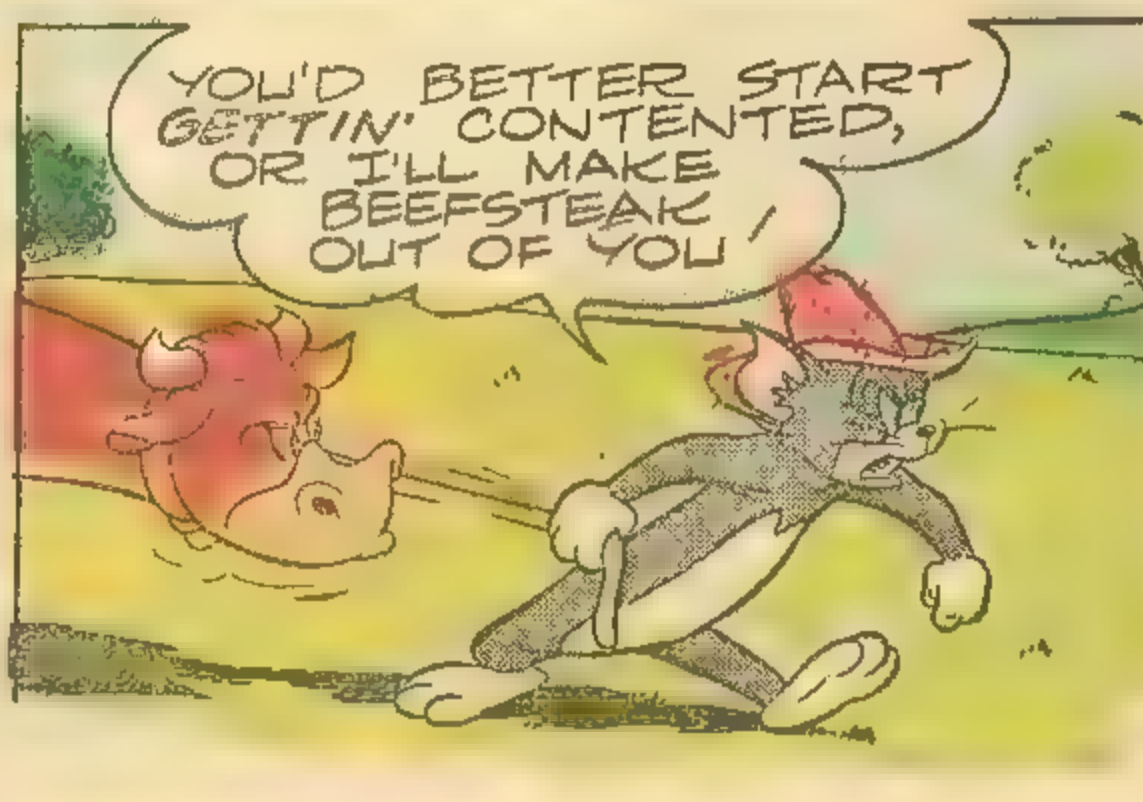
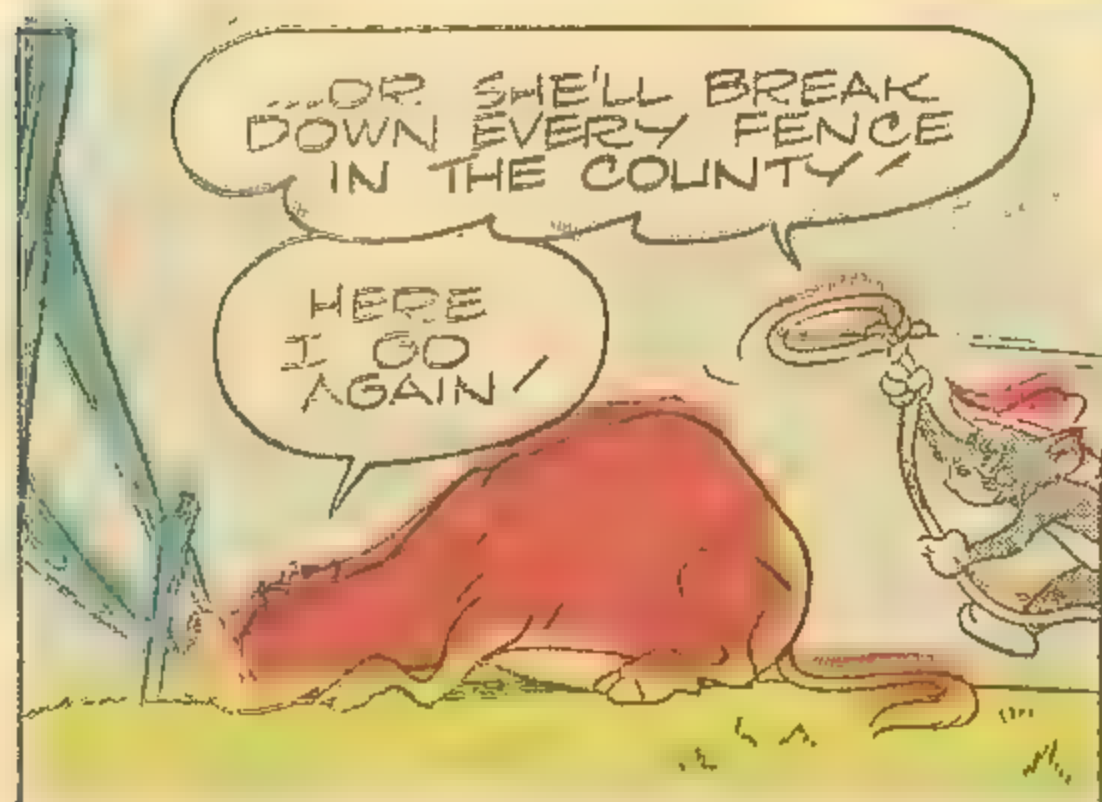
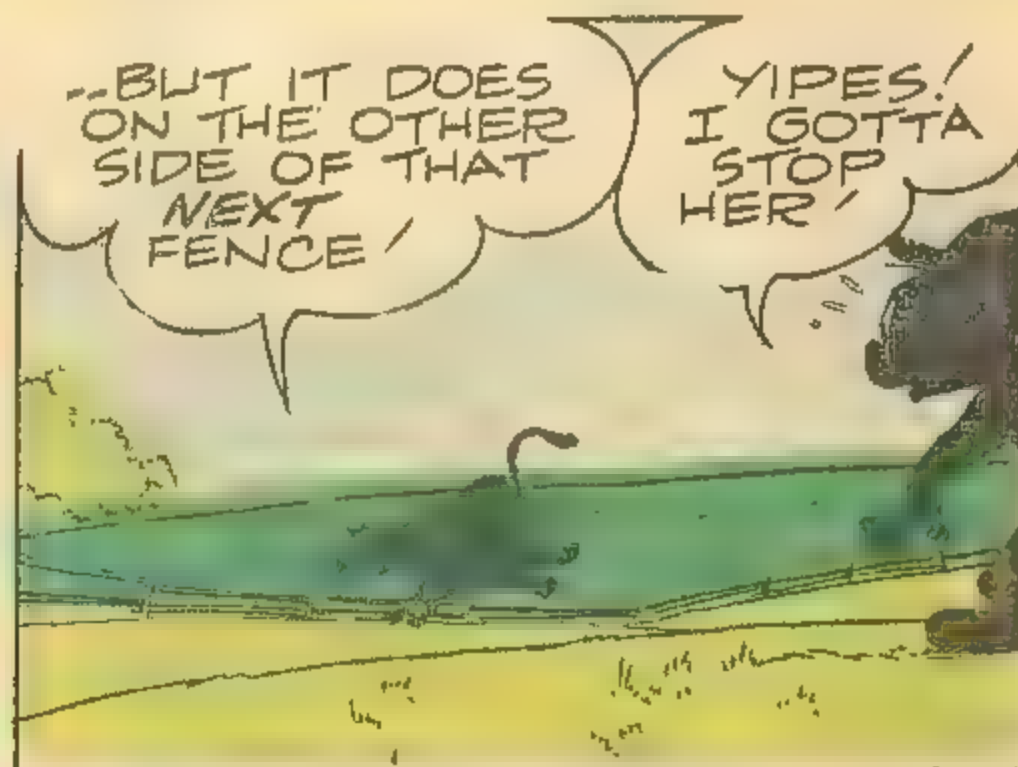
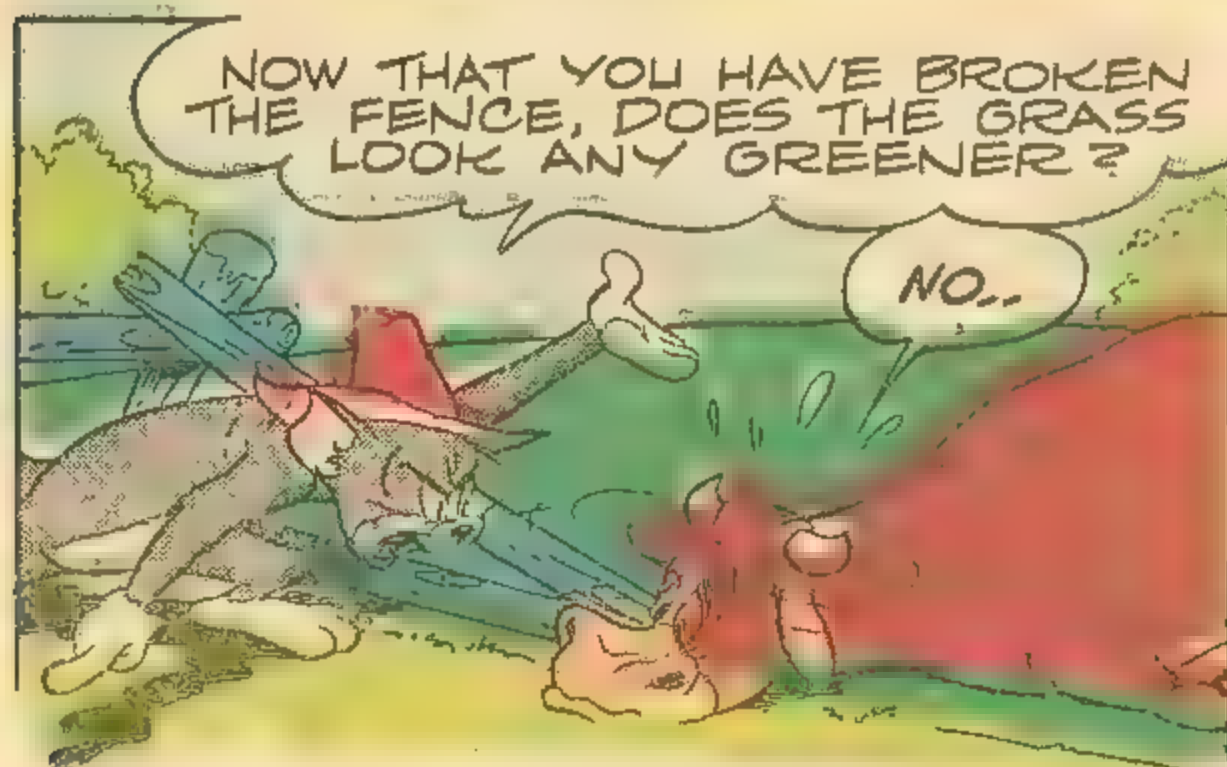
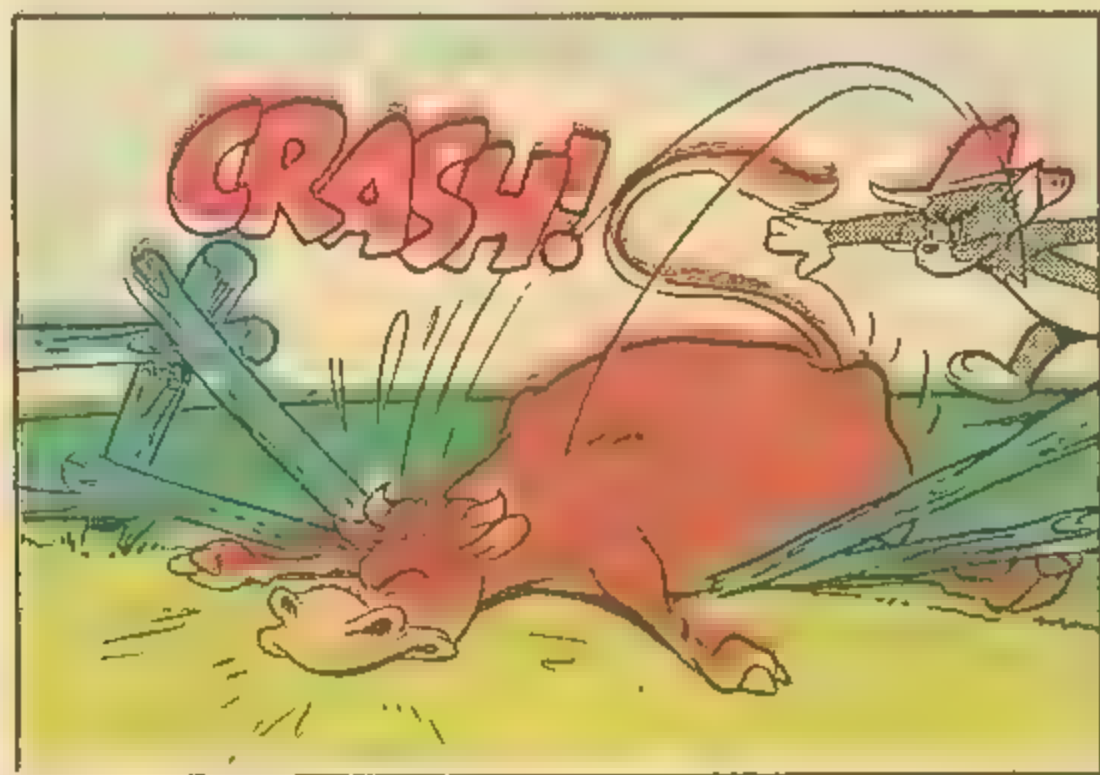
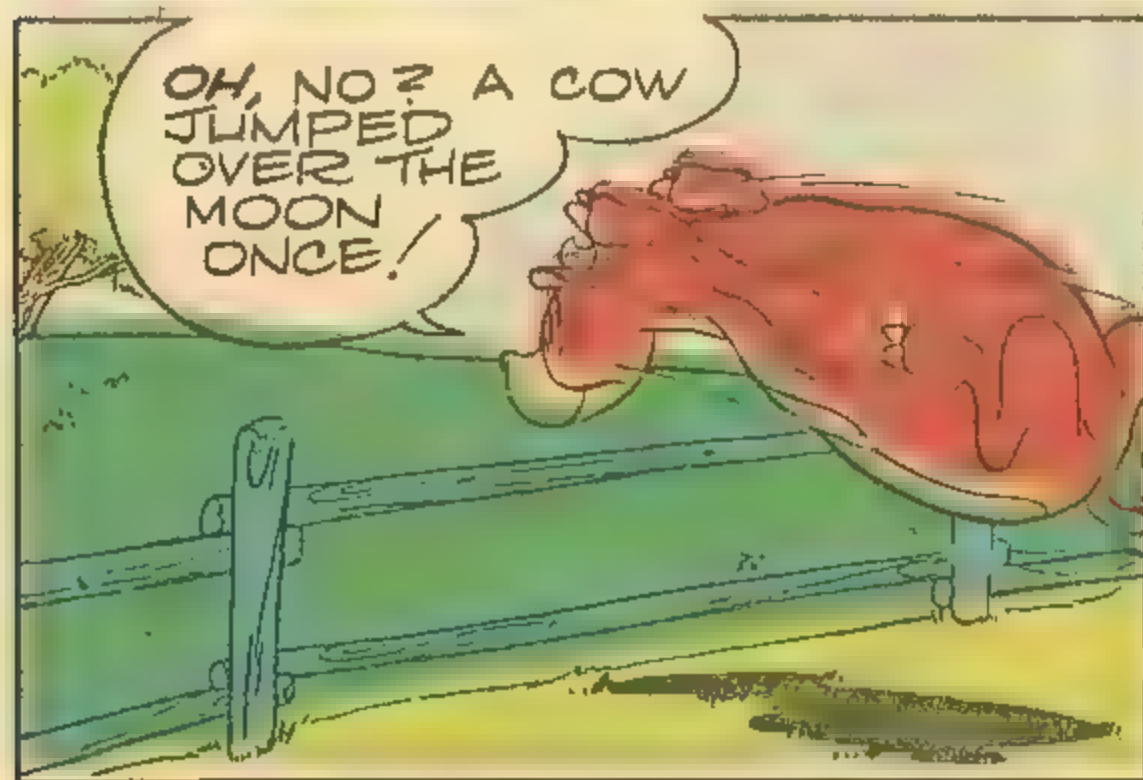
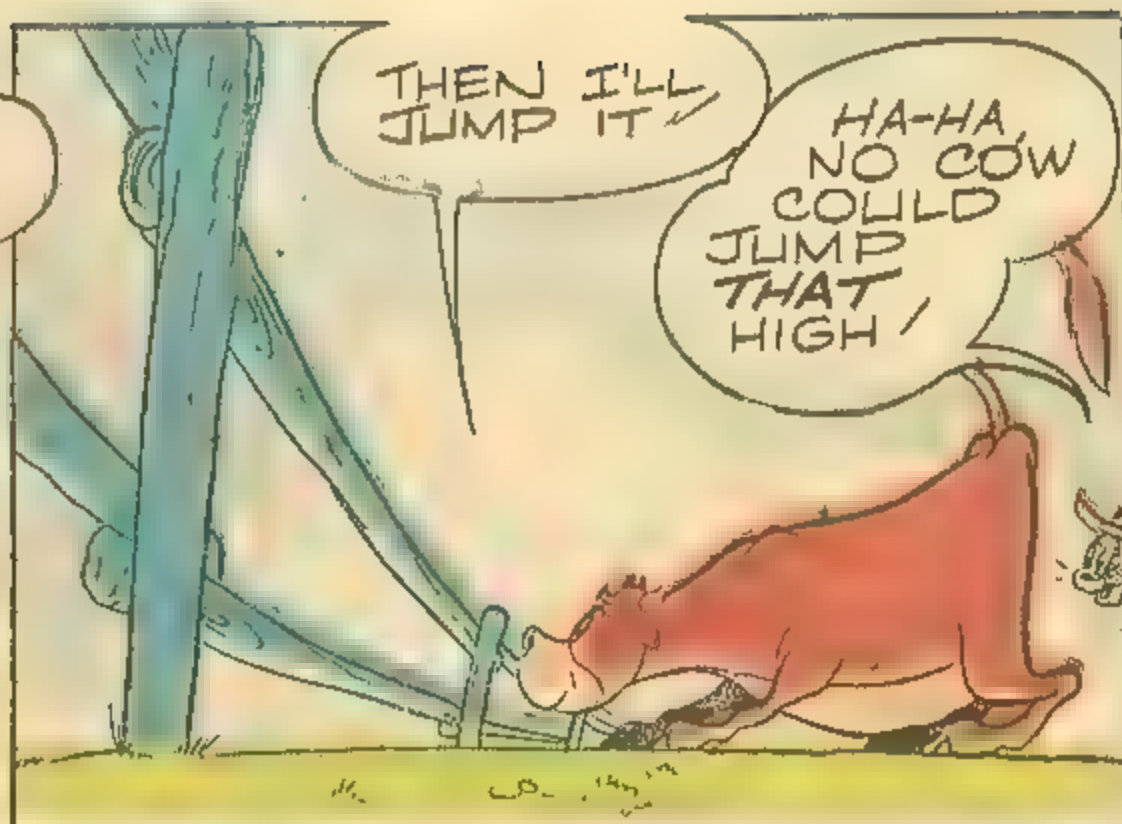
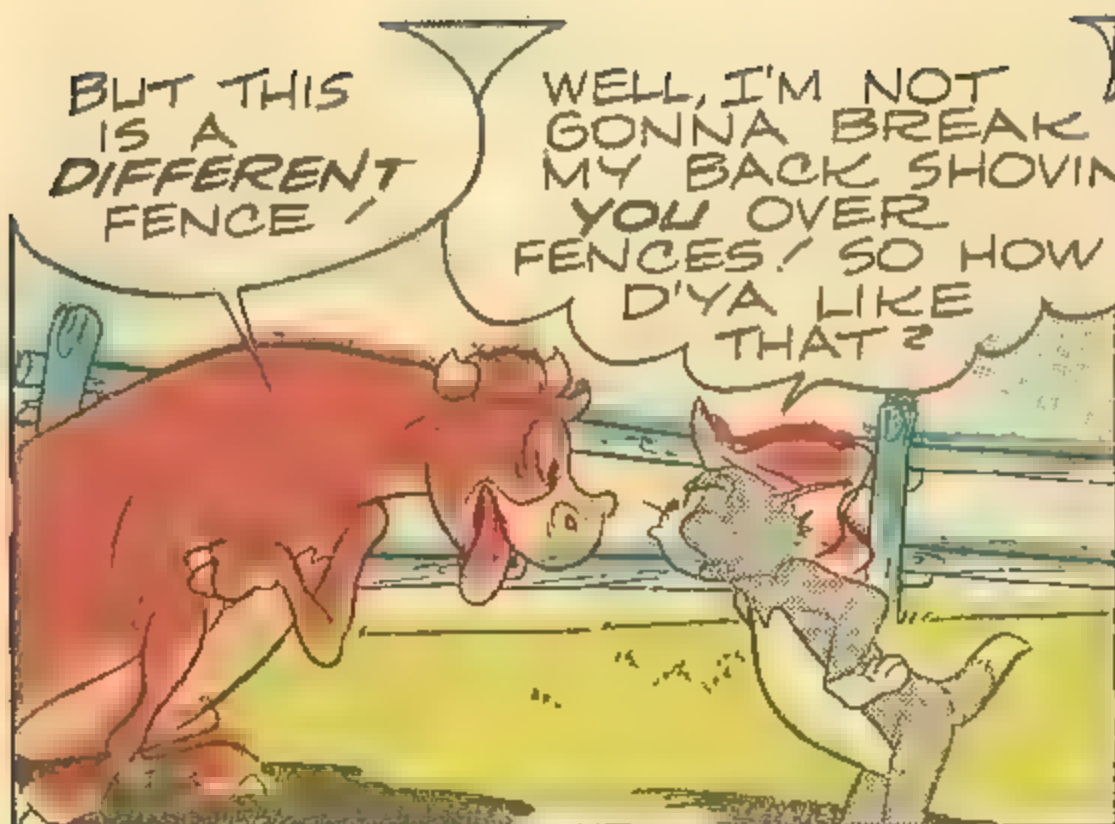
M.G.M. CARTOONS
present
the
ADVENTURES
of
TOM

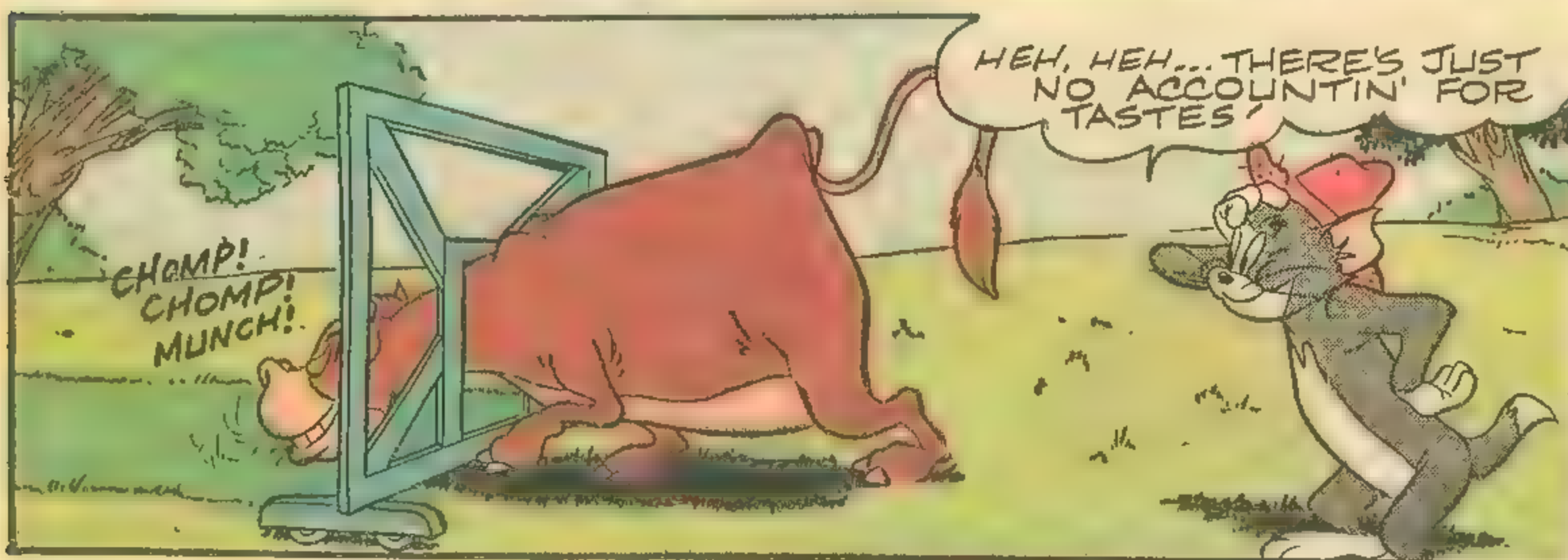
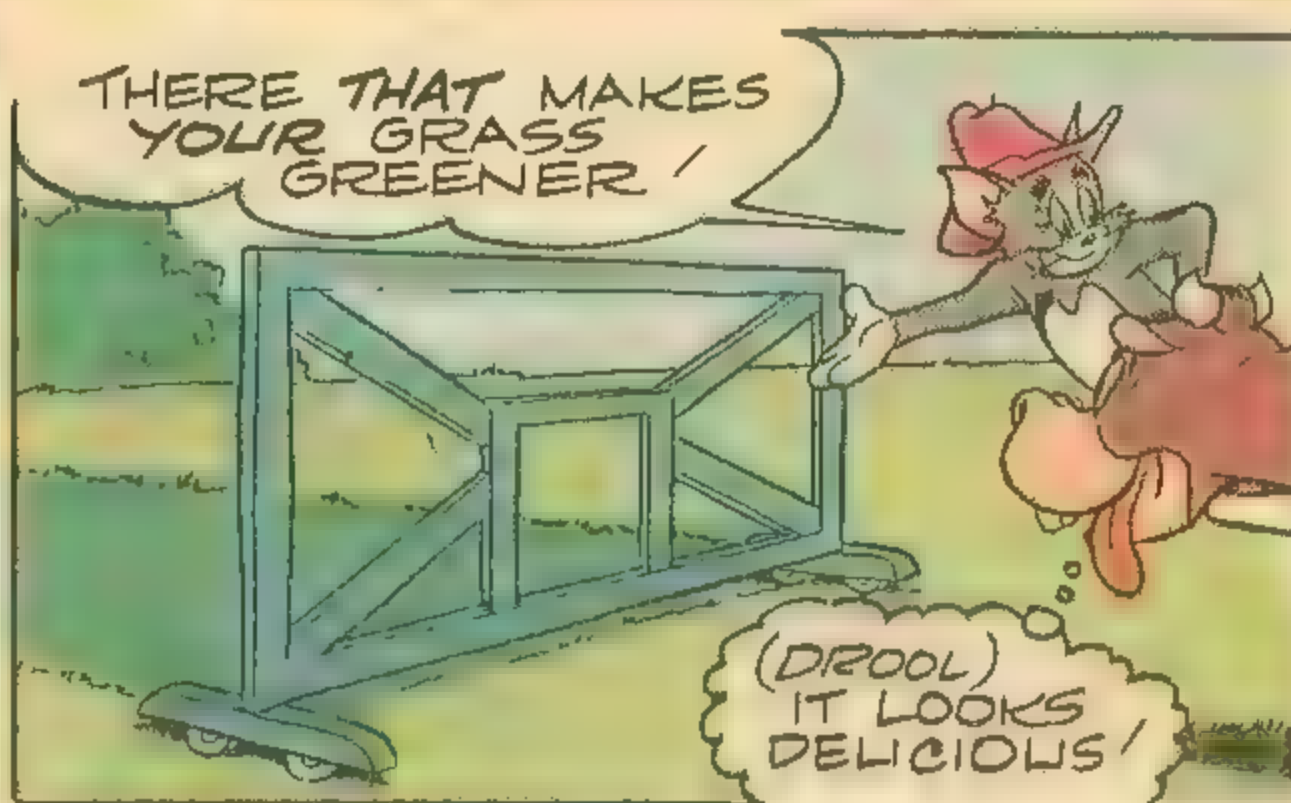
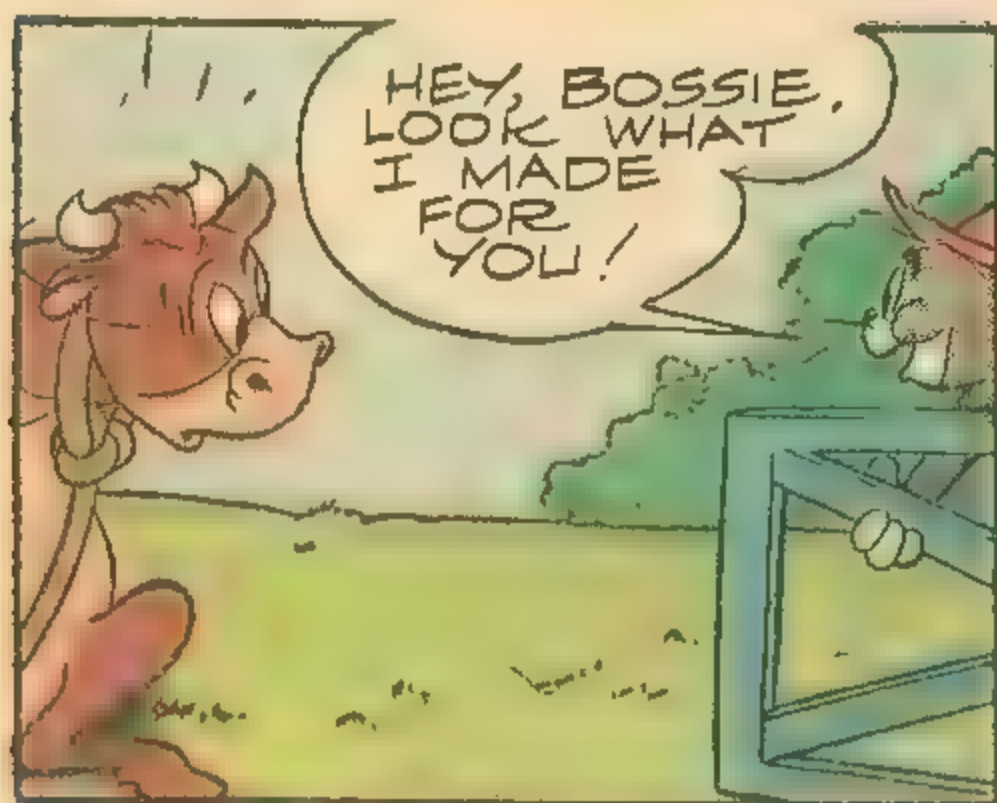
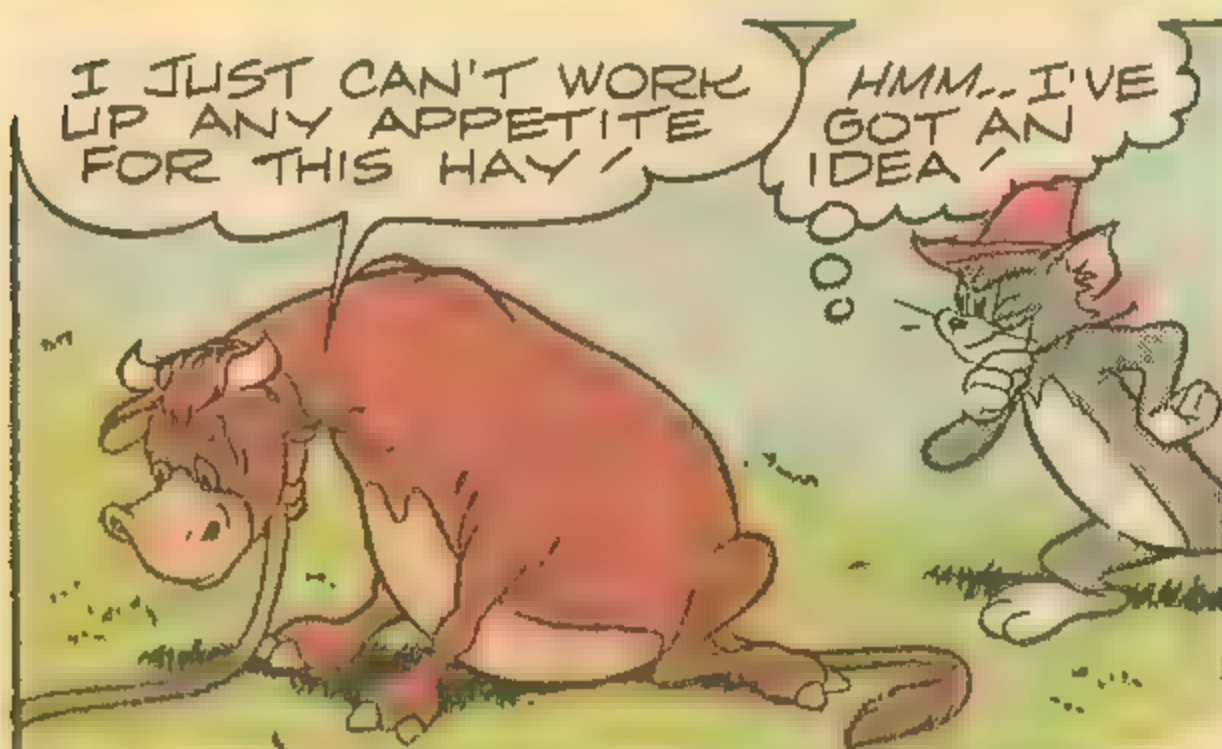
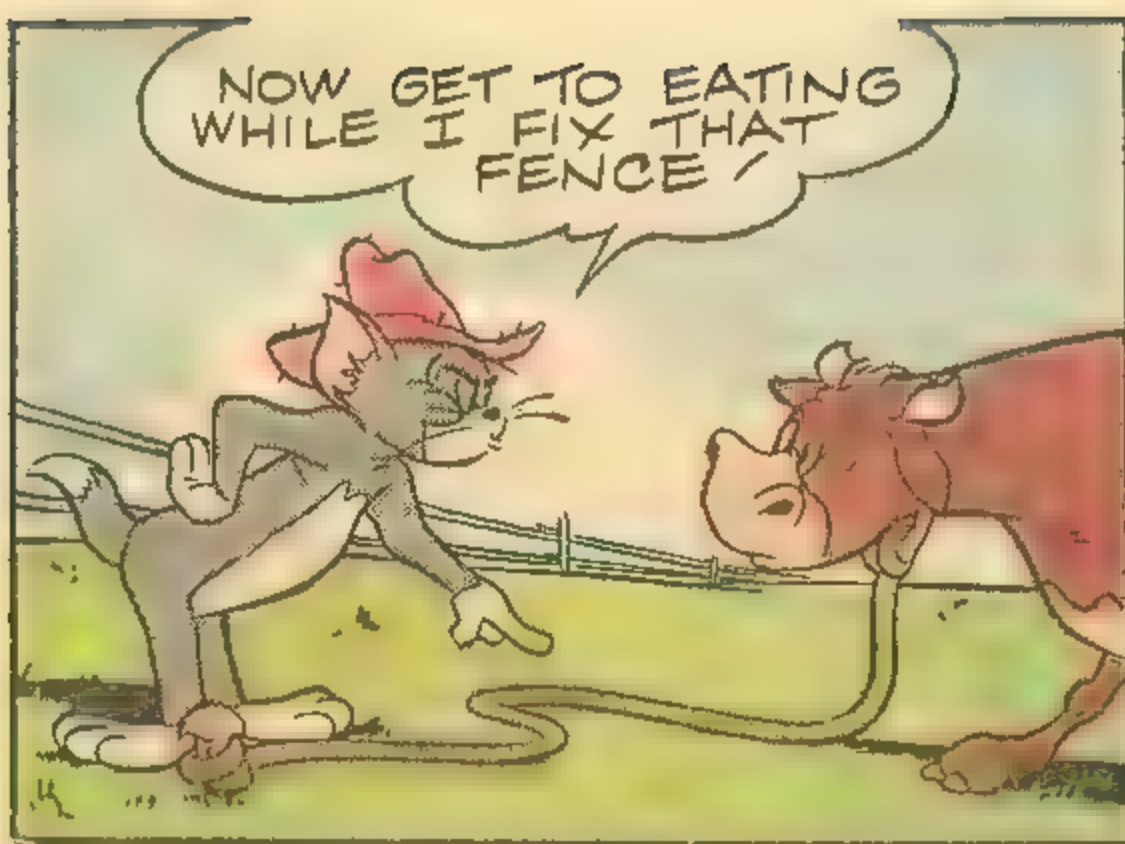






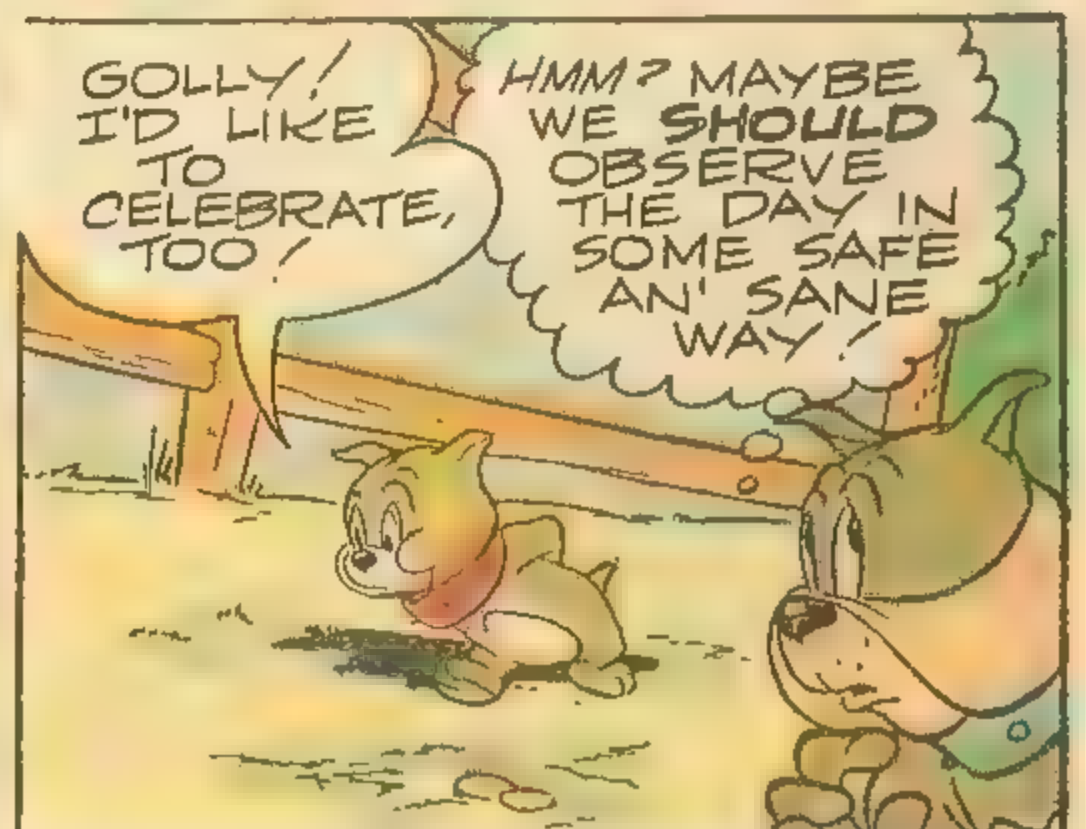
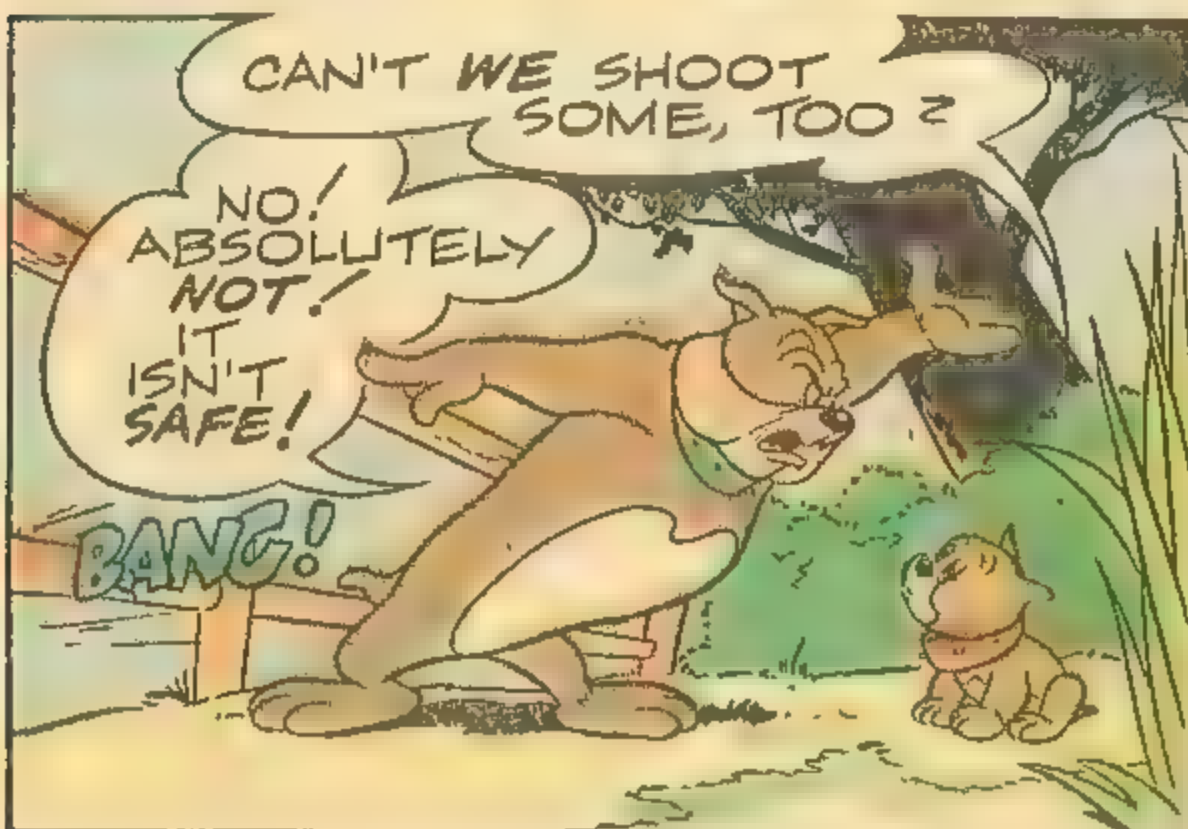
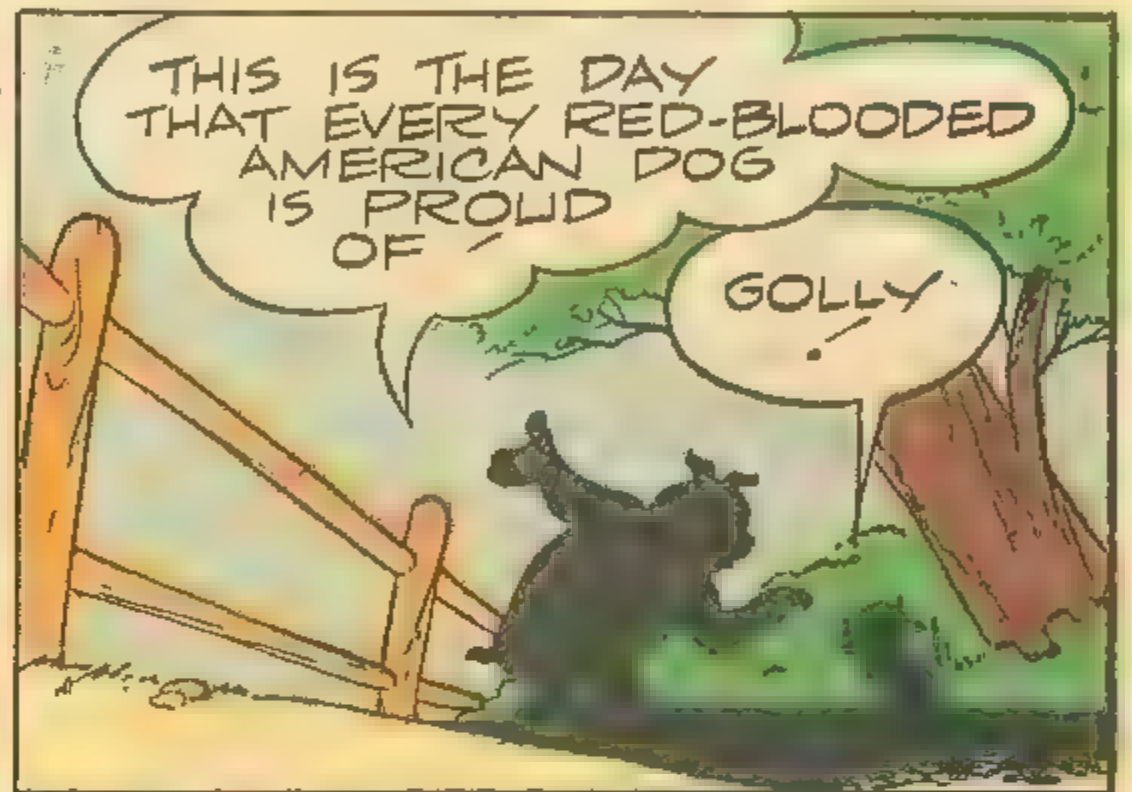
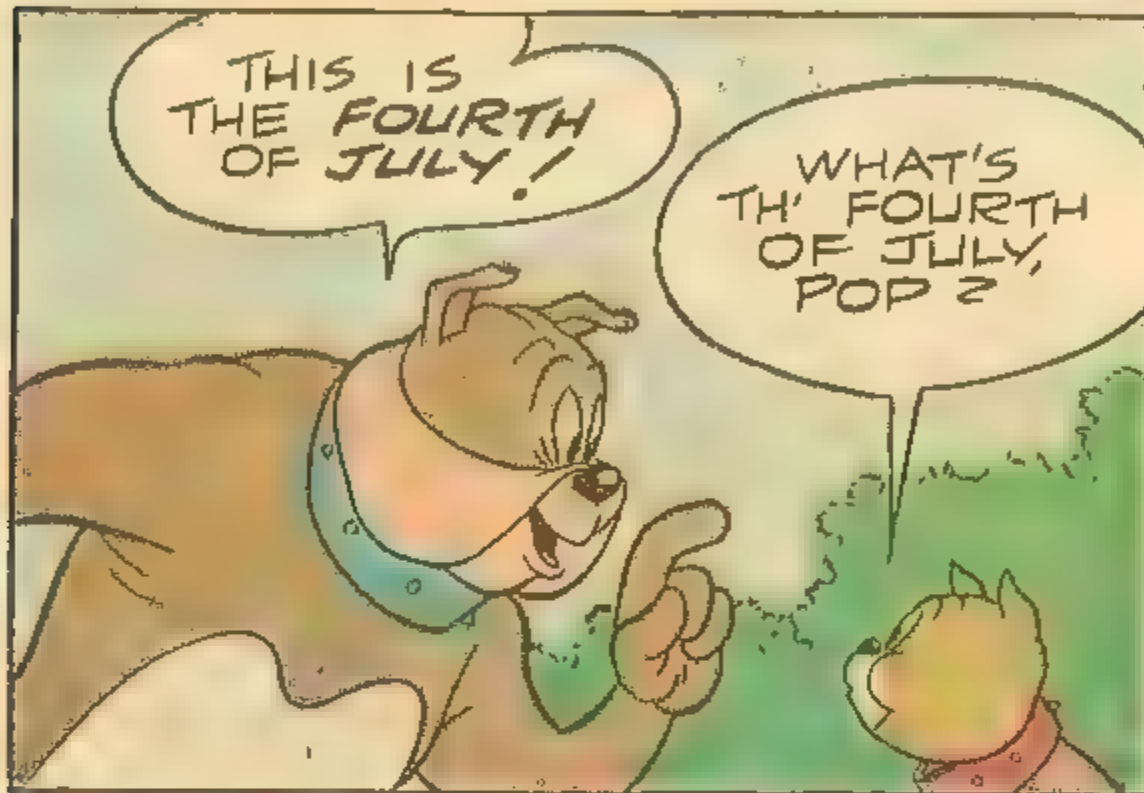
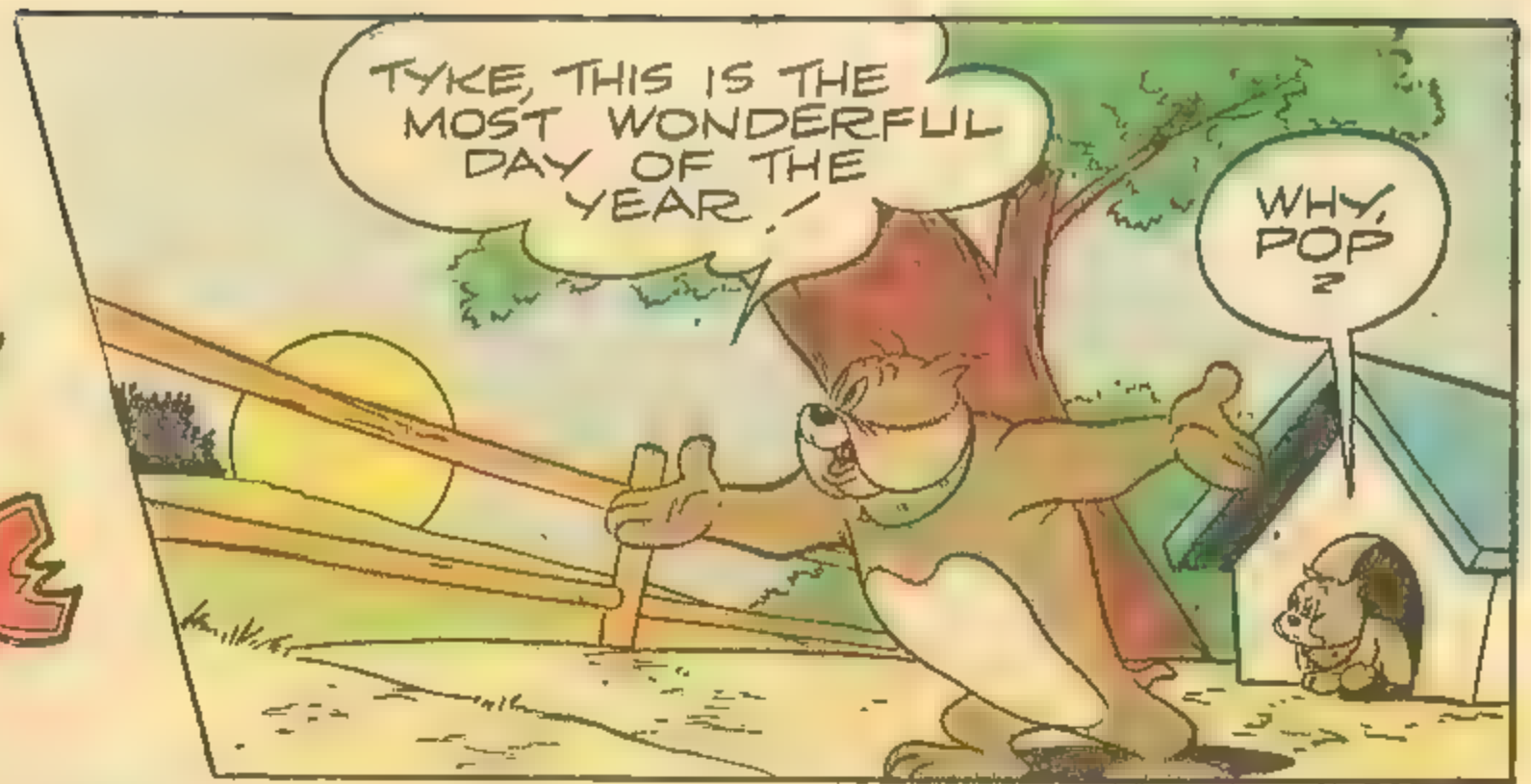


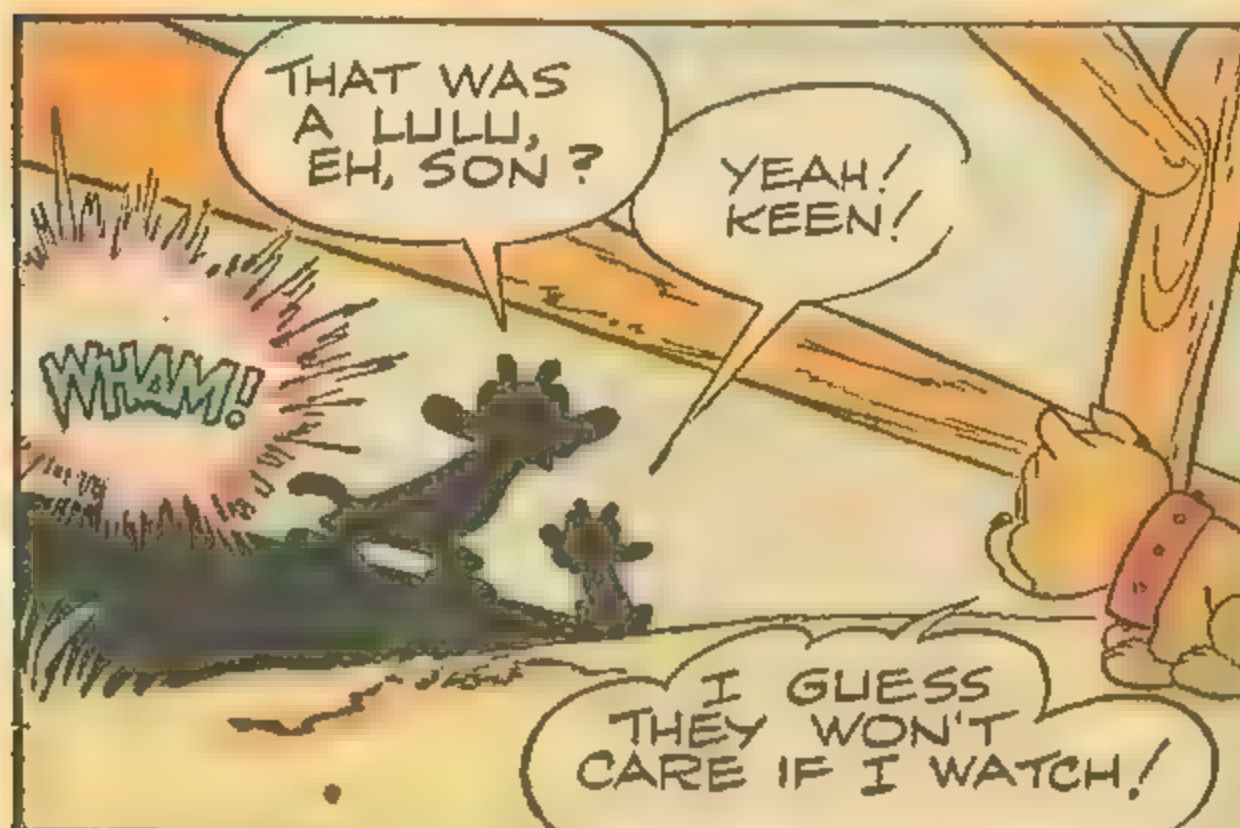
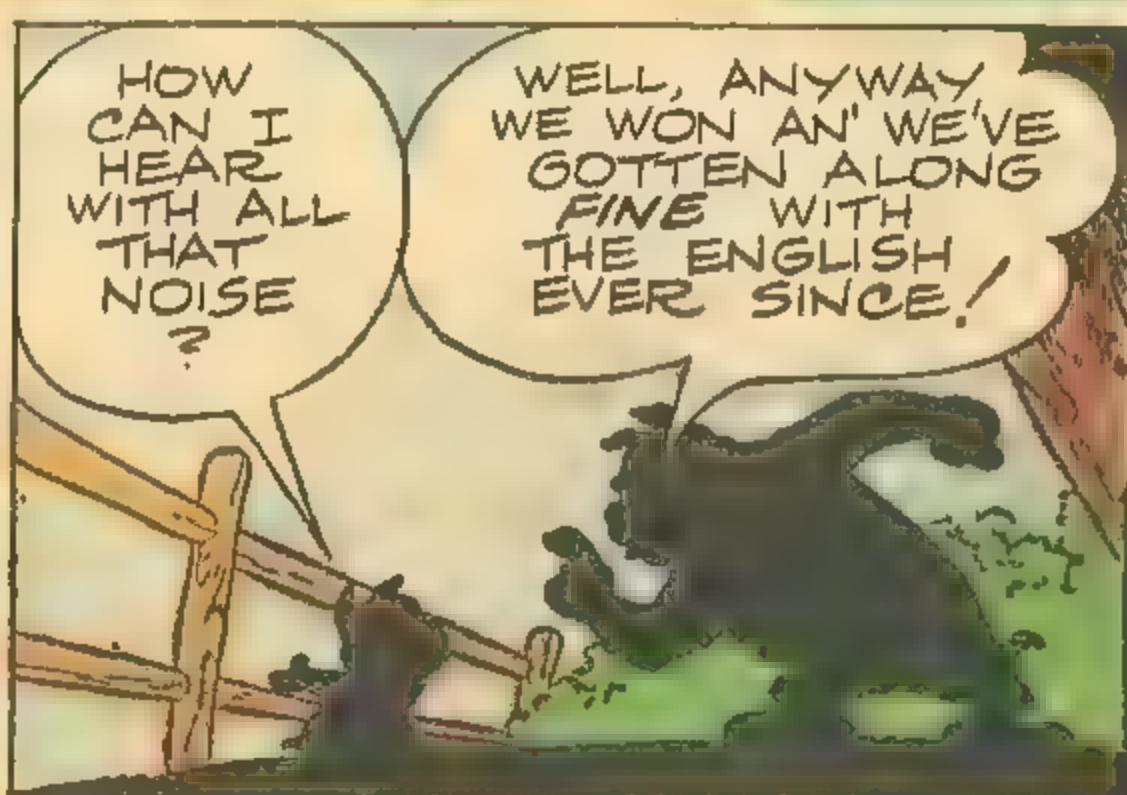
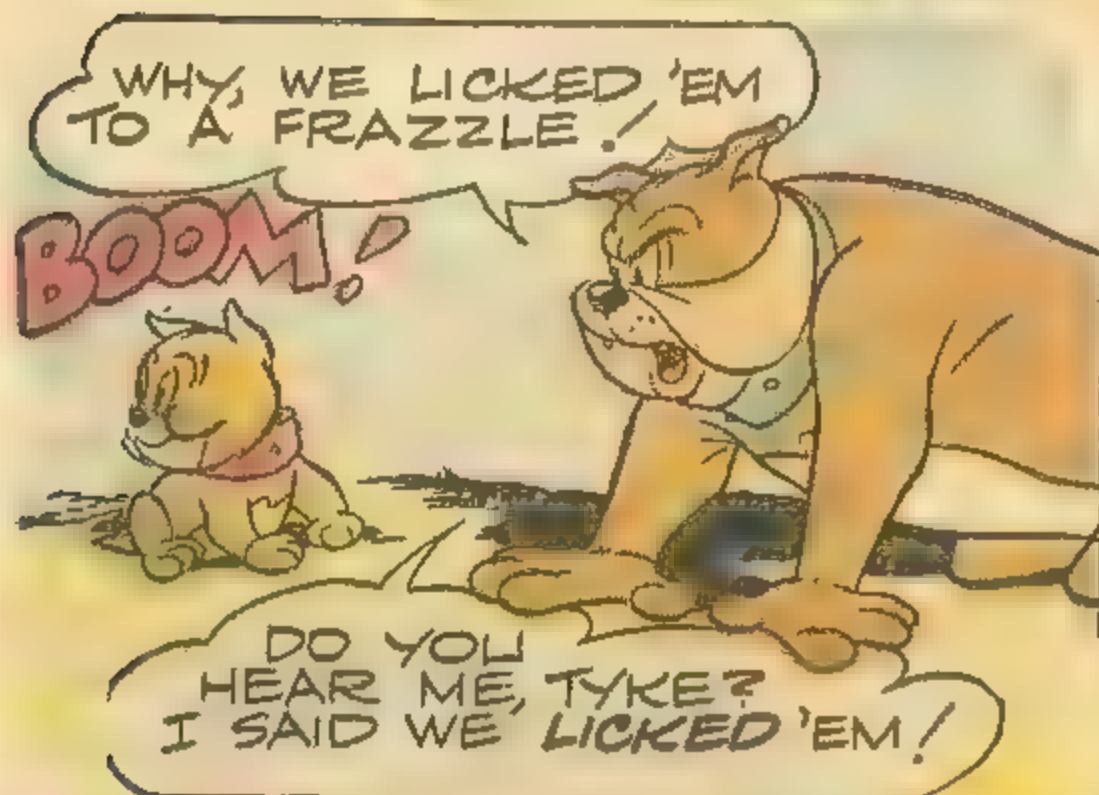
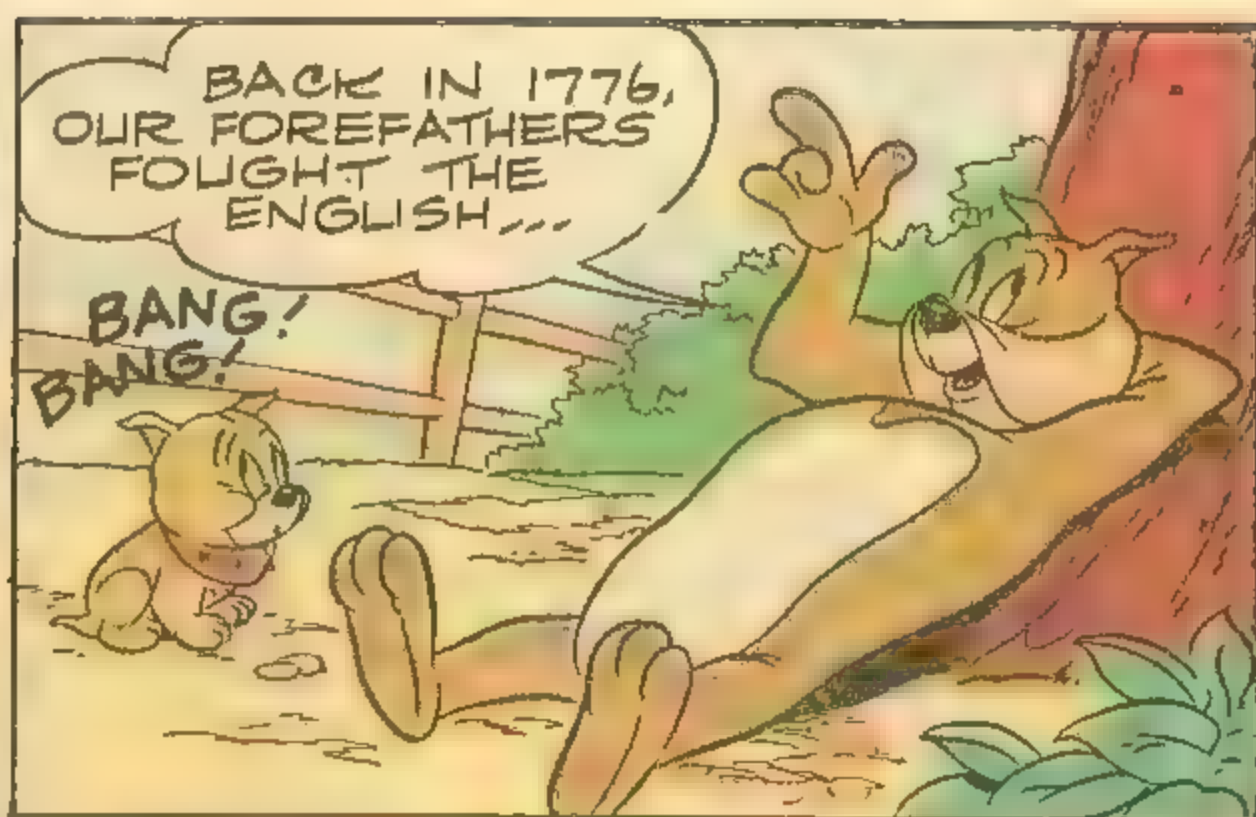
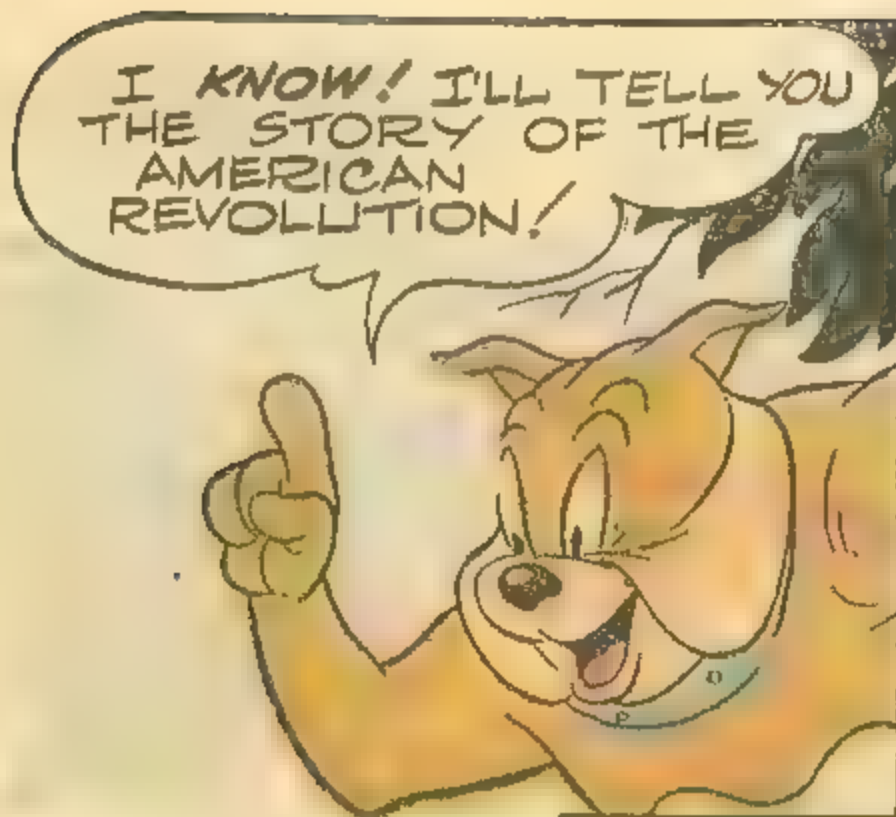


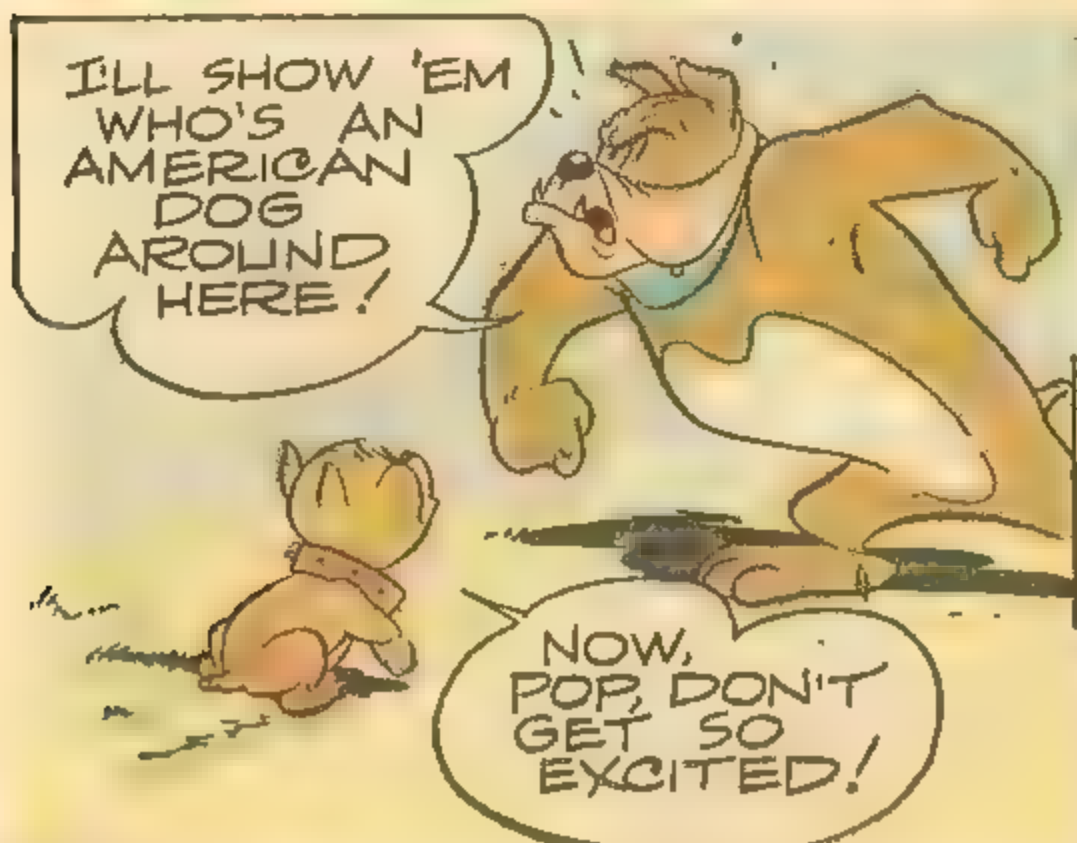
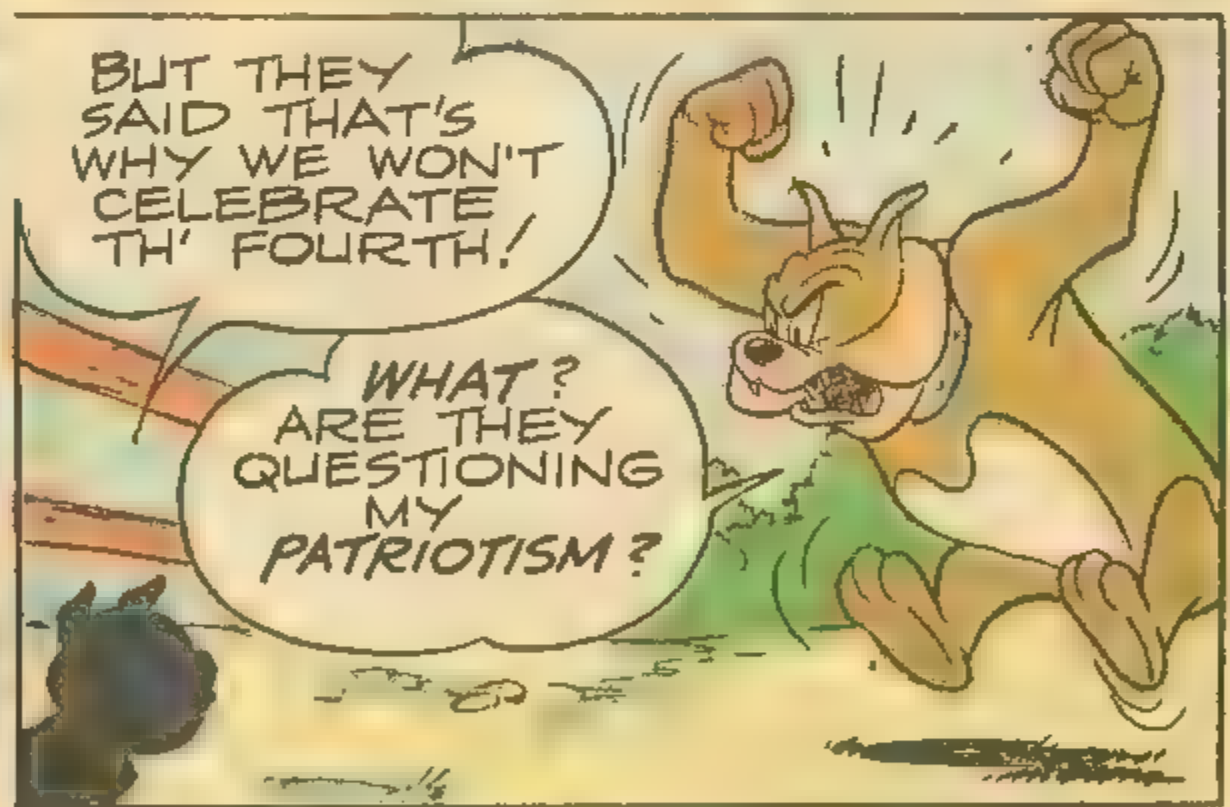
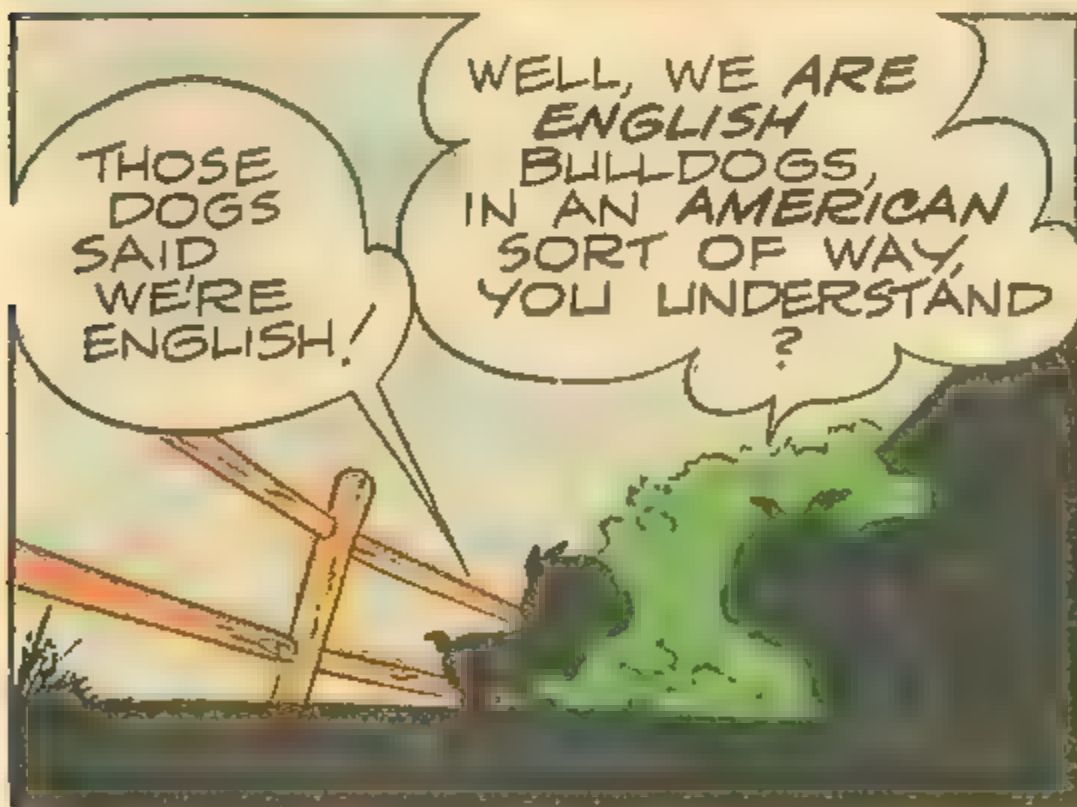
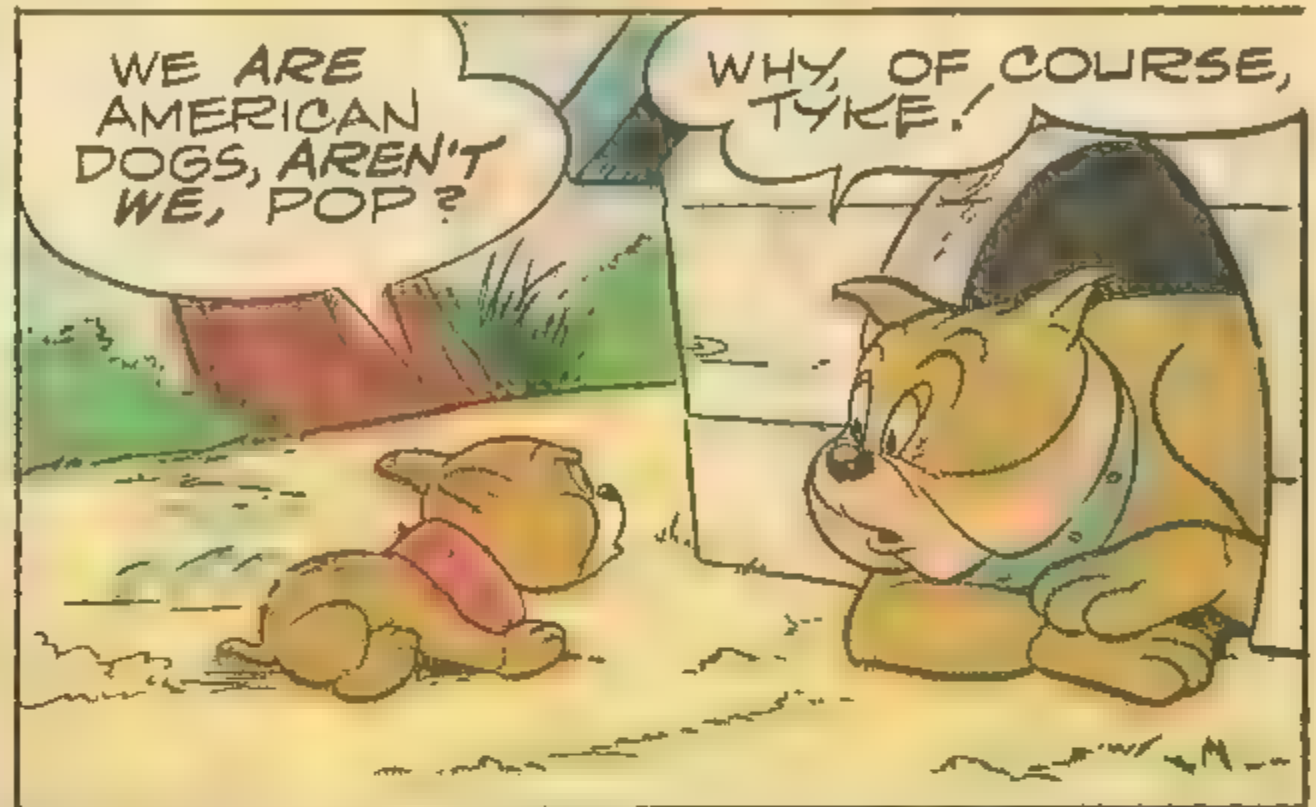
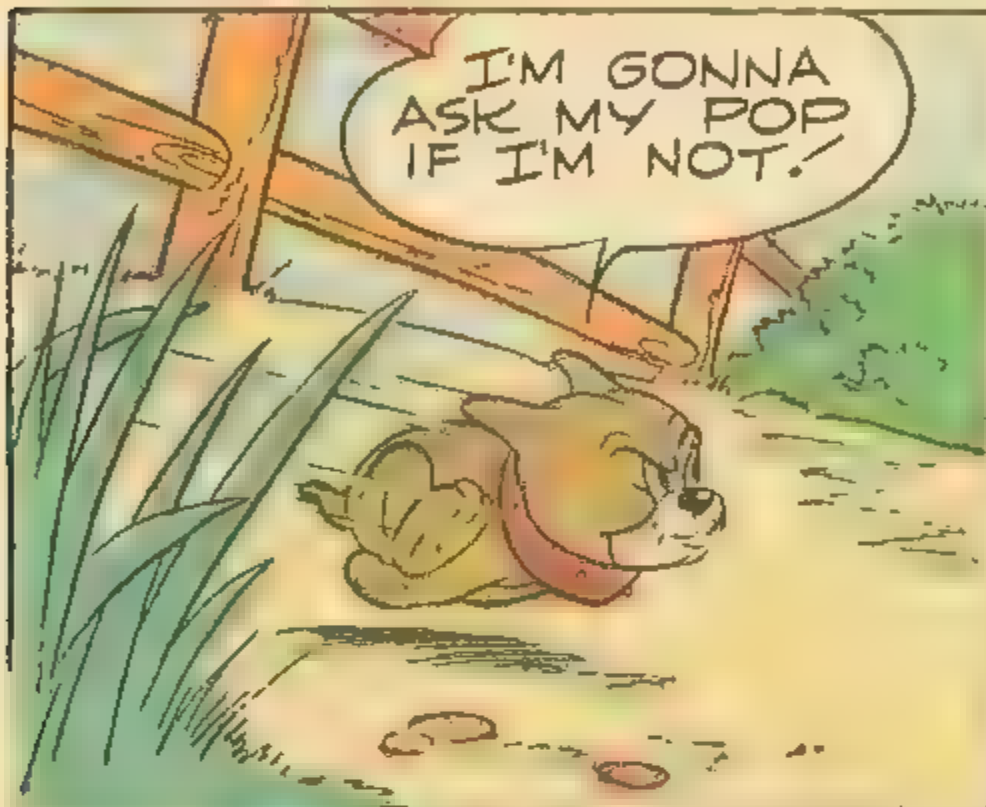
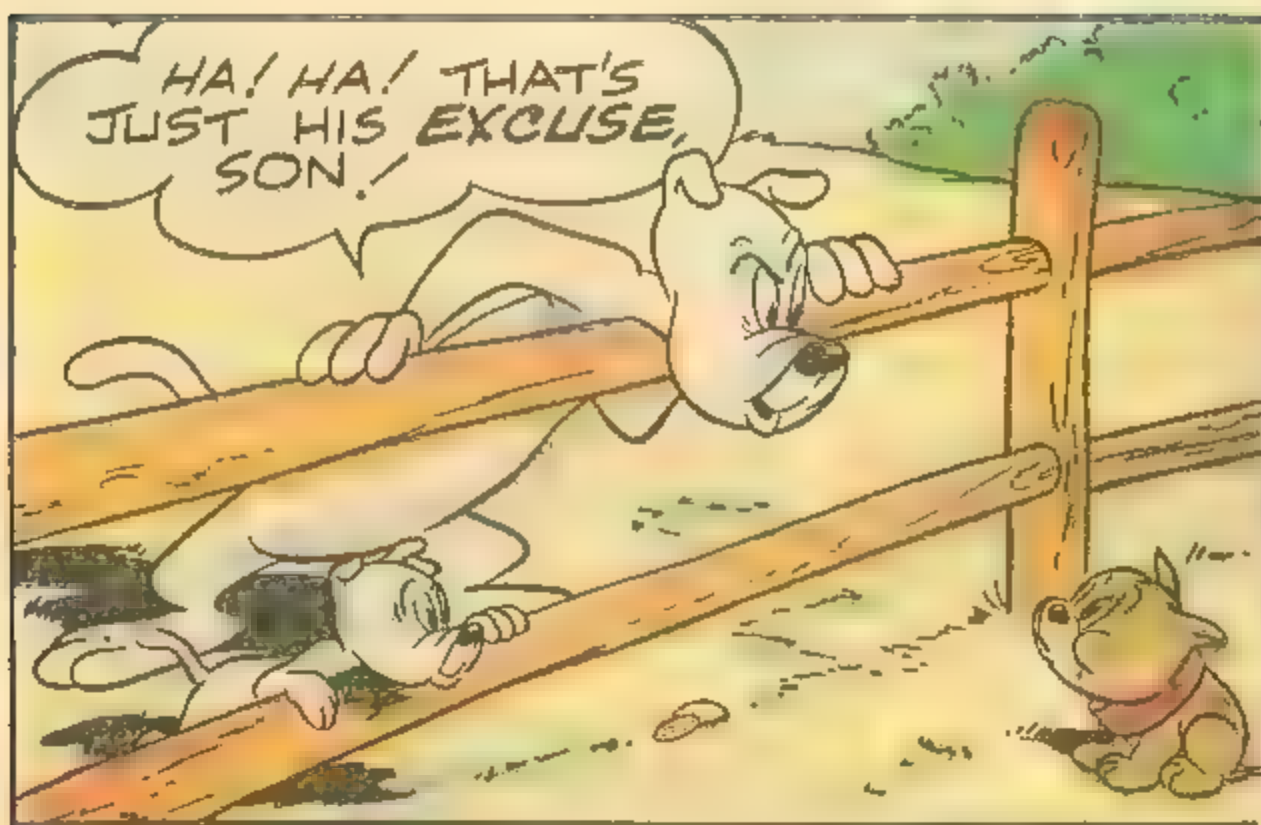


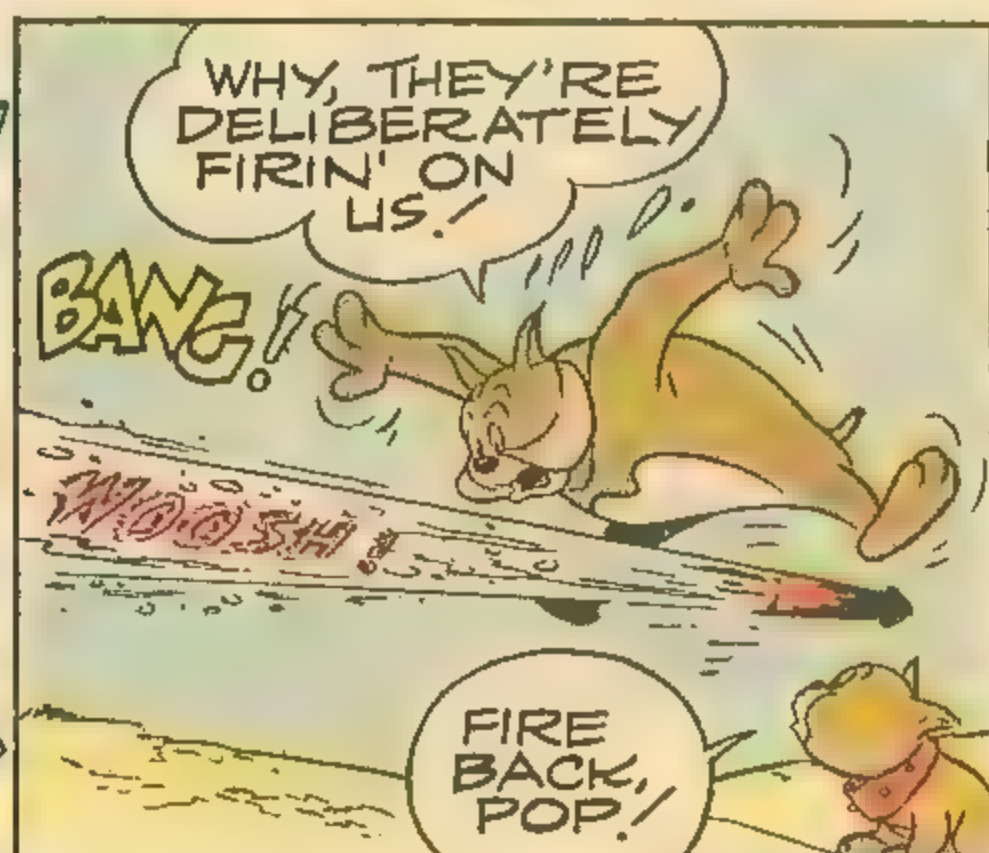
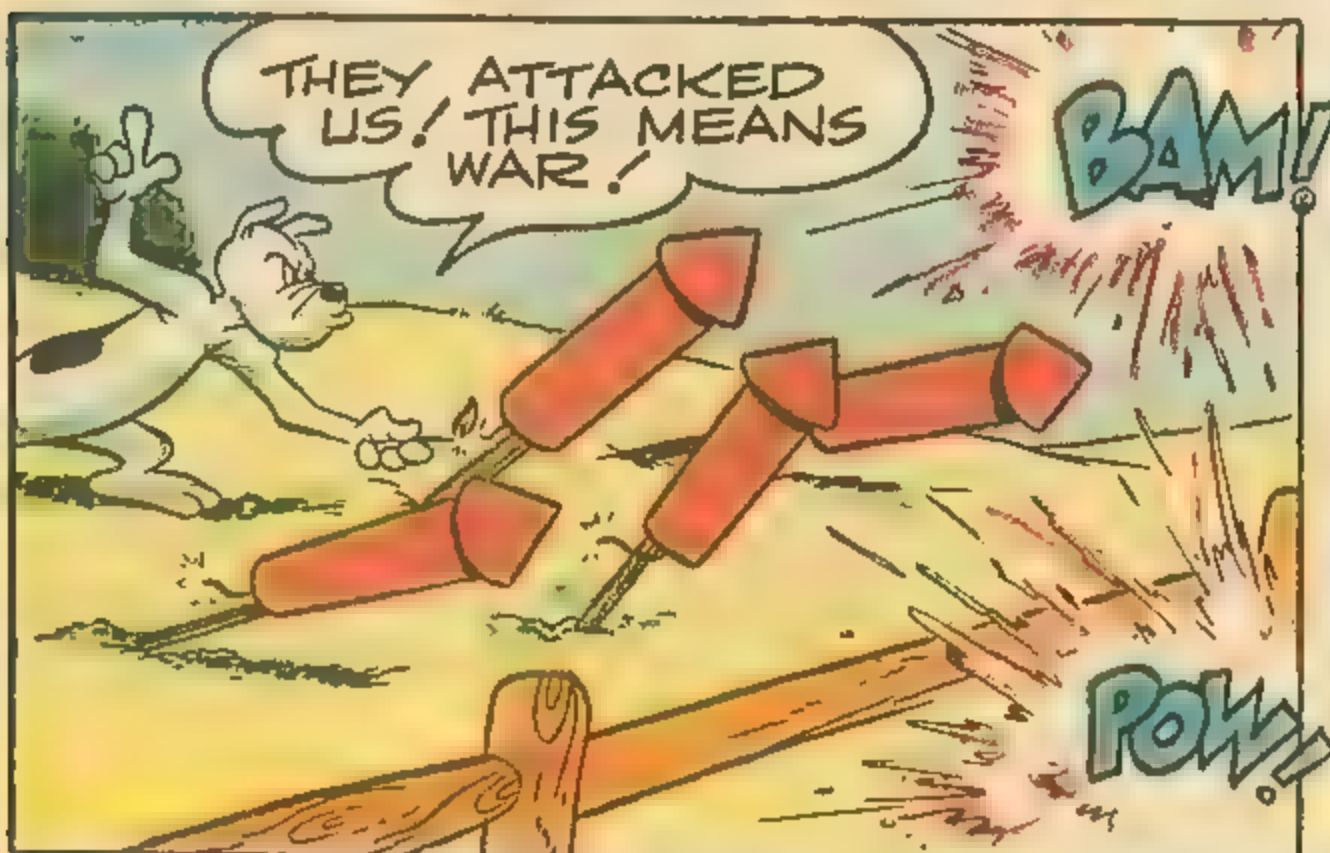
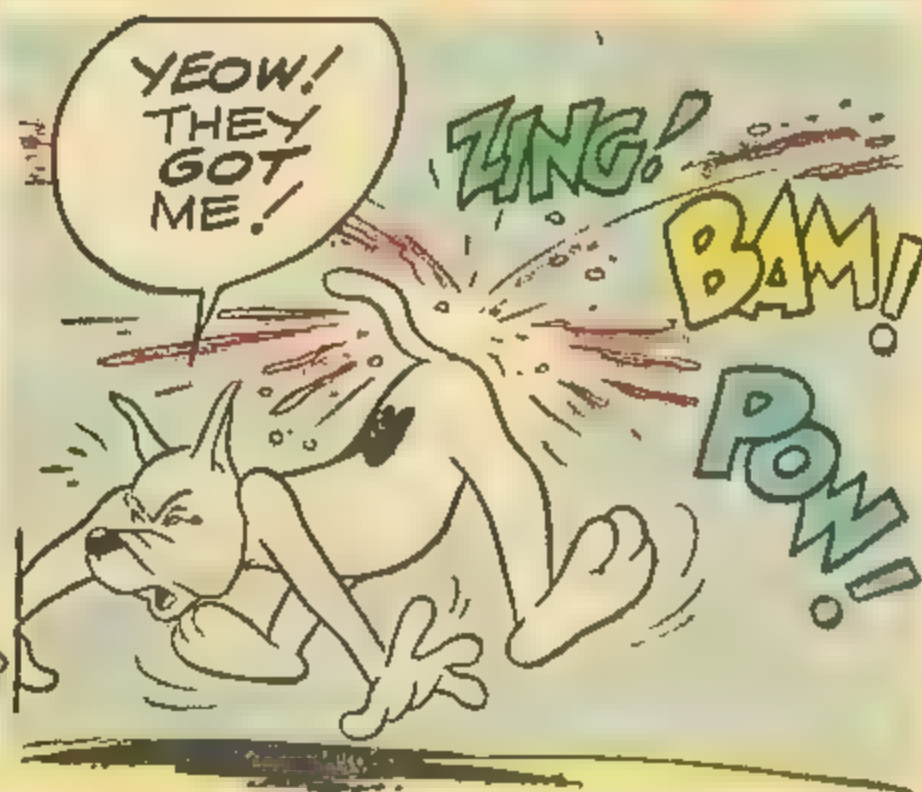
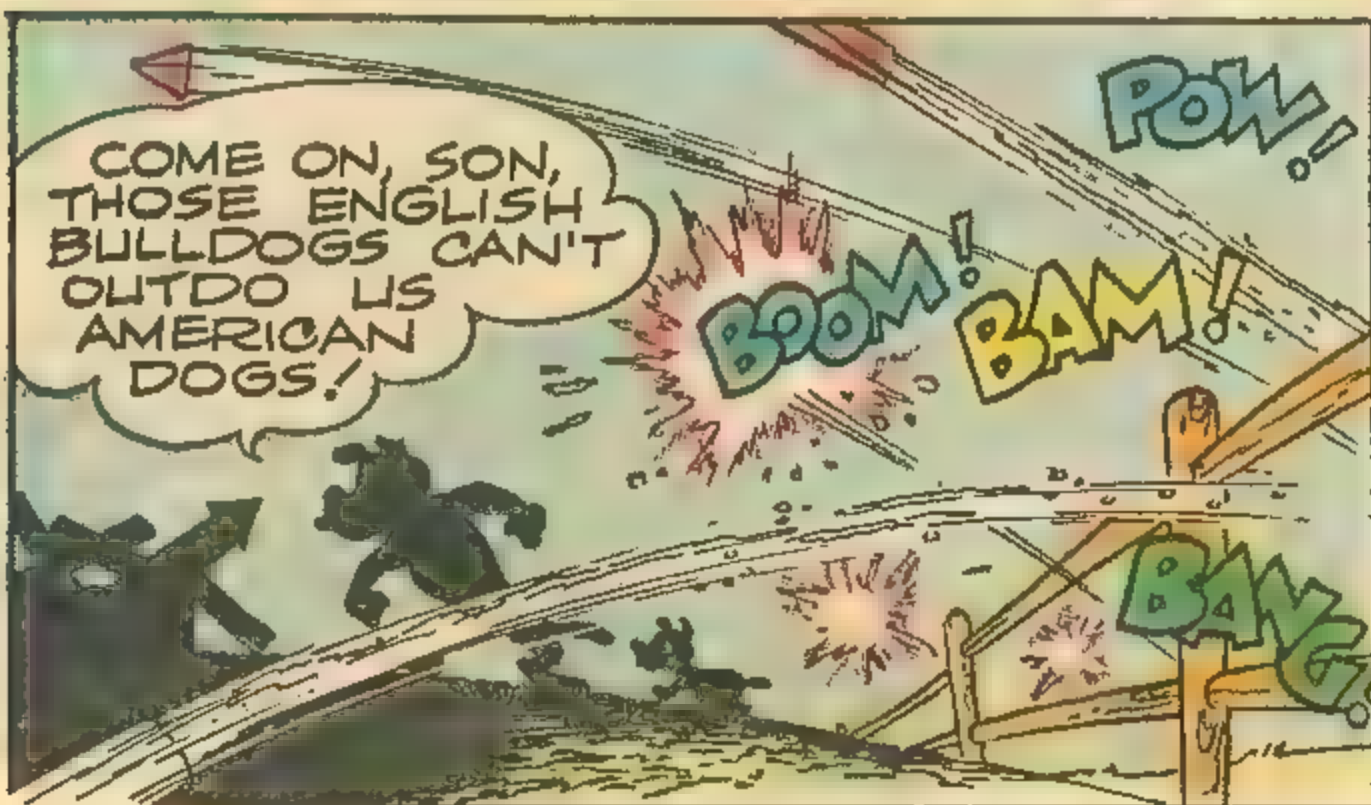
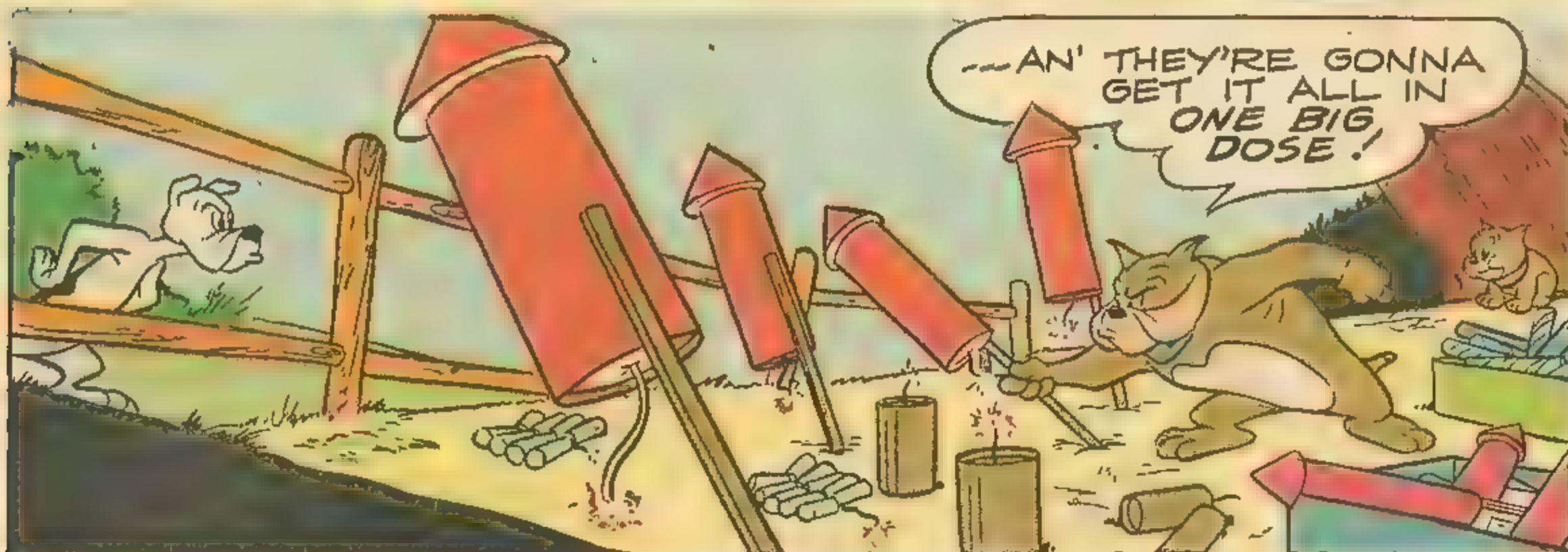
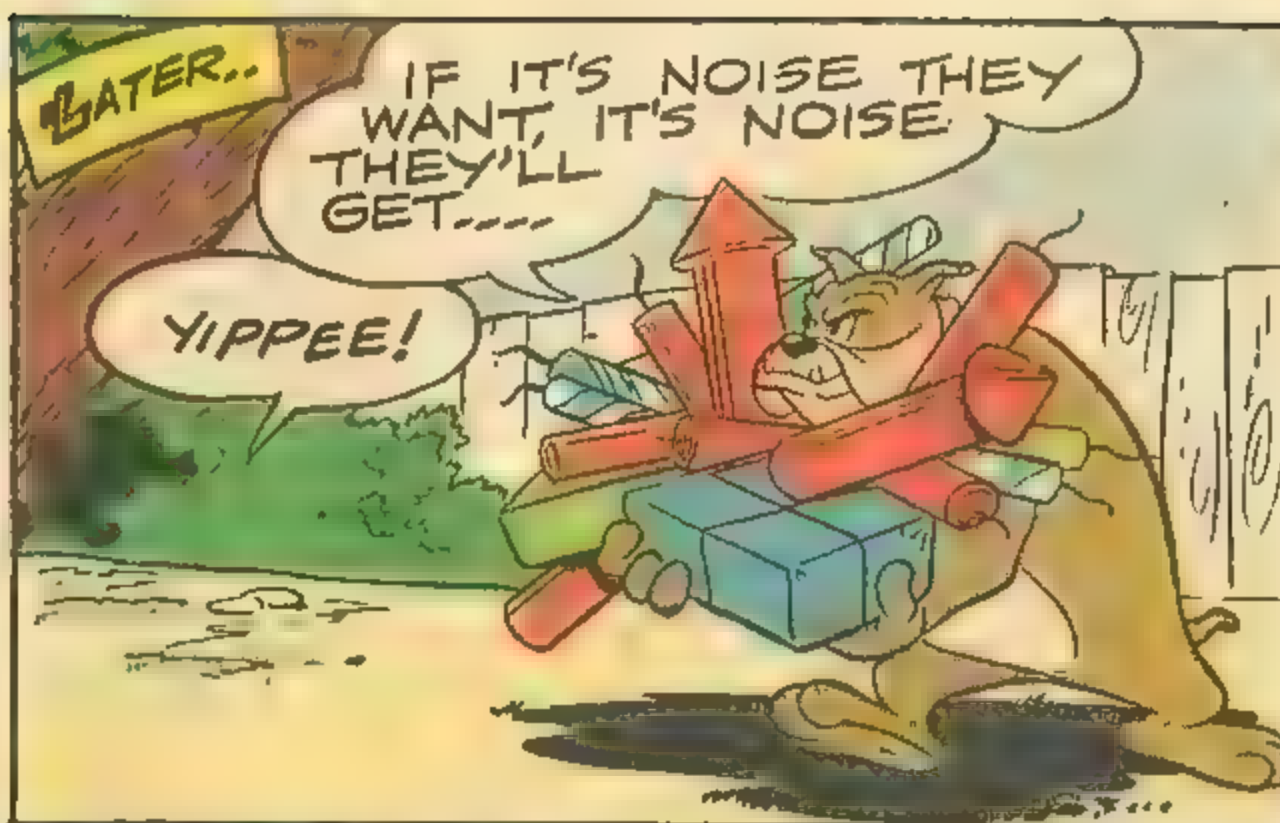
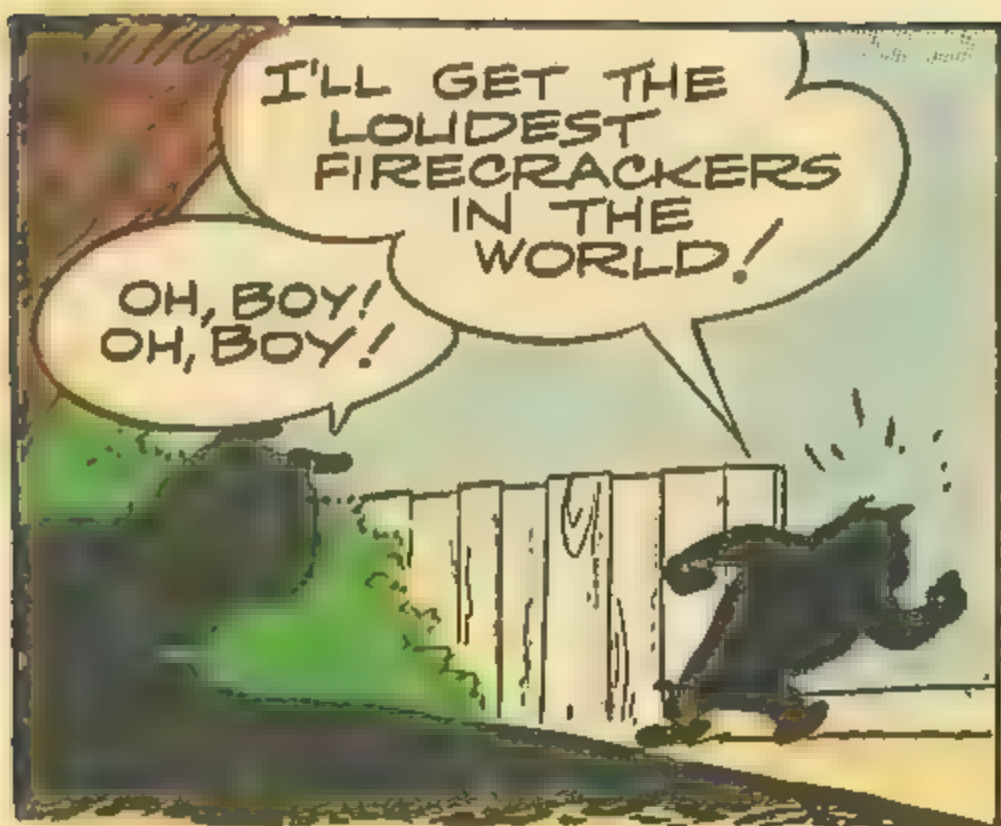
M-G-M-CARTOONS
PRESENT

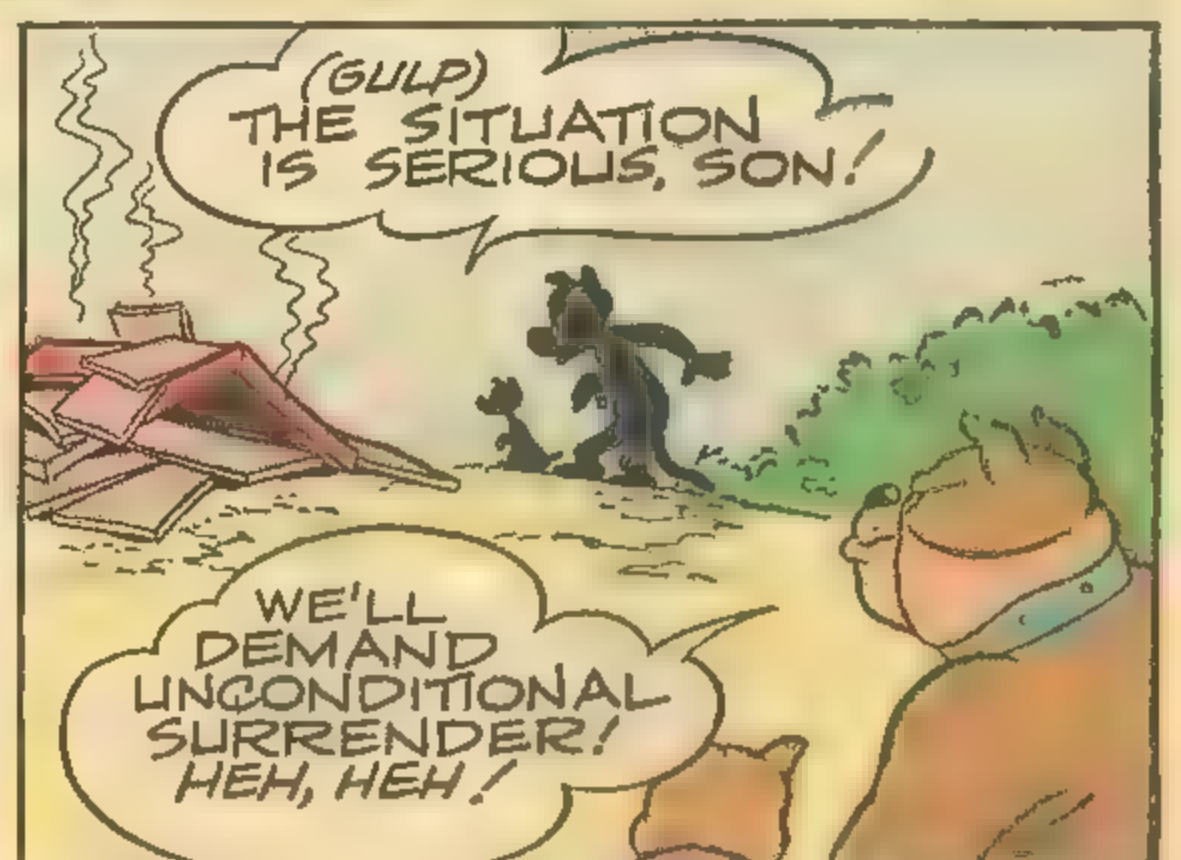
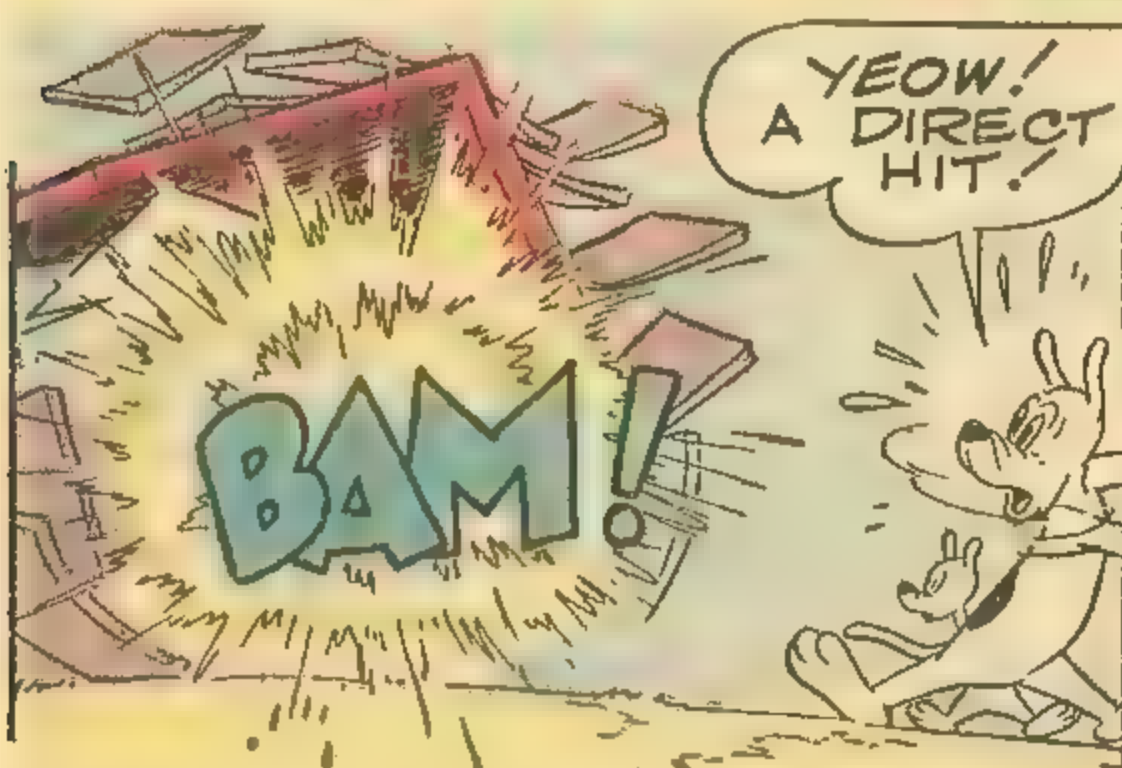
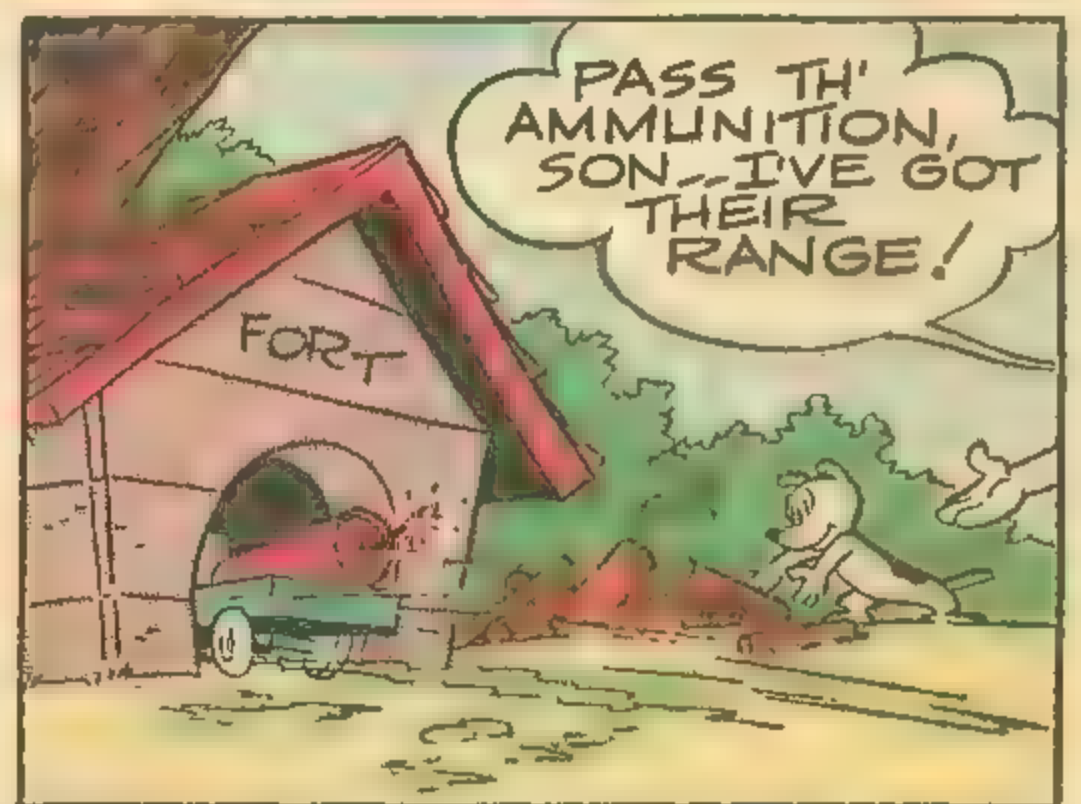
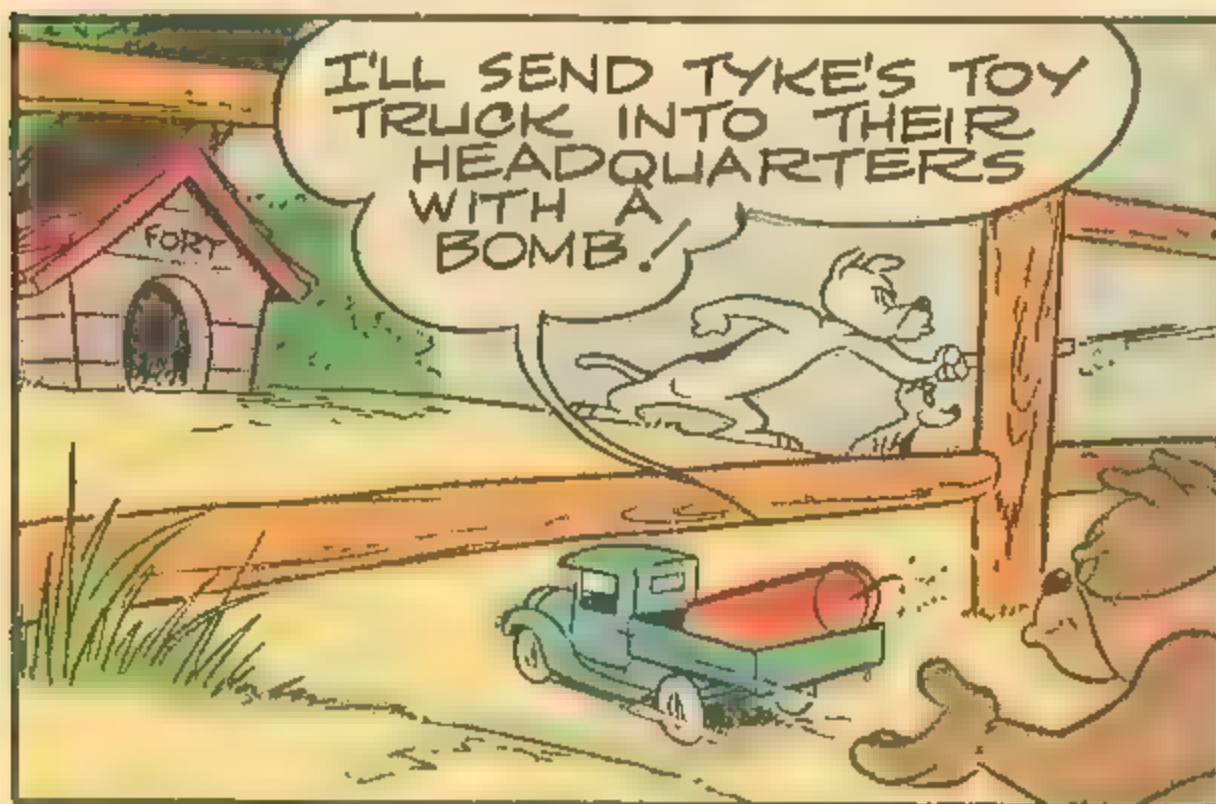
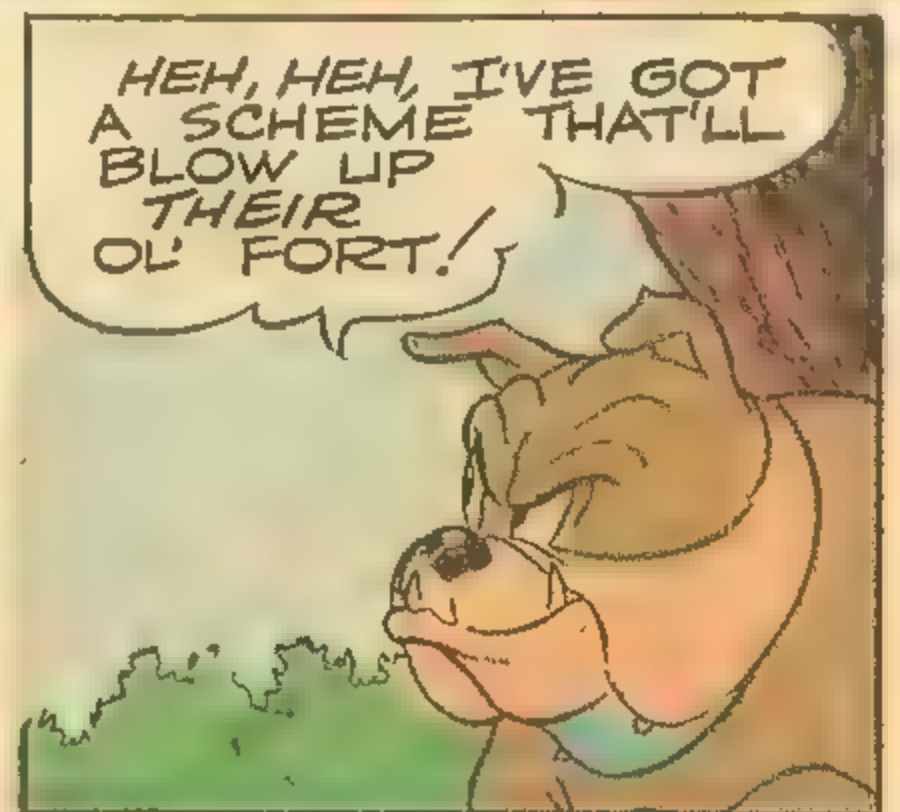
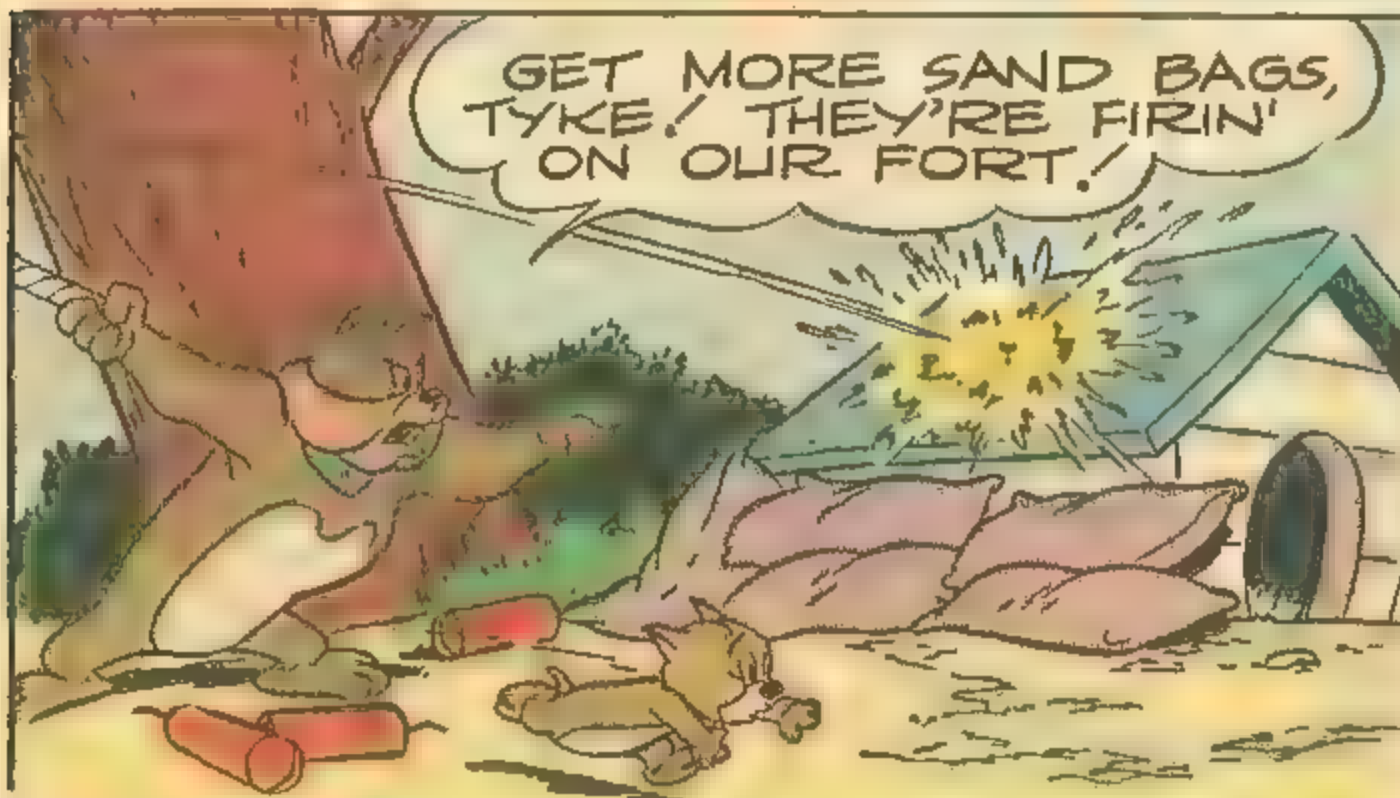
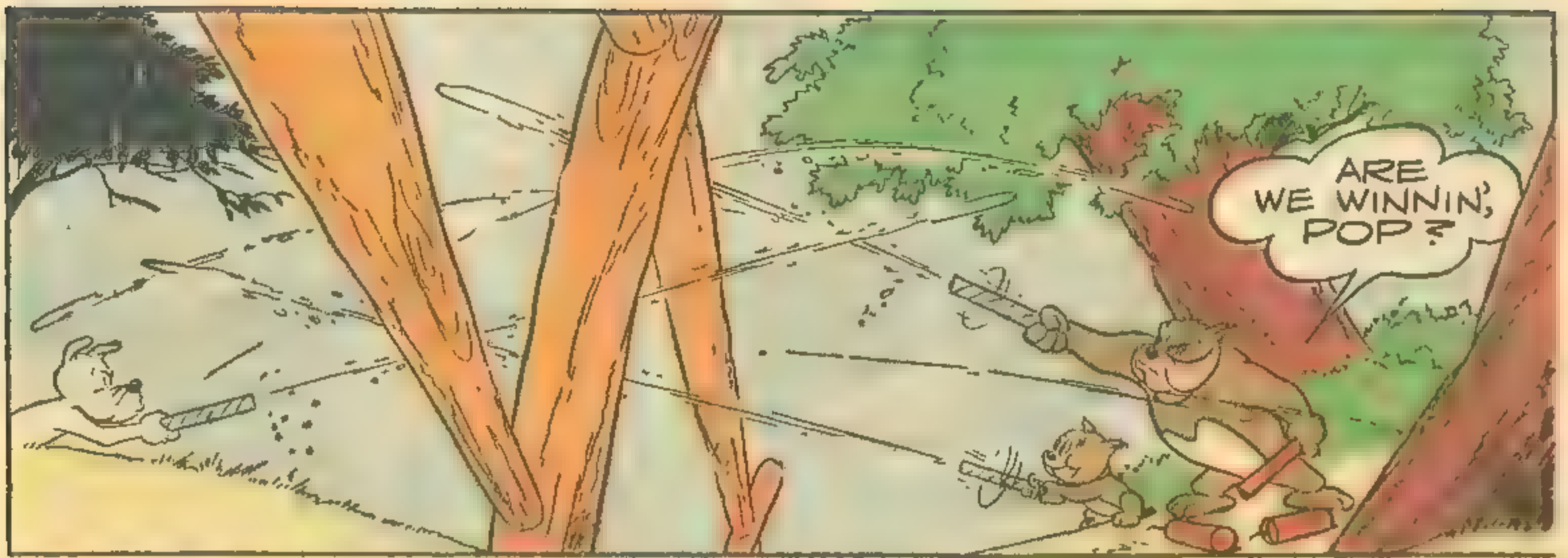
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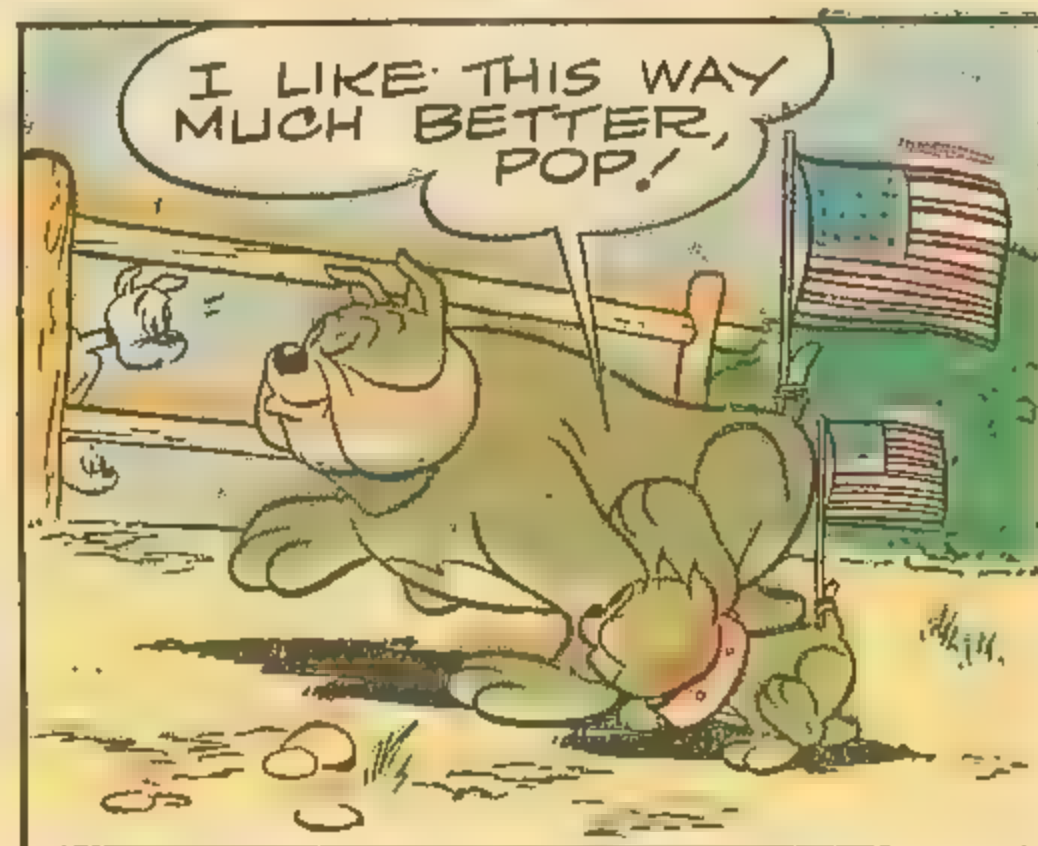
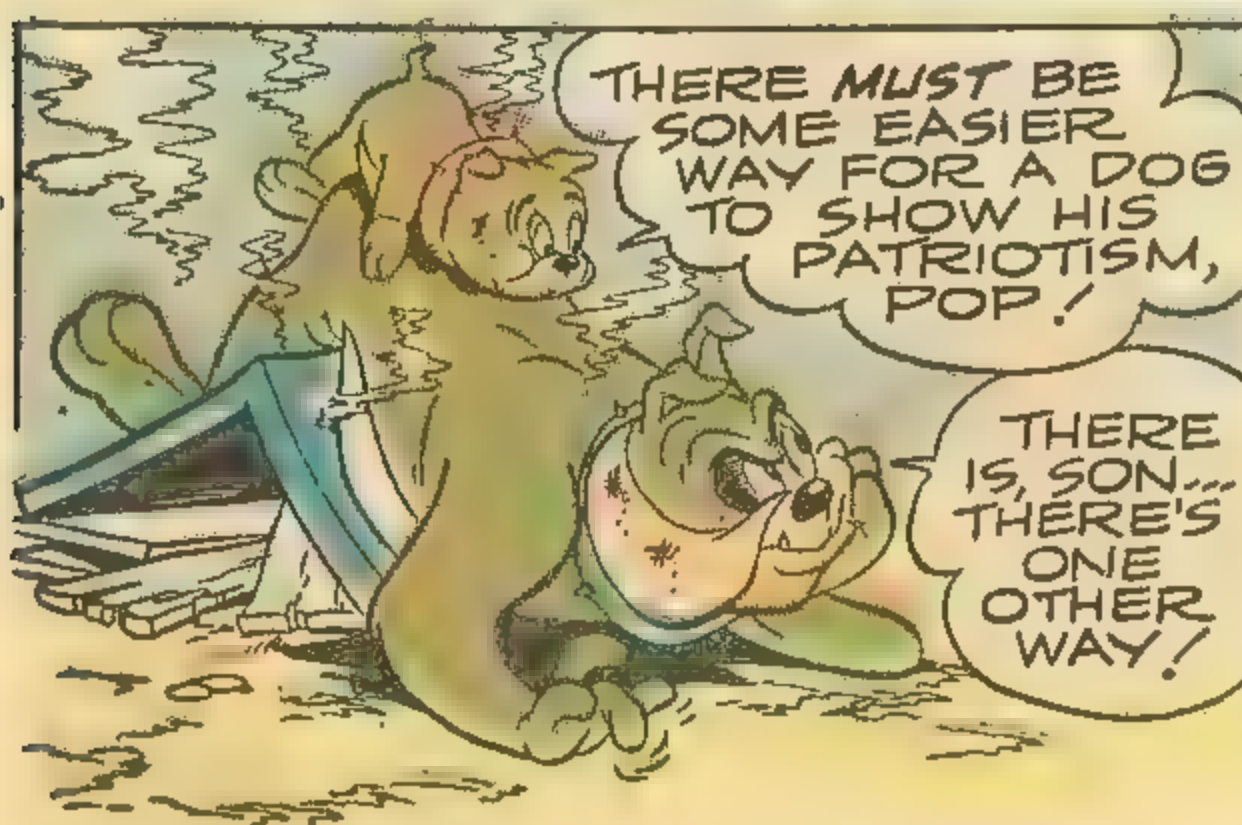
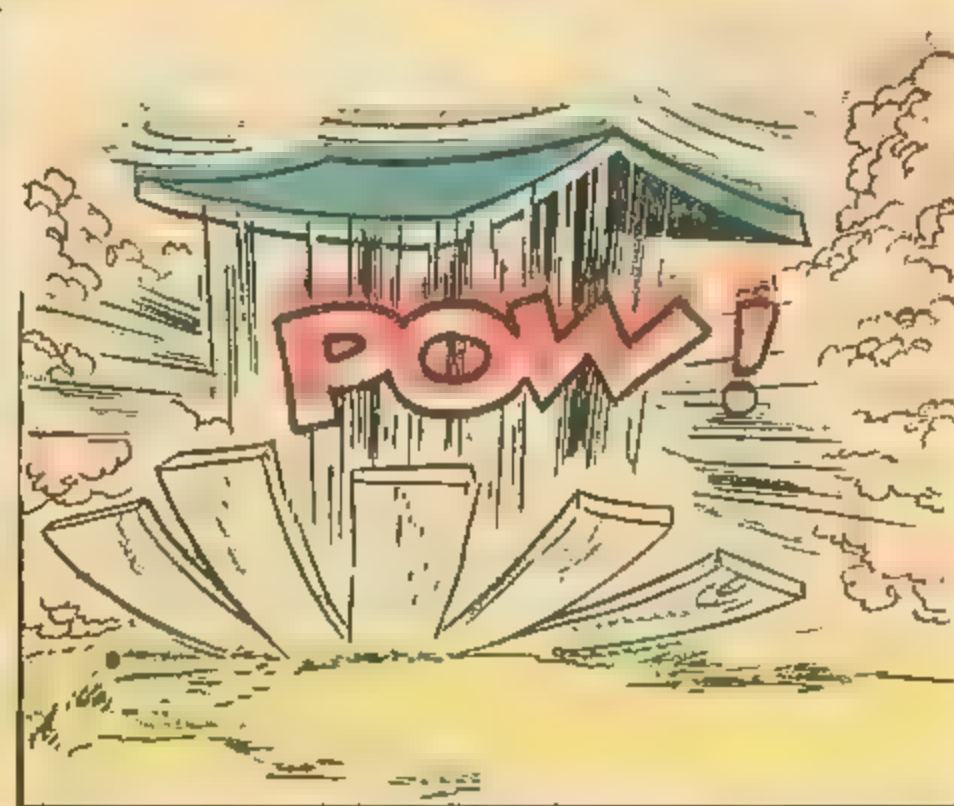
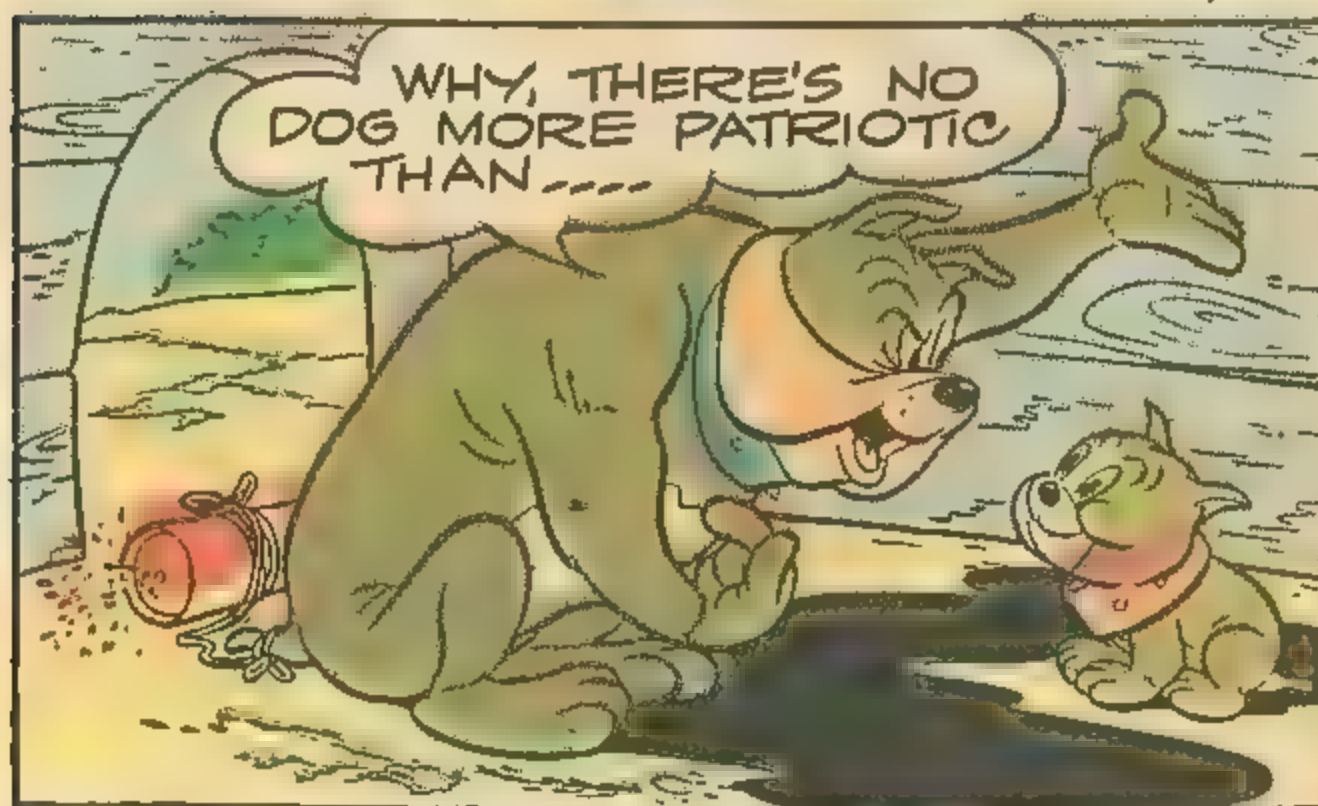
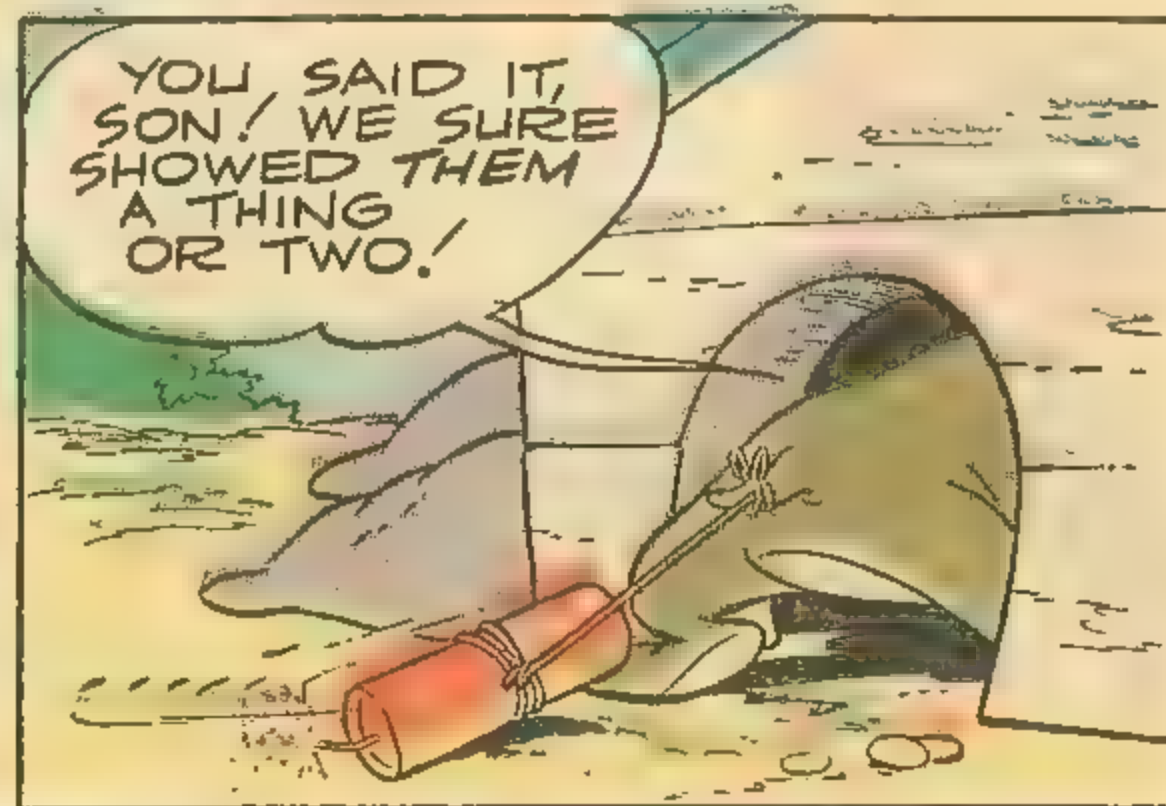
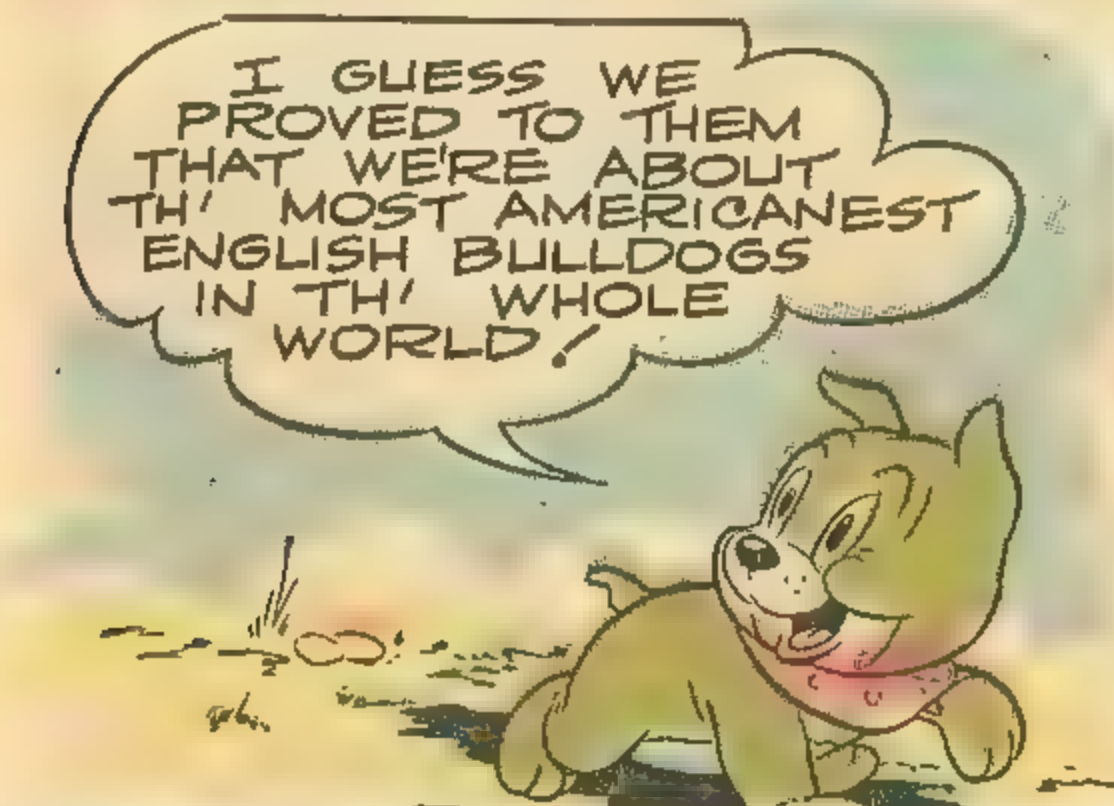
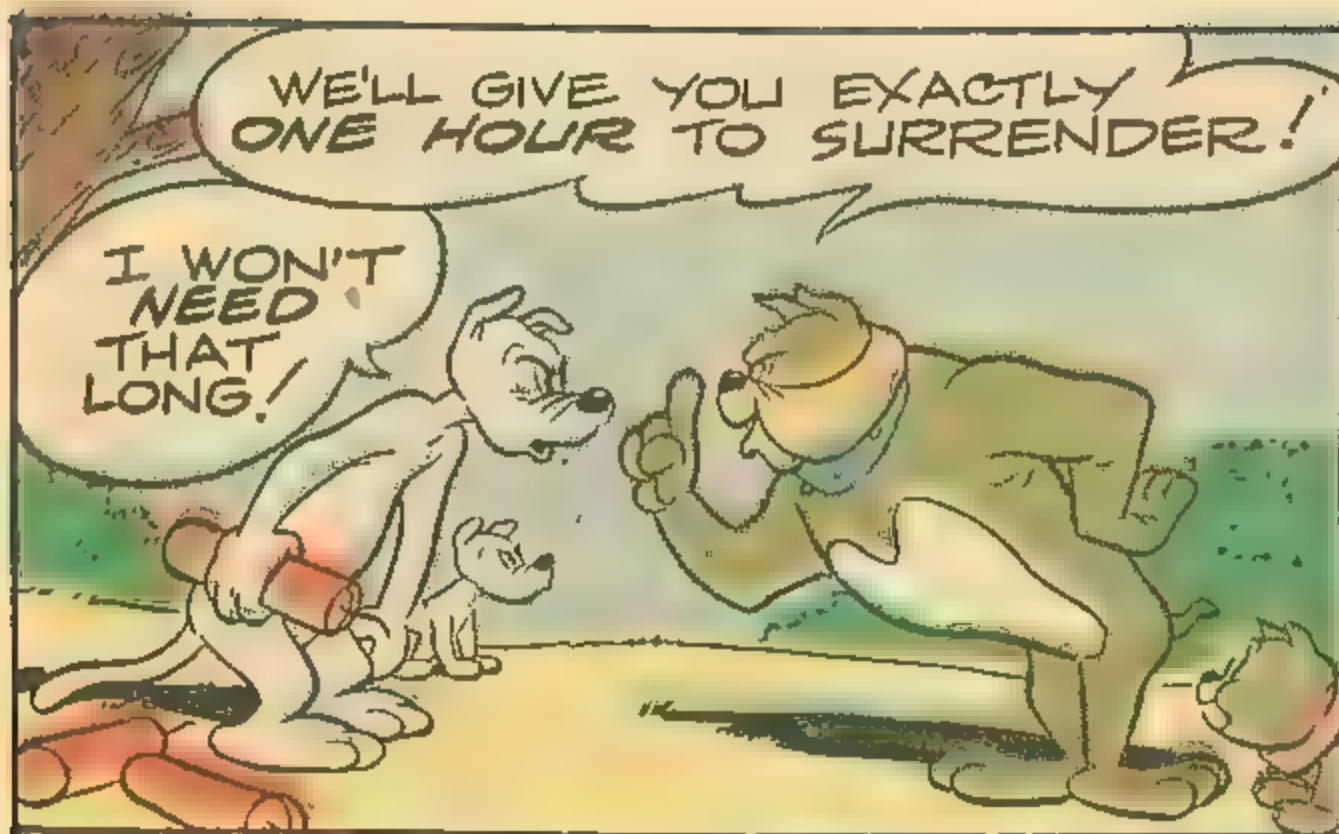




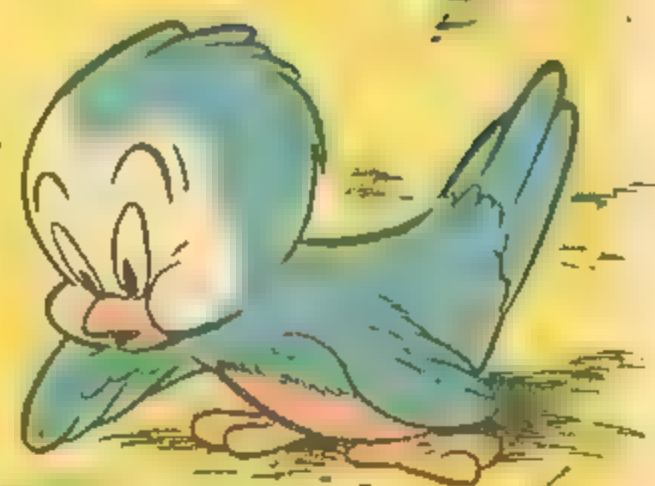








Bertie Bird's Magic Circle



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"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Bird, as she peered over the side of the nest. "Something must be wrong with Bertie!"

"What's the matter?" asked Bertie's father, poking his head over the edge of their home, too.

"I—I don't know," faltered Mrs. Bird. "But just see how strange he acts. Look at him, hopping around down there on the lawn!"

"Why, he's zigzagging all over the place!" said Mr. Bird, in surprise.

And indeed Bertie was zigzagging! Keeping his eyes on the ground, he hopped quickly to the right, then to the left, and then back to the right again!

"Bertie Bird!" called his father, "what in the world are you doing?"

"Oh, dear! He doesn't even hear you!" wailed Mrs. Bird. With that, she and Bertie's father flew down beside their son. But Bertie didn't see them.

"Bertie! Stop that running around and listen to me!" ordered Mr. Bird. At that, Bertie stopped stock still. Then turning slowly around, he answered, "Huh?" his eyes full of bewilderment.

"And don't say 'huh'!" commanded Mr. Bird sharply. "Just tell me what you were doing, running around like that!"

"Me? Running around? Why—nothing."

"Nothing?" cried Mrs. Bird. "Oh, Bertie—"

"Well—er—" Bertie began. "I was just playing—I'm—I'm going on an adventure."

"Going on an adventure," said his mother. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Well—" began Bertie again. But it was so hard for him to explain, because he was playing his own very secret game. He followed a leaf—any leaf at all—that was fluttering in the wind! Wherever the leaf went, Bertie went. And it always led to something very exciting and unusual.

When at last Bertie had explained his strange antics, Mr. and Mrs. Bird gave a sigh of relief and quickly flew back to their nest, leaving Bertie to go on with his adventure. But now Bertie's leaf was gone, and he had to find another one to follow. This time he picked a lovely yellow one, and soon Bertie was hopping and running and zigzagging to his heart's content.

Then, suddenly, a big gust of wind came along. The leaf rose in the air, swirled gaily, and disappeared around the corner of the Big House. Bertie followed it quickly. The leaf had fluttered to the ground again. And right beside it, before Bertie's very eyes, was a circle of white round seeds, all threaded together on a string! Bertie caught his breath. It was such a lovely sight!

"Why, it's a magic circle," Bertie said to himself. "It's a magic circle left by the fairies—it MUST be! Red Robin's father told me he had seen one!"

With that, Bertie hopped into the center of the enchanted circle, hardly believing his good fortune. He remembered Red Robin's father's words. He had said, "And when you're inside the magic circle, you're safe from harm."

Bertie sat still and looked at the world around him. Everything looked just the same—the blue sky, the green grass, the trees above. But Bertie had

a nice warm, secure feeling.

Just then Bertie's sister, Susie, swooped down near him.

"What are you sitting there for, Bertie?" she asked. "Come on and play. And what's this thing?" she added, pecking at the loop of white seeds.

"Stop! Stop, Susie!" said Bertie sharply. "That's a magic circle, left by the fairies!"

"A magic circle?" exclaimed Susie. "Oh, Bertie, do you really think it is?"

"Of course it is!" said Bertie, "and when you sit inside it, nothing can harm you."

"Oh, my goodness, how wonderful!" said Susie, and she hopped inside, too.

Suddenly, from above, came a rustling in the tree. Then, "Squawk! I dropped a pebble!" screeched Mr. Jaybird. "Look out, everybody!"

Whoosh! The pebble came plunging to the ground, before Bertie and Susie could move. It grazed their beaks and landed before them with a dull thud.

"Oooh!" breathed Susie in relief.

"See?" exclaimed Bertie, when he caught his breath, "see—this circle IS magic, Susie! We weren't hurt at all!"

Mr. Jaybird flew down to make sure all was well and to pick up his pebble.

"I'm sorry I almost hit you," he apologized.

"Oh, that's all right," said Bertie calmly. "You see, nothing can hurt us, while we're sitting here in our magic circle."

"Magic circle?" asked Mr. Jaybird. "Why, that's no magic circle! That's just—"

But Mr. Jaybird never did finish his sentence. For suddenly, he spied the big black cat, stalking the little birds.

"Run! Run!" he screeched, as he

made a dive at the cat. "Run for your lives! I'll hold him off!"

But Bertie and Susie sat still, numb with fear. Then Bertie remembered where he was.

"Don't move, Susie," he whispered to his sister. "The cat can't hurt us here."

"Oh, dear," said Susie, "I'm scared just the same." And, taking no chances, she took to her wings. "Come on, Bertie—quick!"

"But I don't need to—" called Bertie, then quickly changed his mind. For the cat, ignoring Mr. Jaybird, had come closer and was ready to pounce!

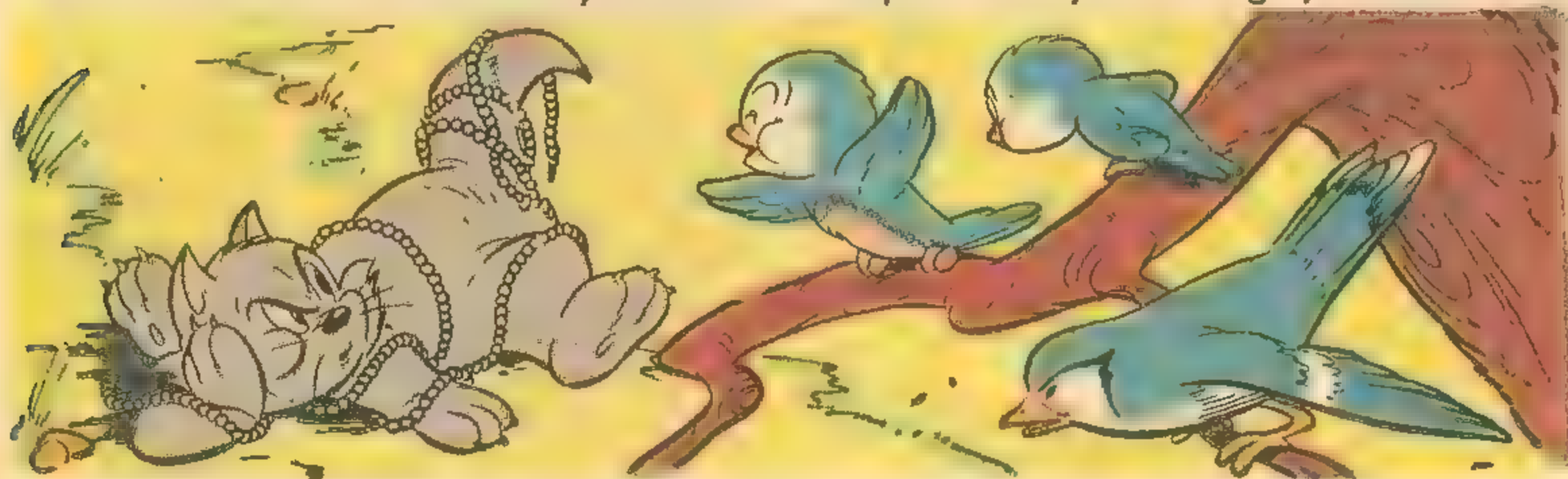
Bertie moved just as the cat leaped. A paw grazed his tail feathers, and then—whoosh—the big black cat tripped on the seeds and skidded and slipped! In a moment, he was tightly tangled up in the loop!

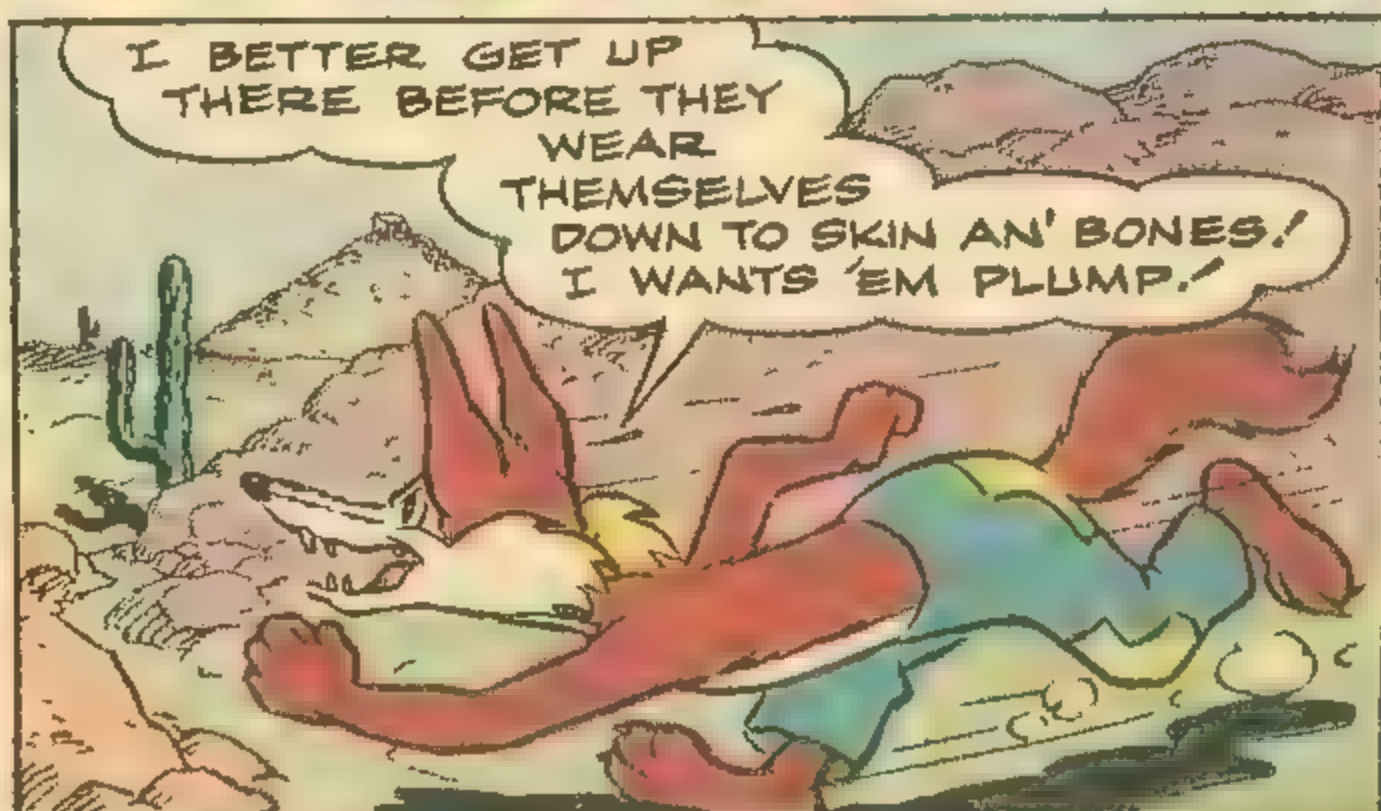
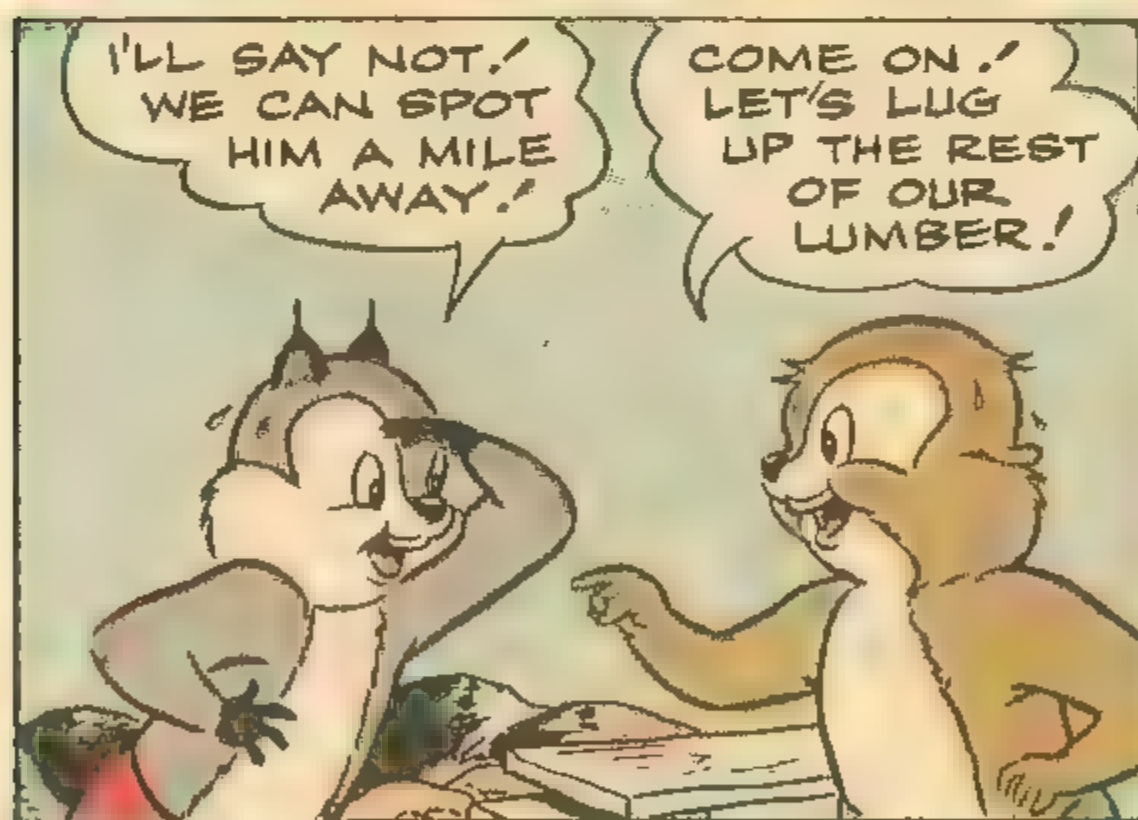
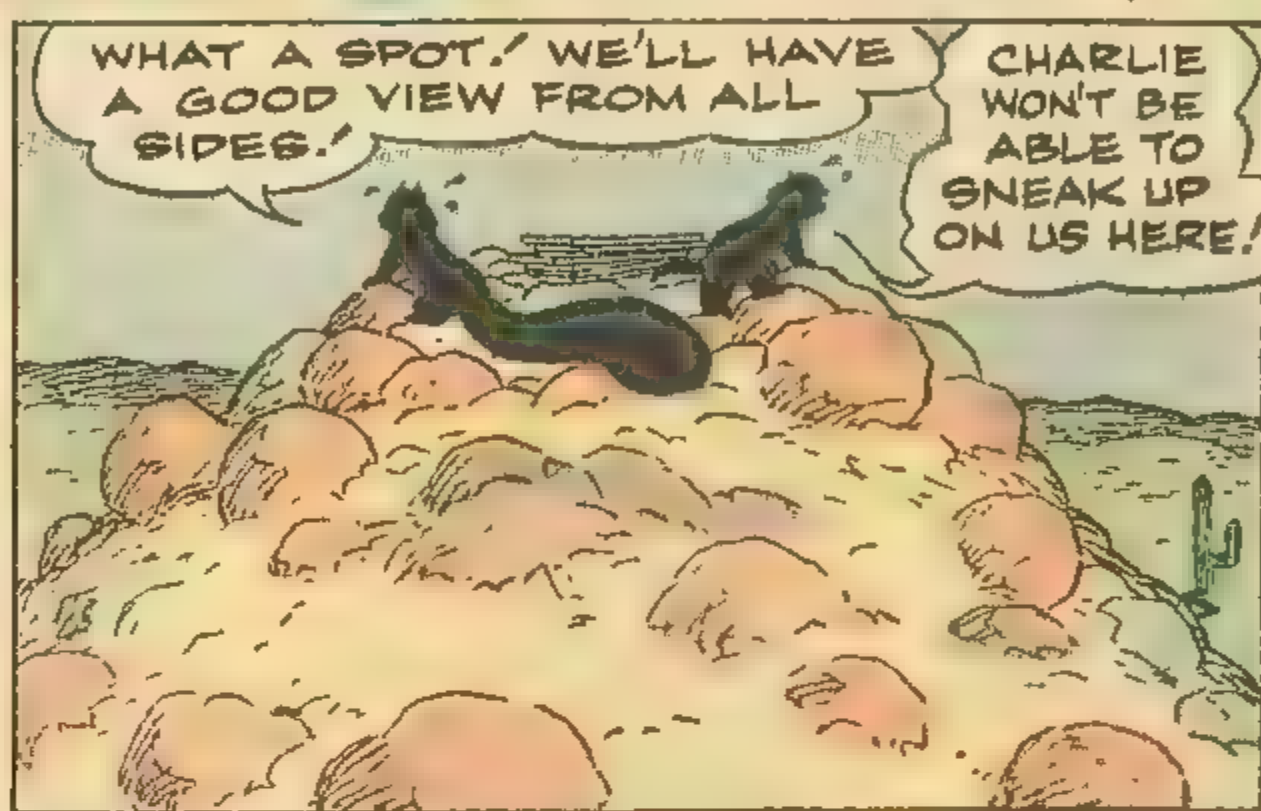
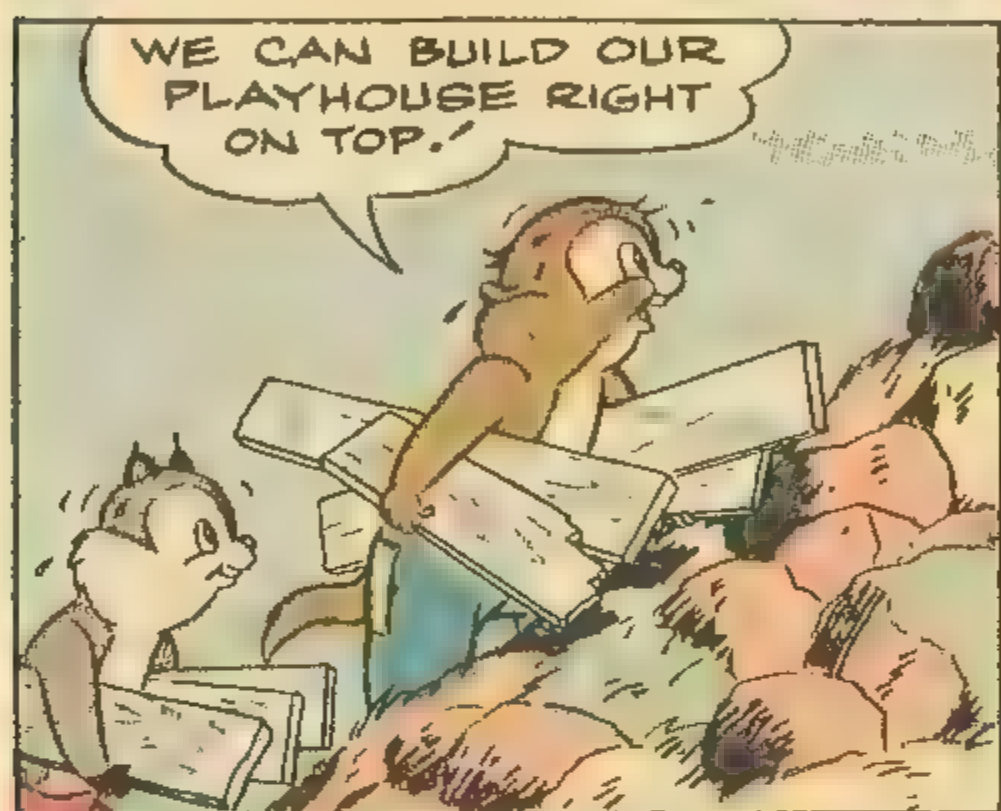
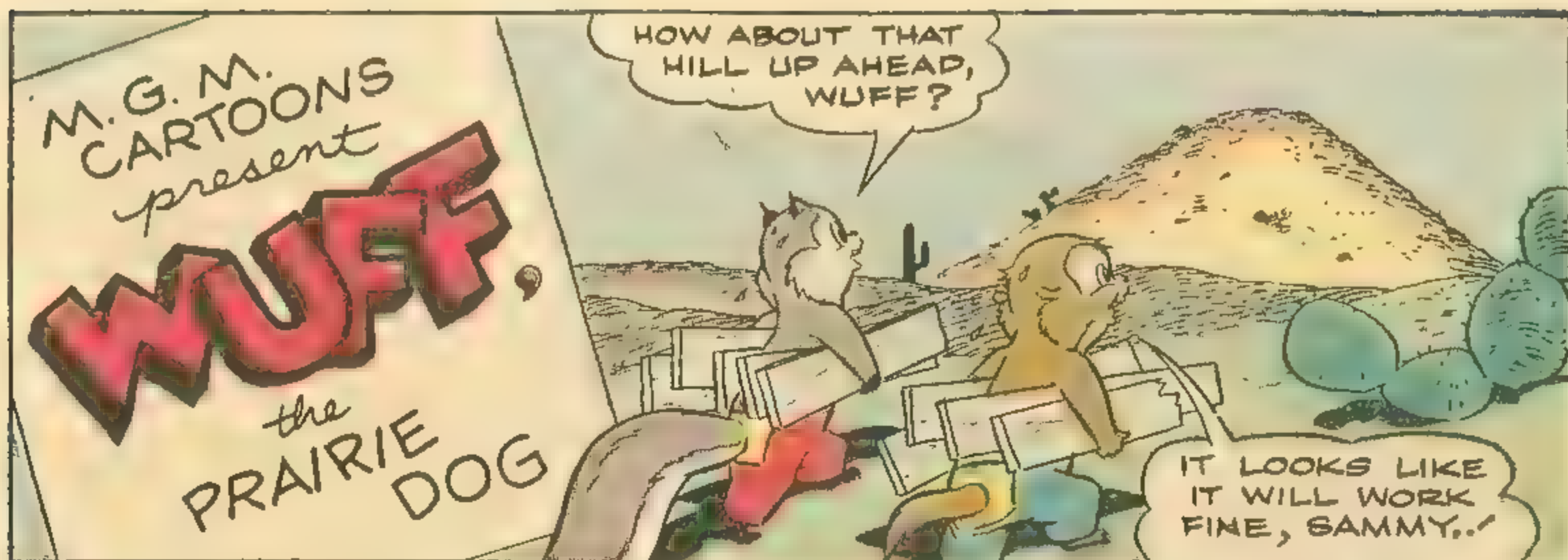
Safe on a branch above, Bertie watched. At last the cat shook off the binding string and slunk away.

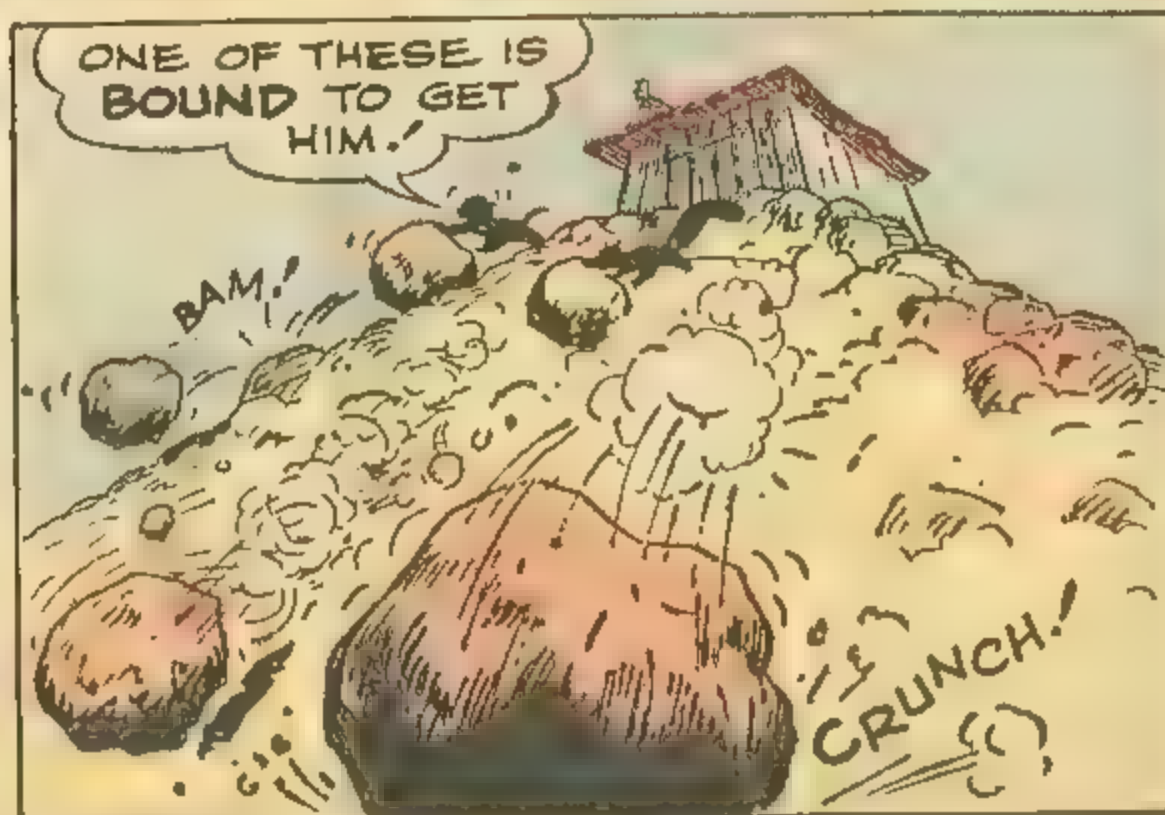
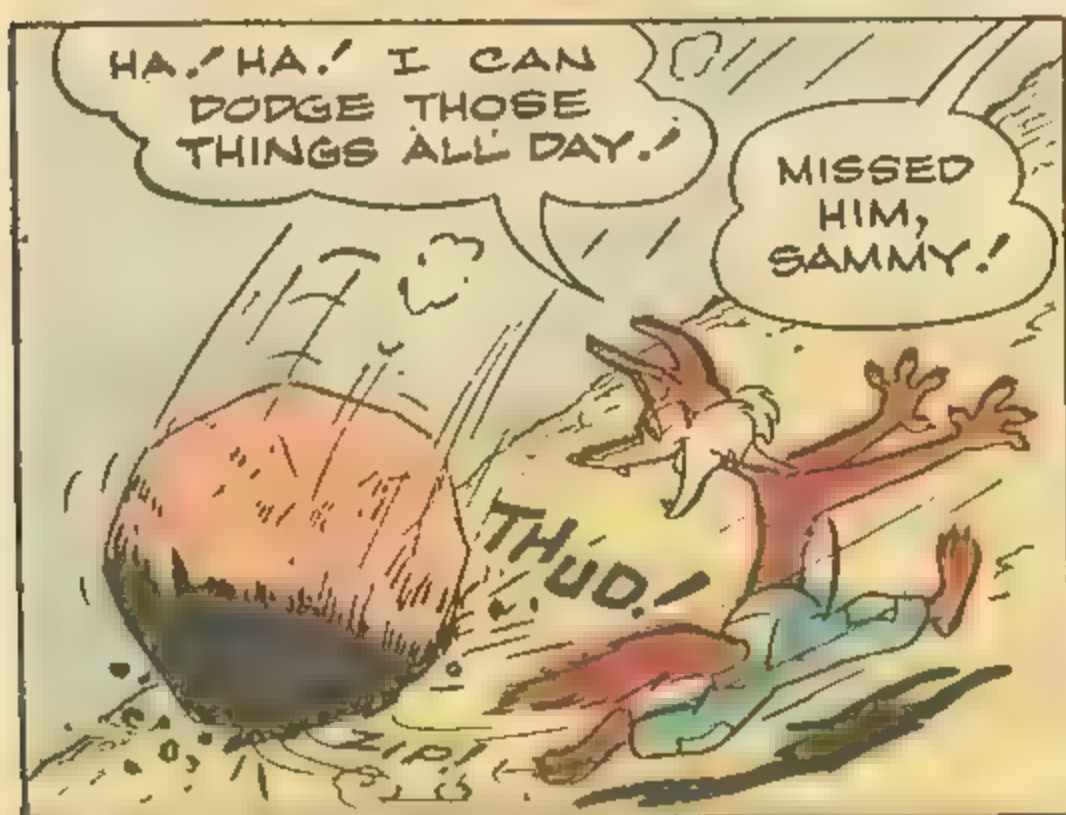
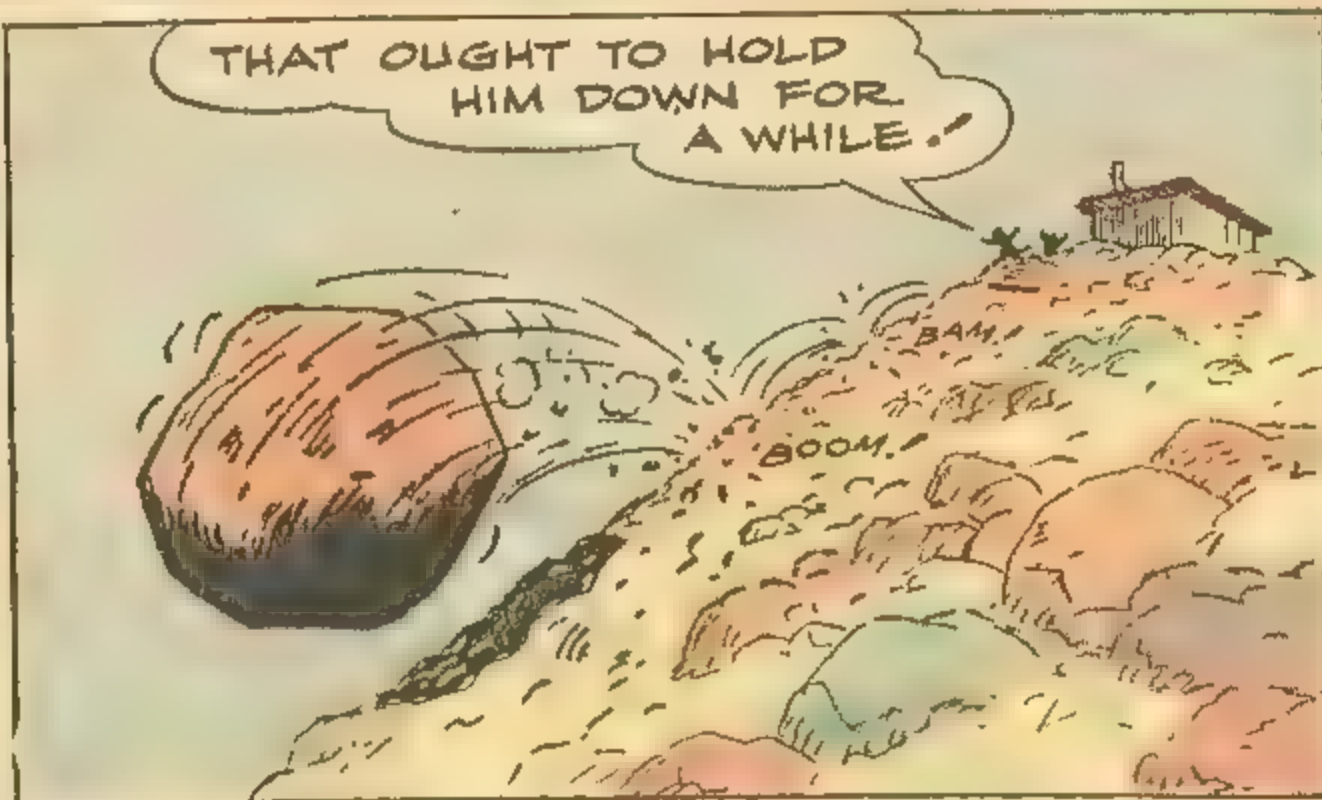
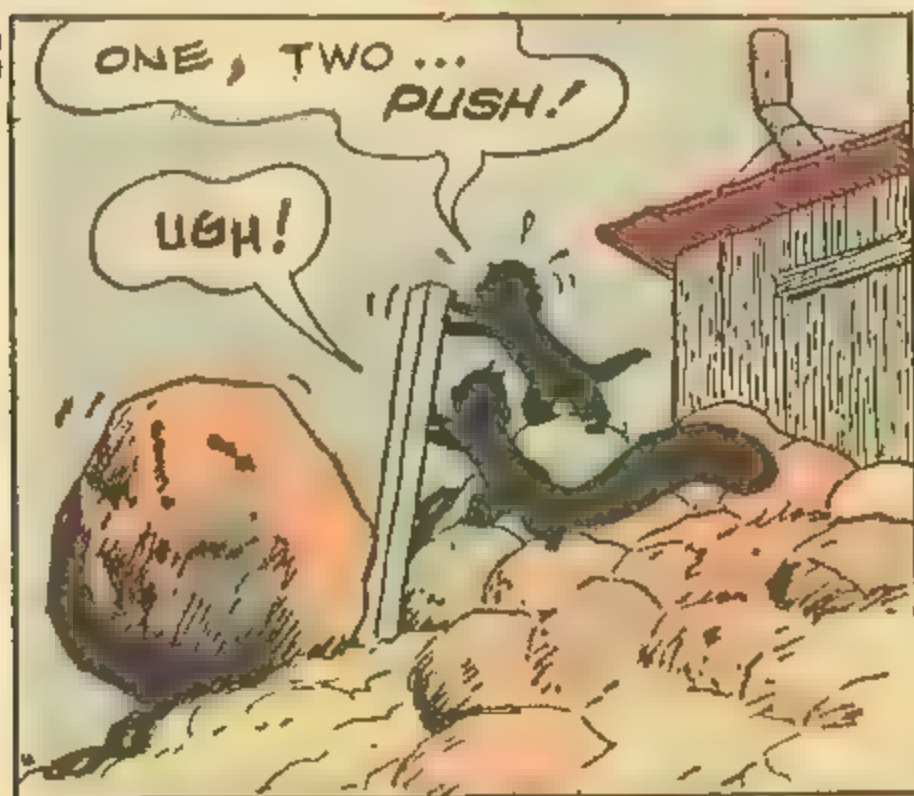
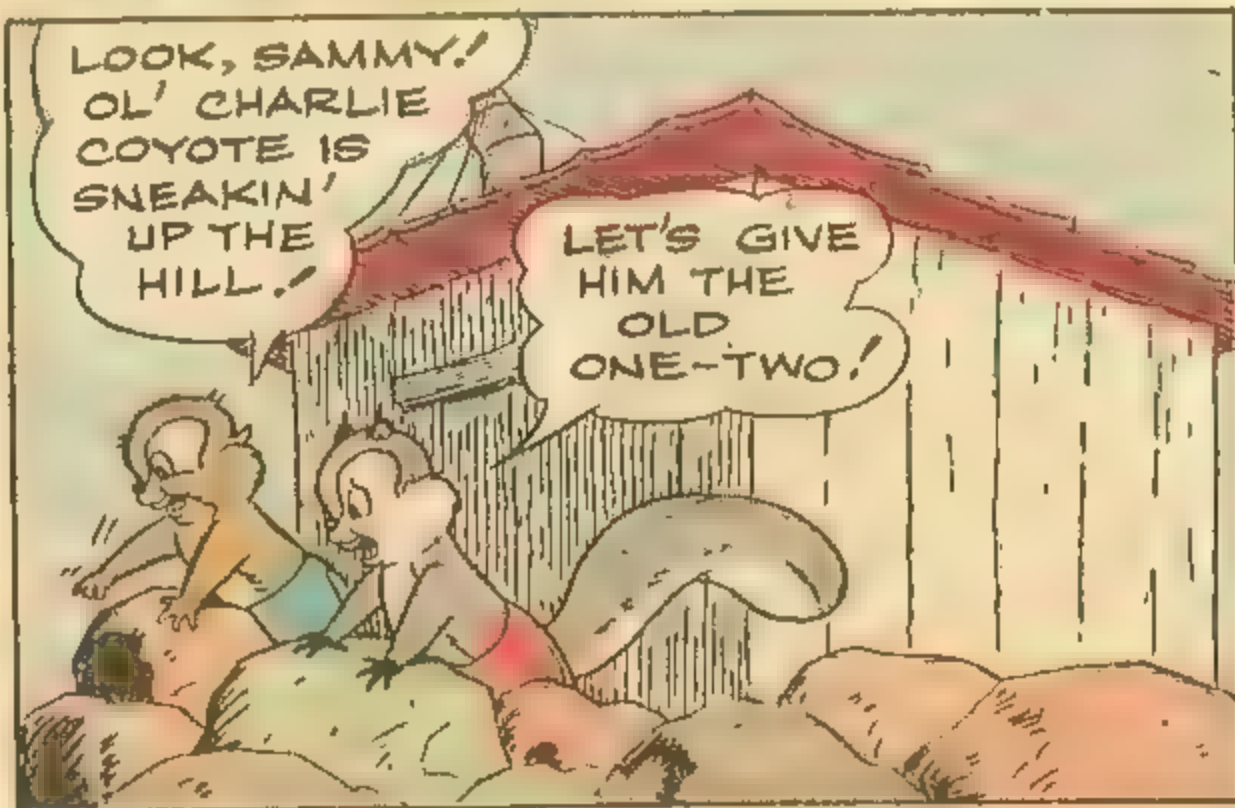
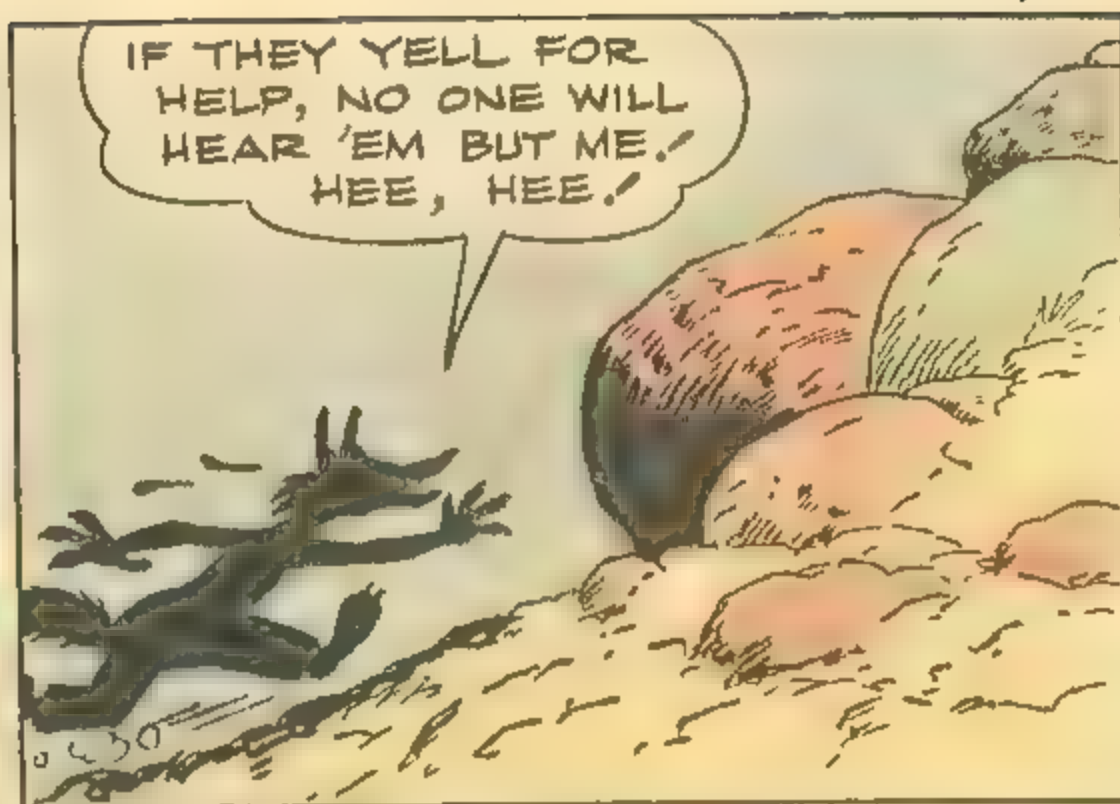
Quickly Bertie and Susie swooped down to the ground.

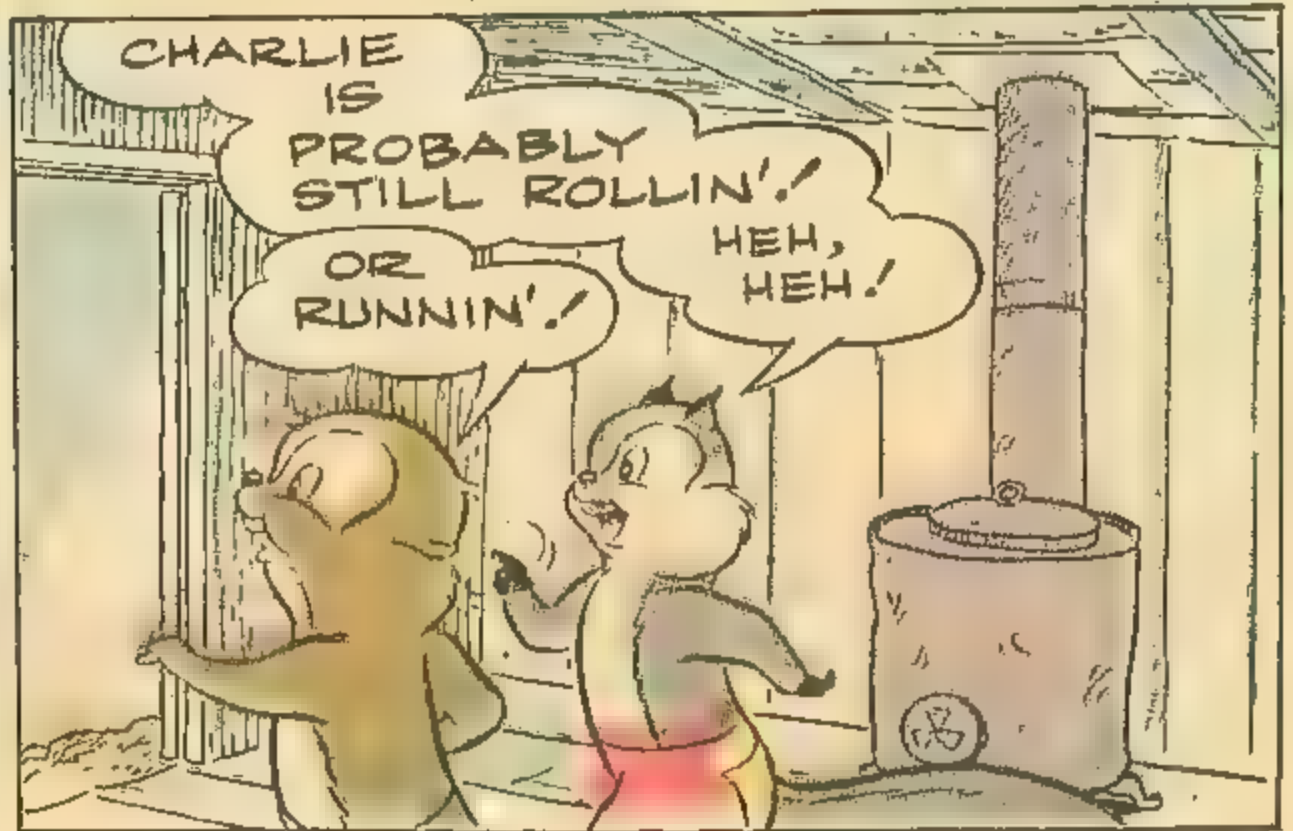
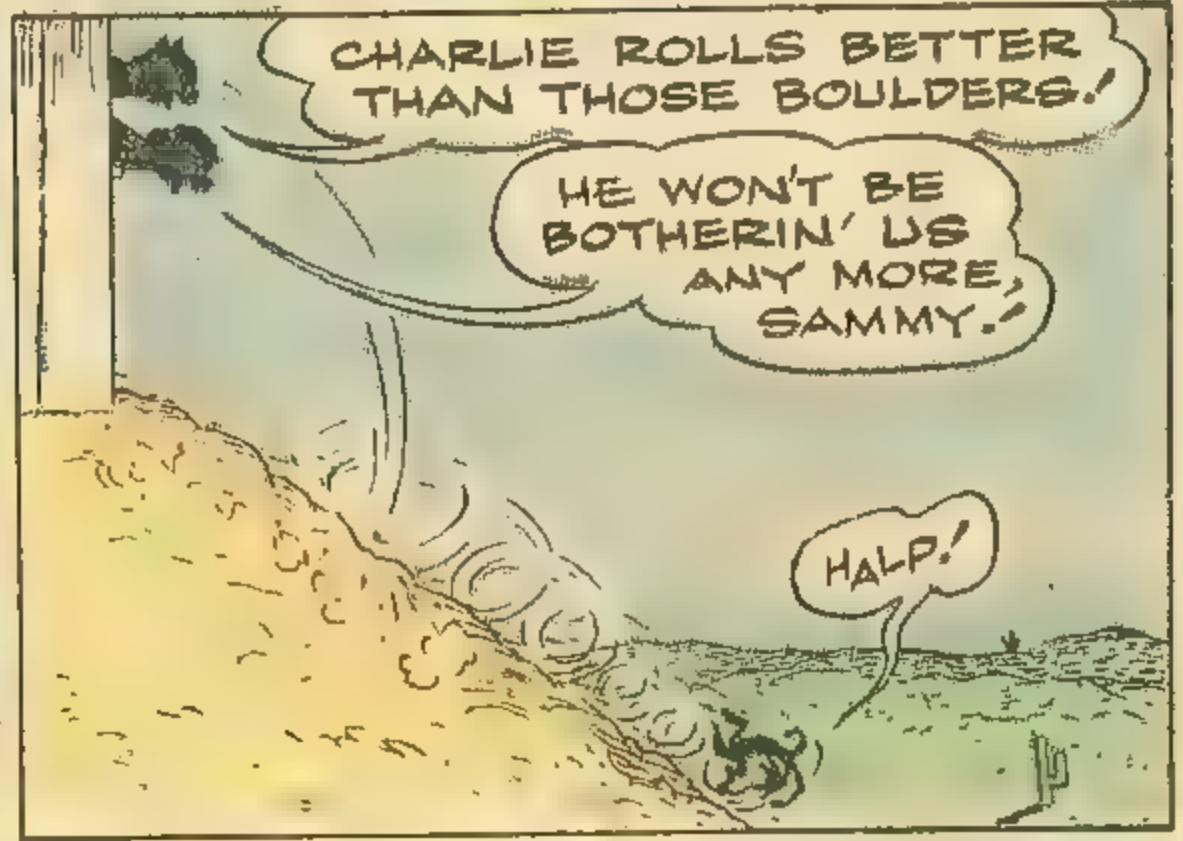
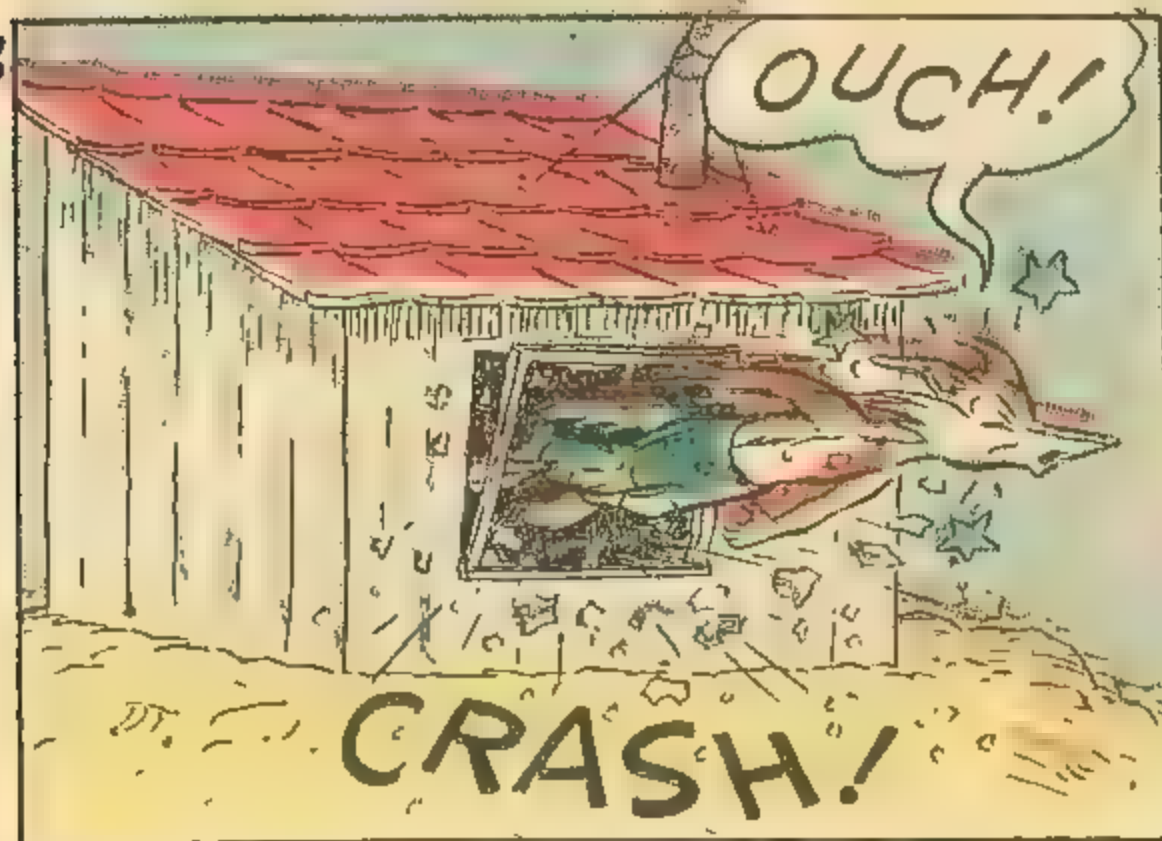
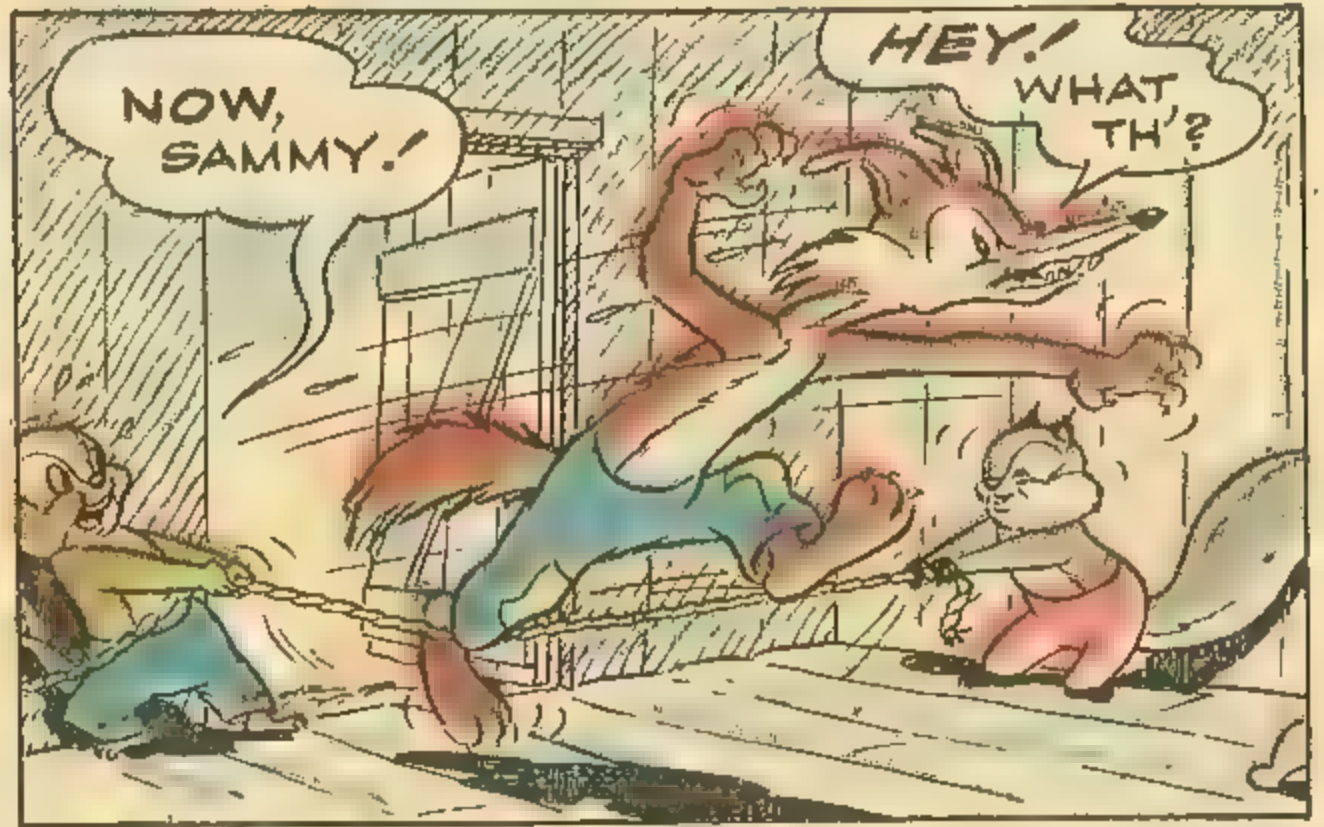
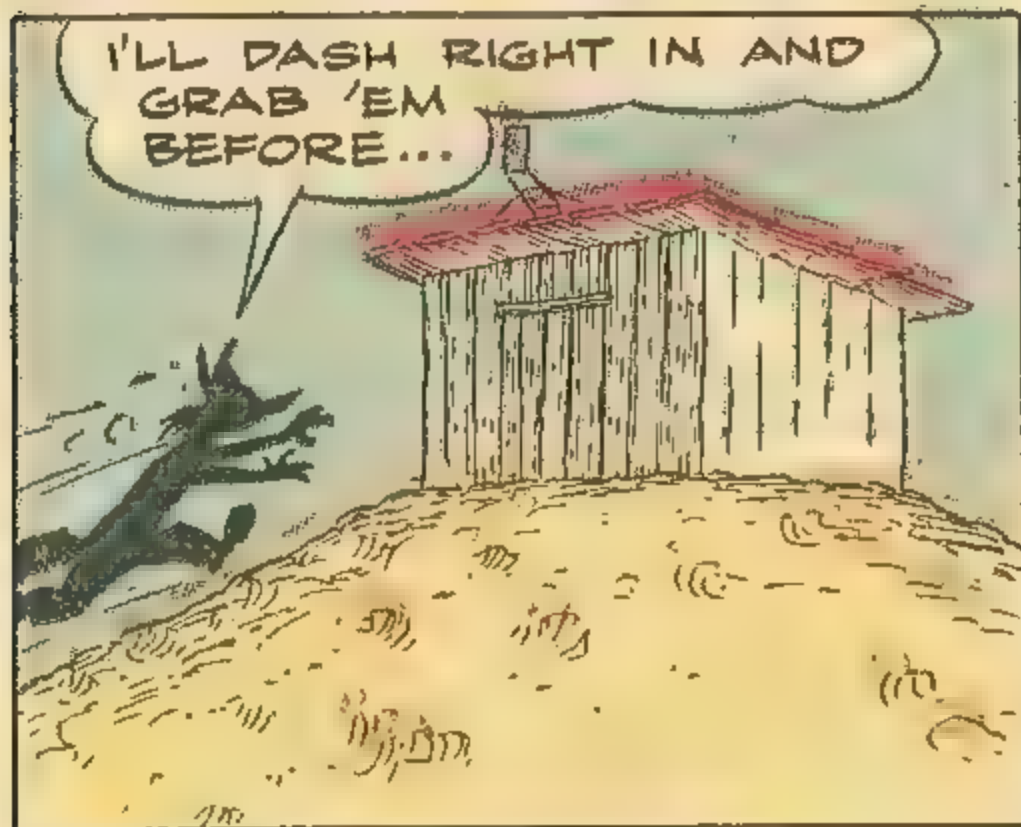
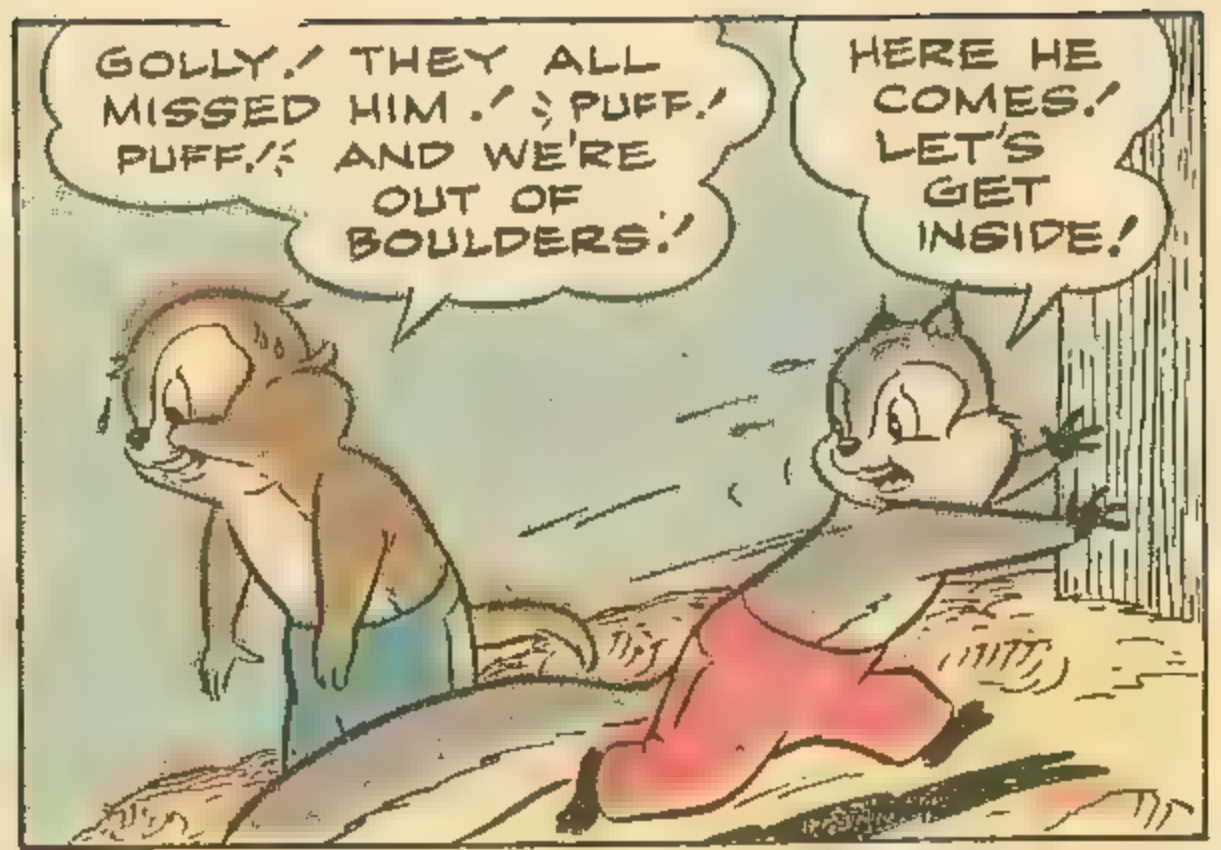
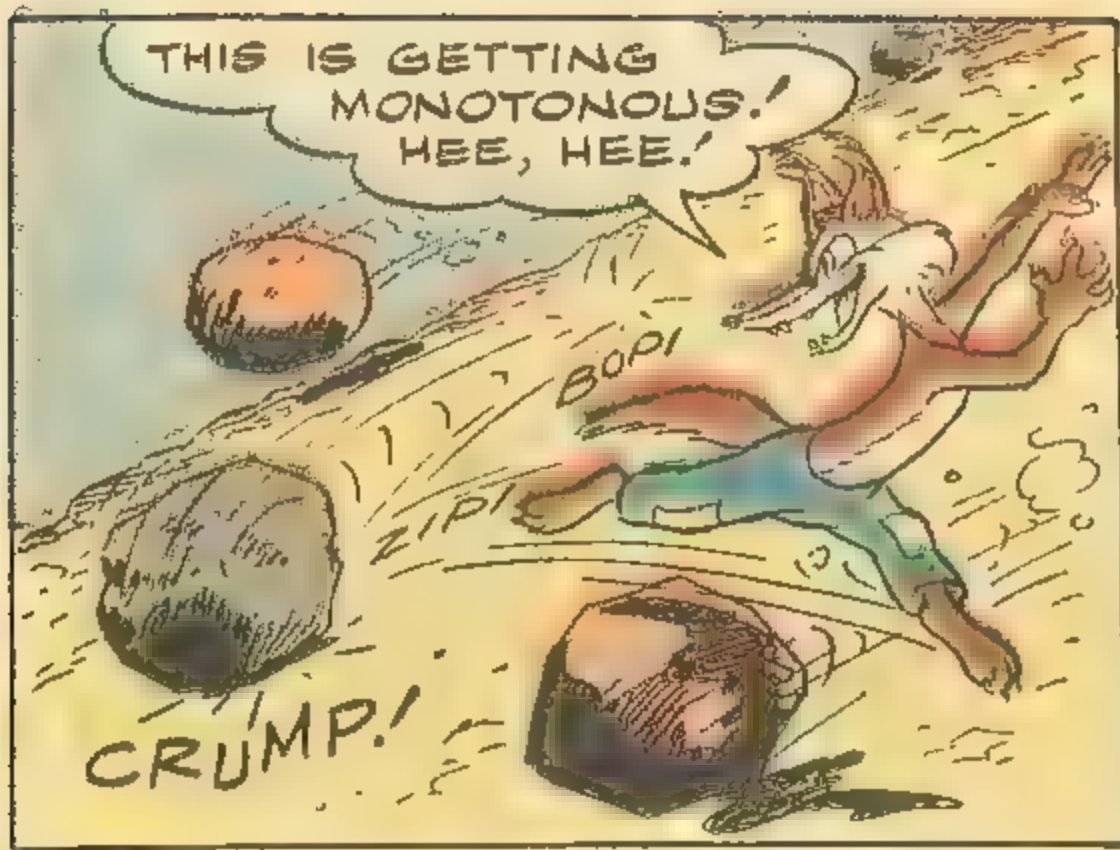
"I guess THAT PROVES it's a fairies' magic circle, for sure," said Bertie. "Let's take it home, Susie. We'll keep it forever and ever!"

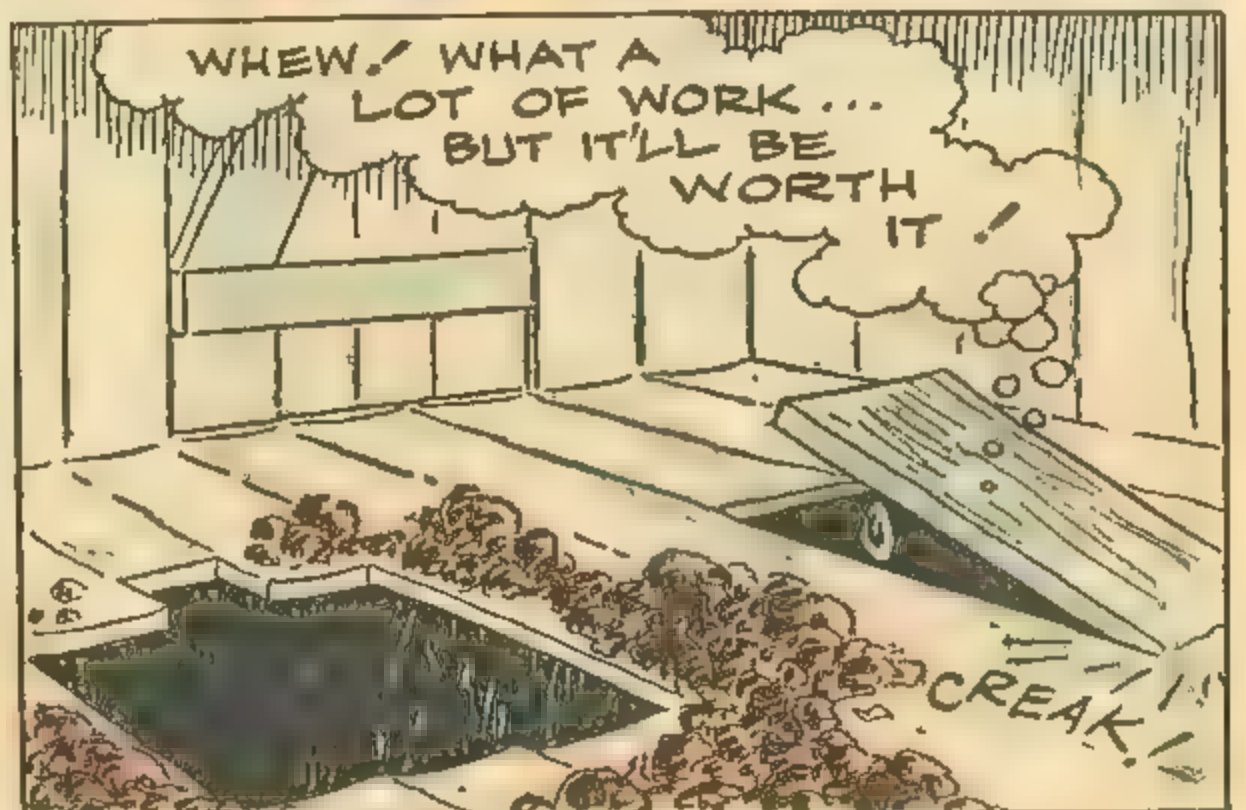
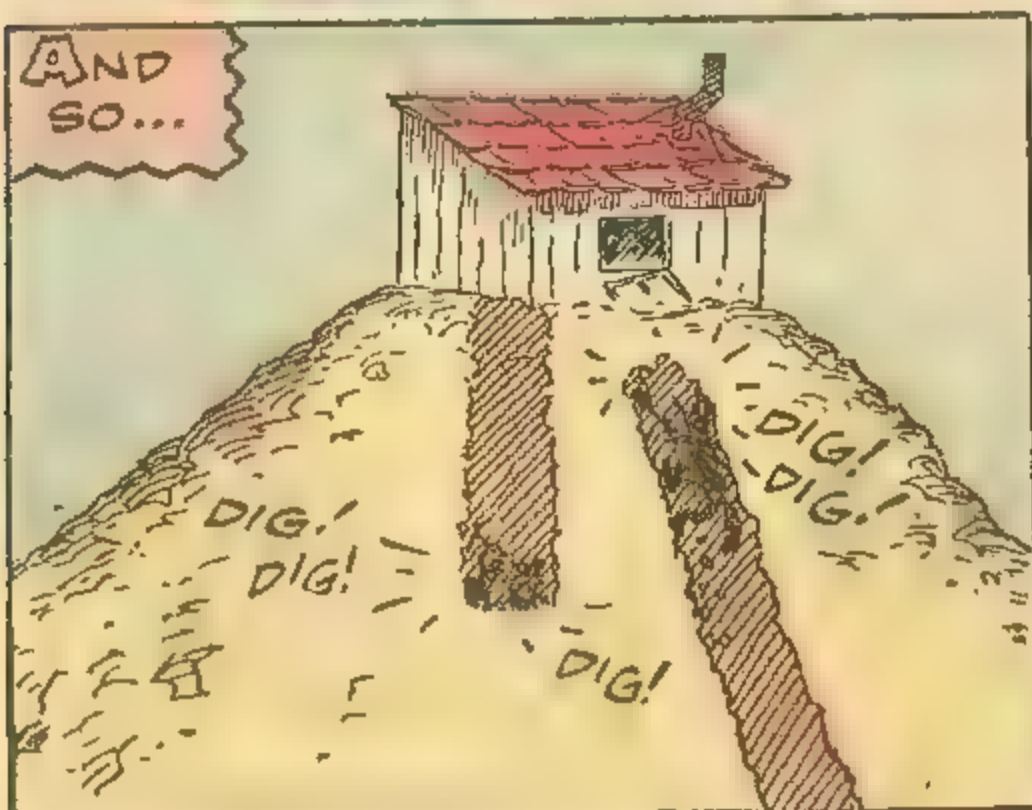
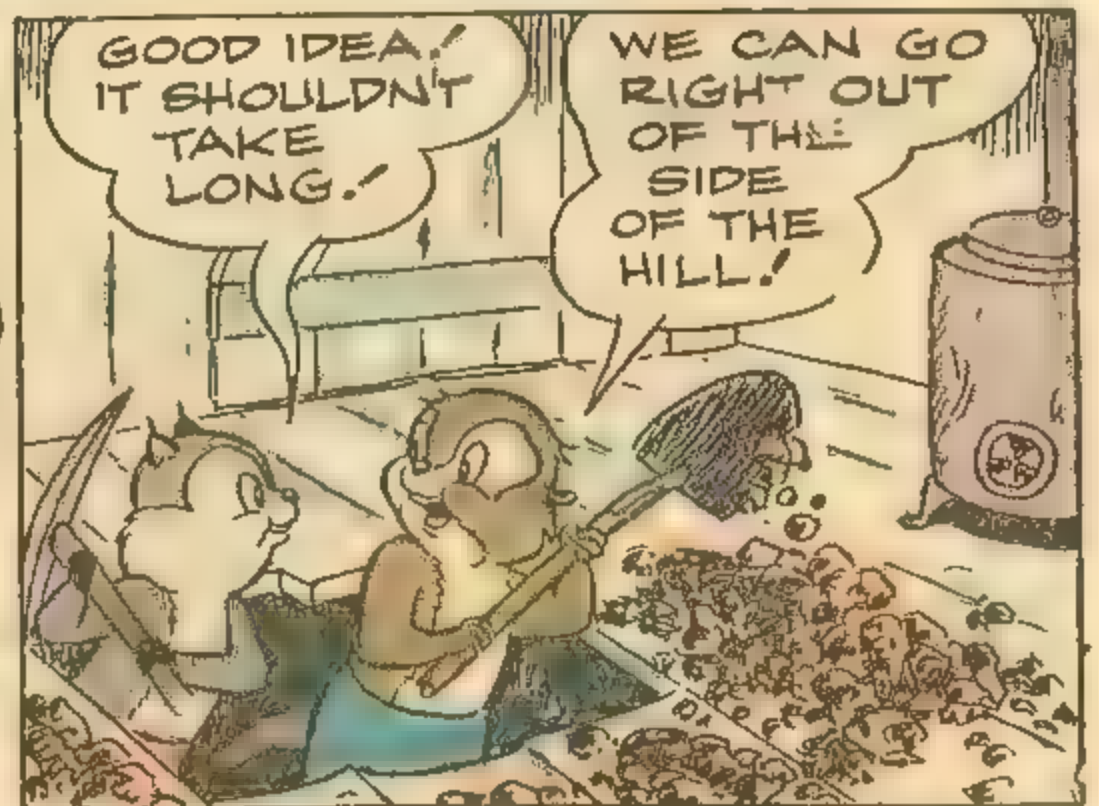
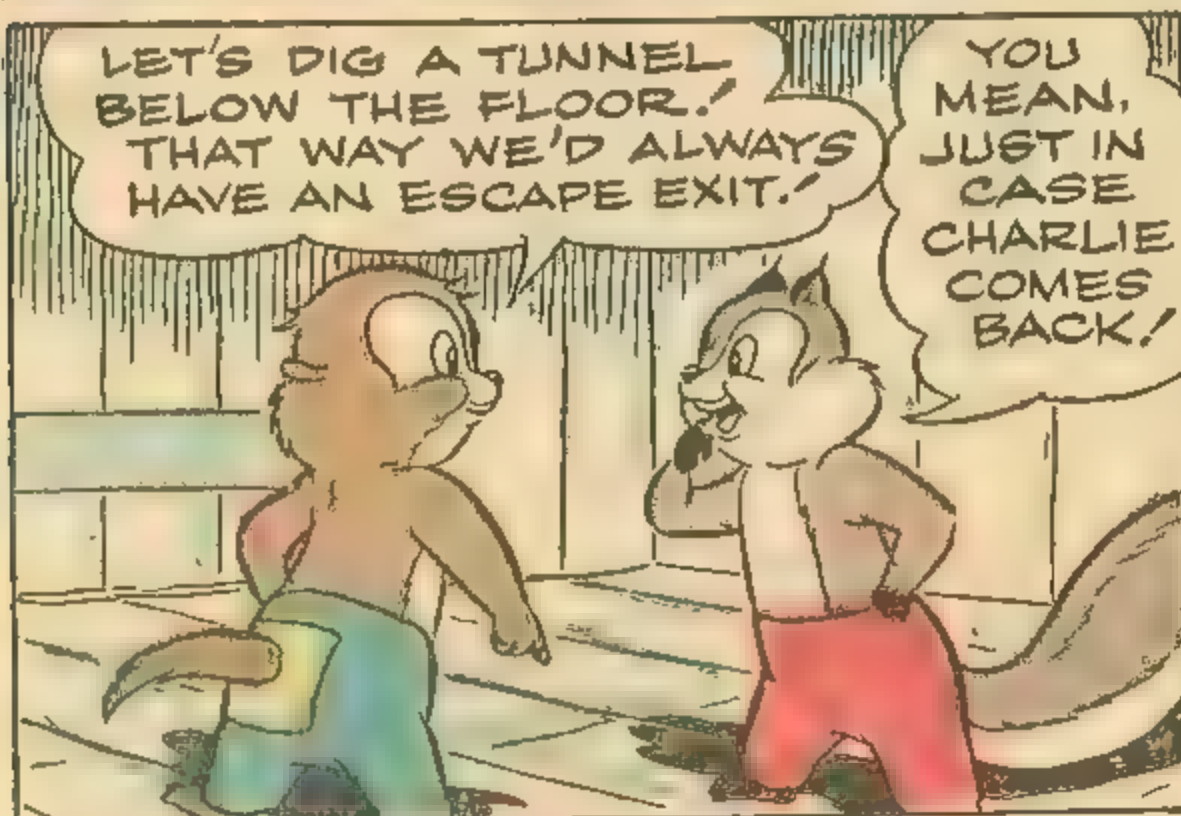
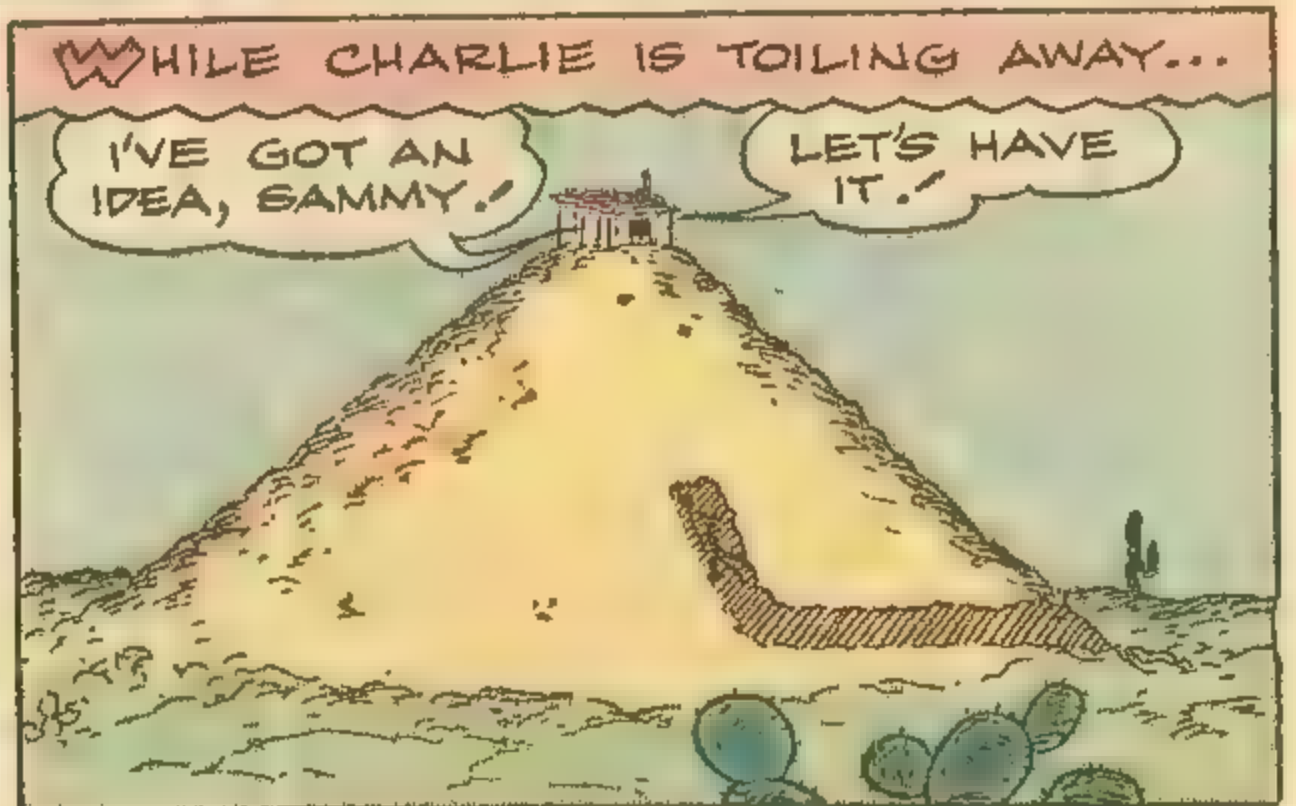
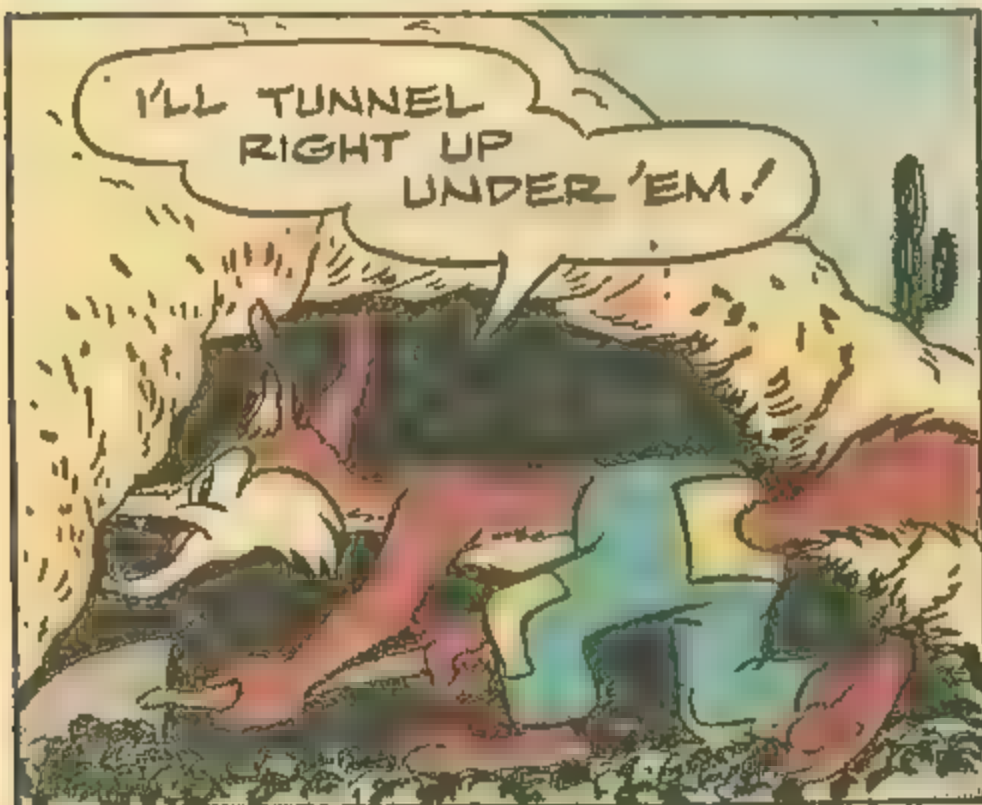
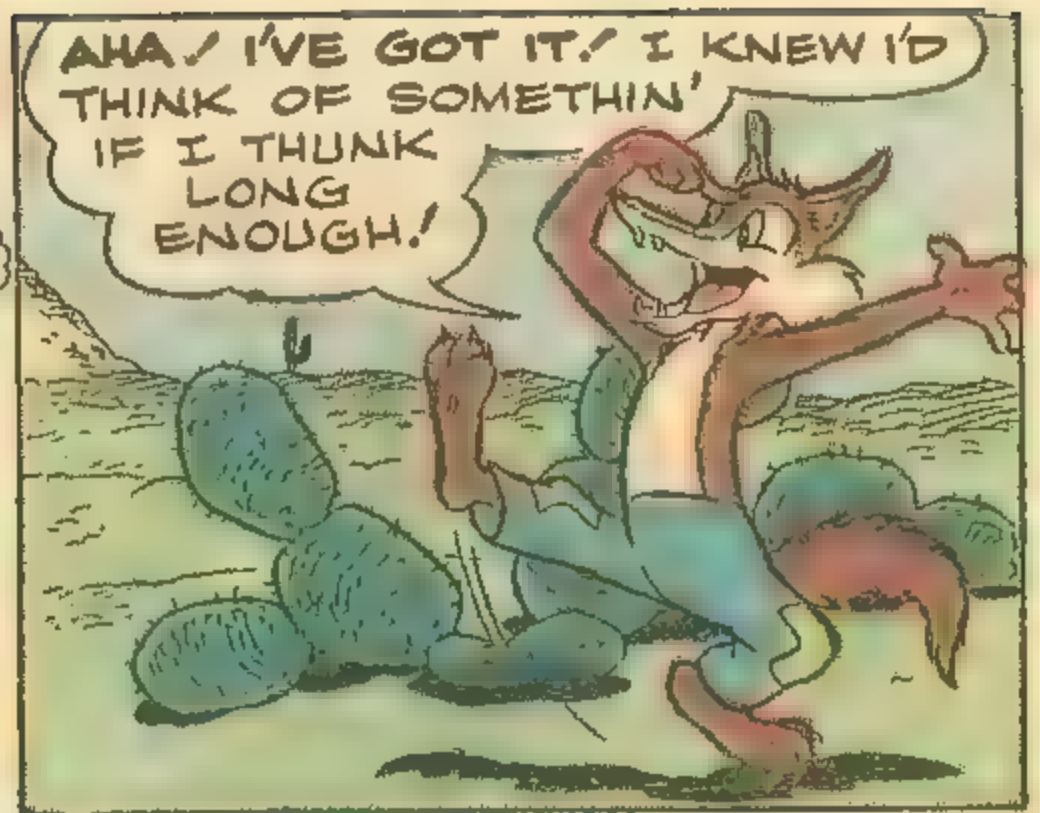
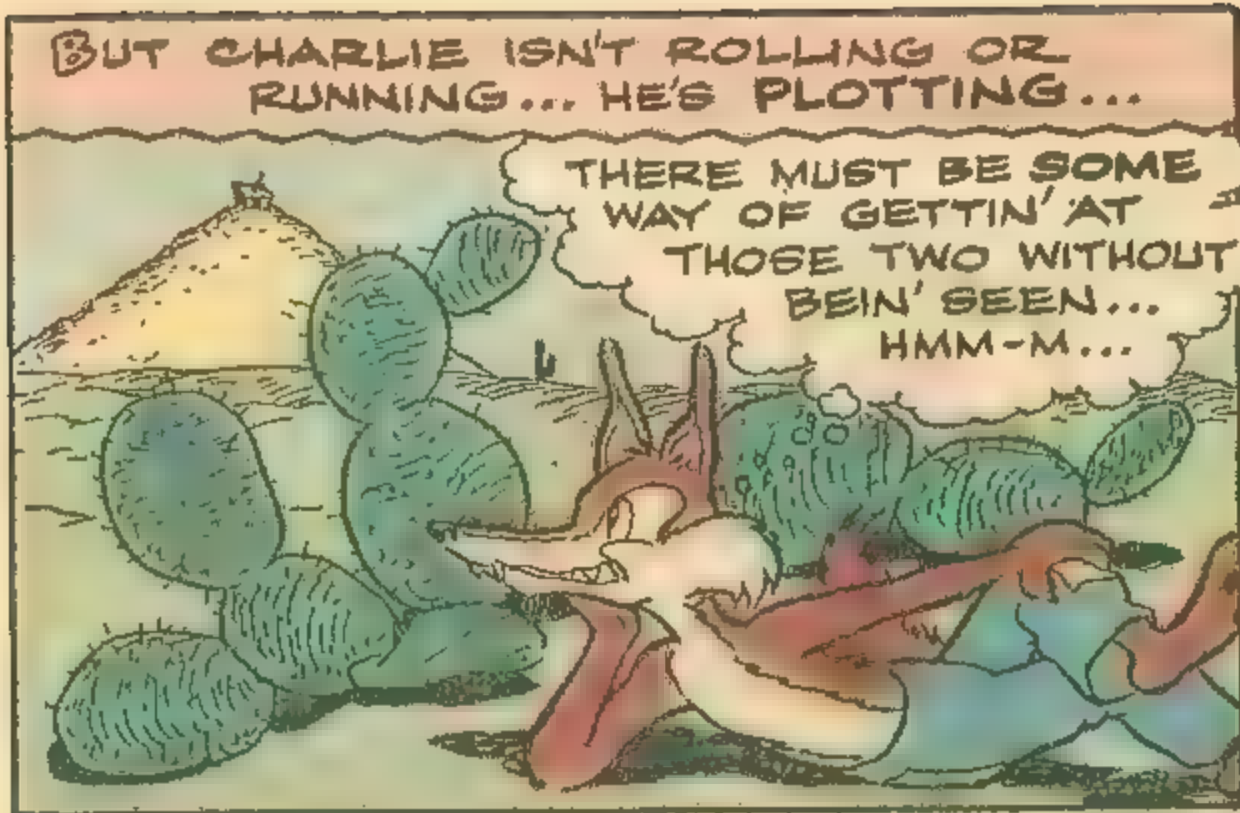
Between them, they carefully picked up the magic circle in their bills, and flew up to their nest. Watching them, Mr. Jaybird opened his mouth to tell them again that it wasn't a magic circle at all—it was really only a string of white beads! He had seen them worn by the lady who lived in the Big House. But Mr. Jaybird closed his mouth and said nothing. For there was no denying the string of beads had saved the little birds' lives twice. Perhaps it really was magic, after all!

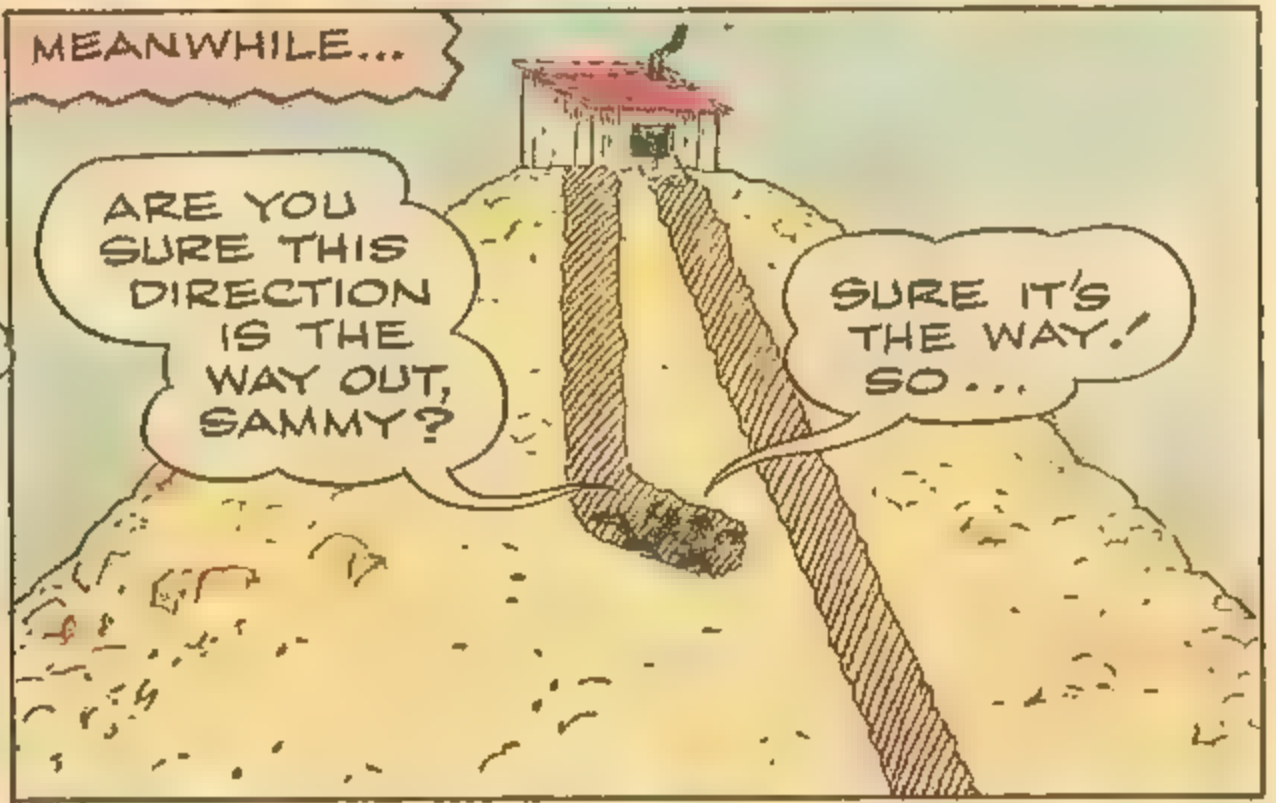
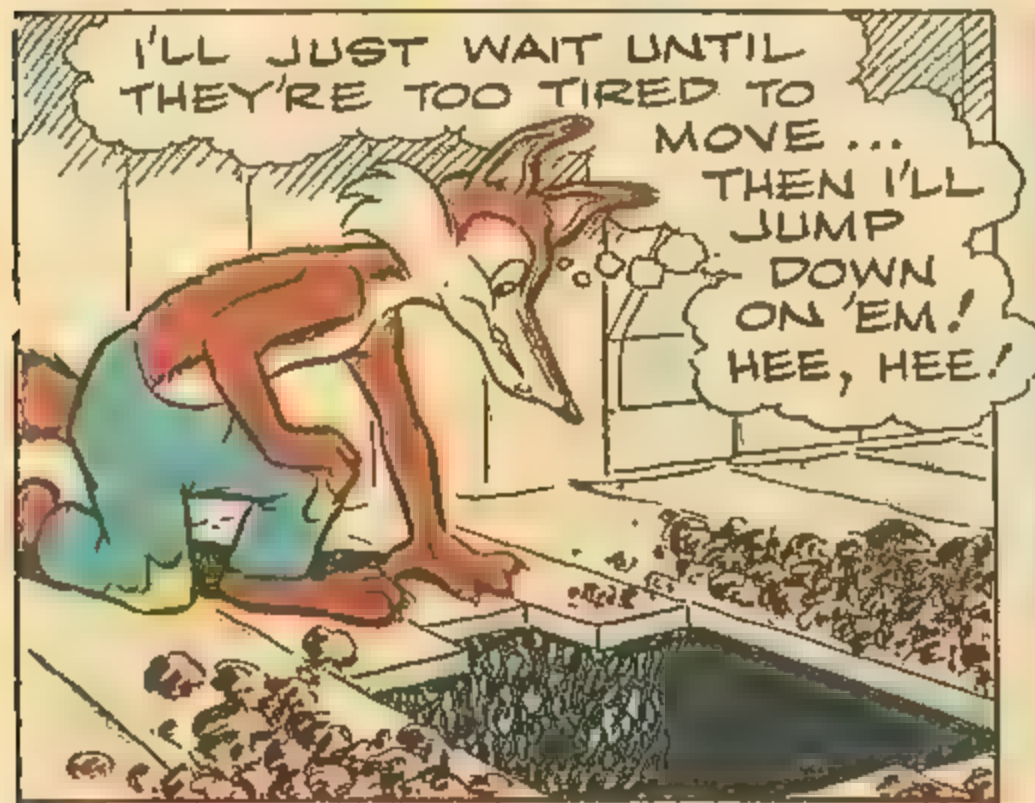


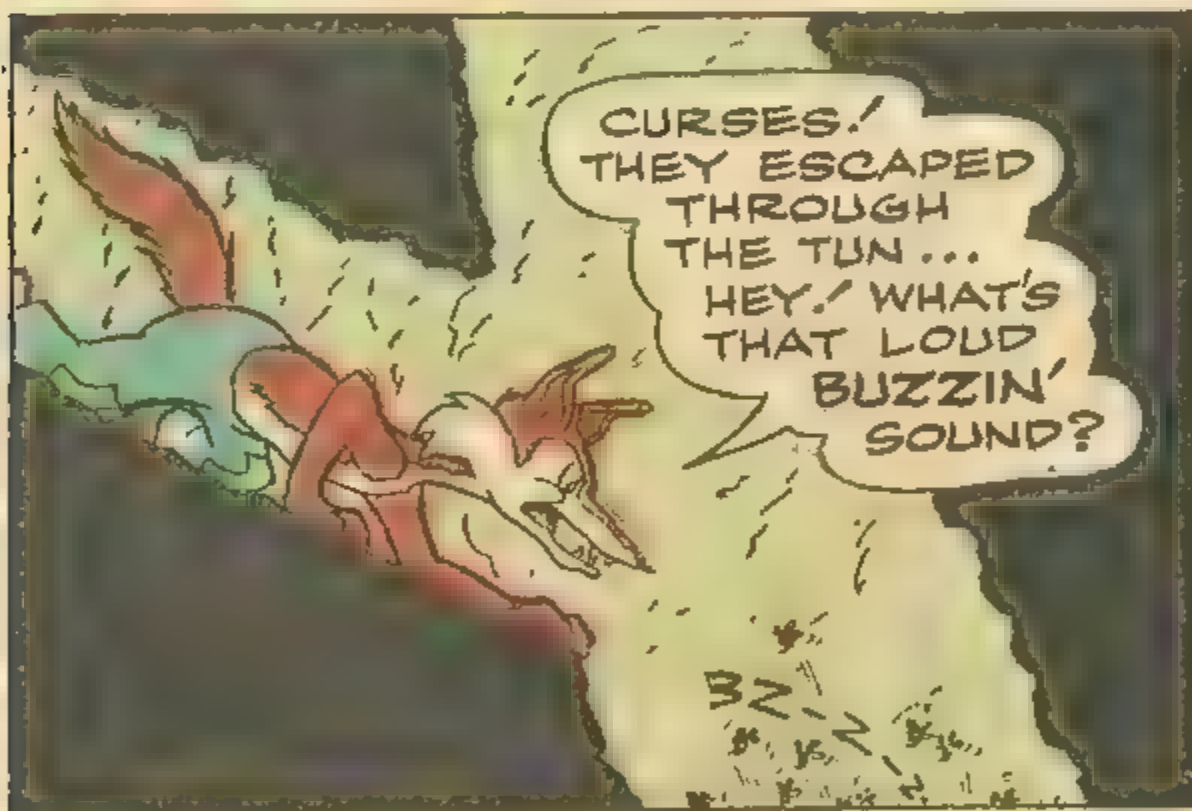
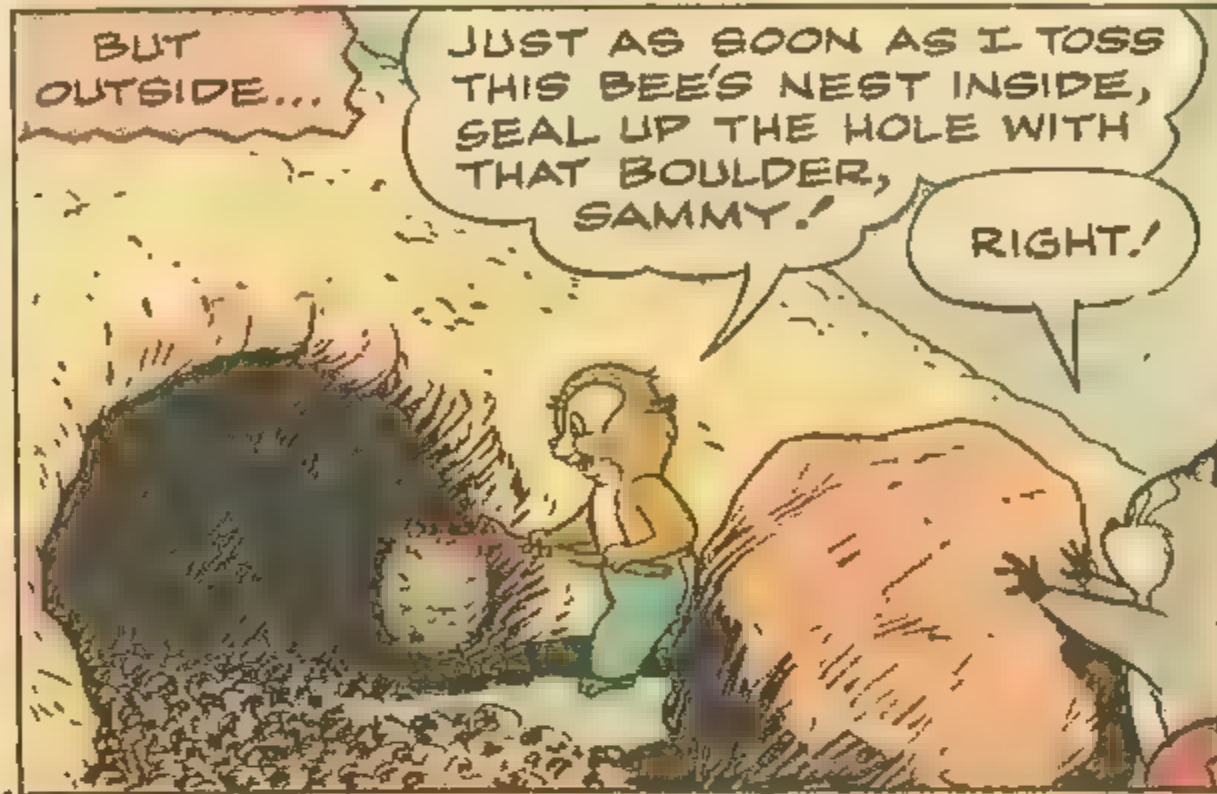
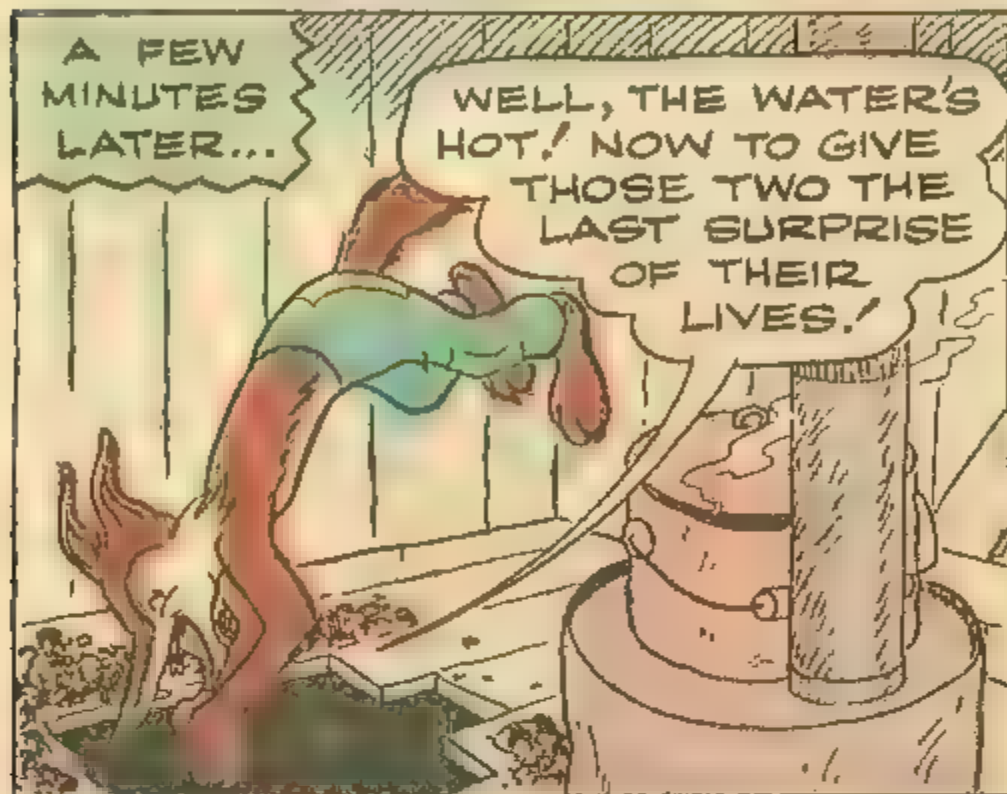
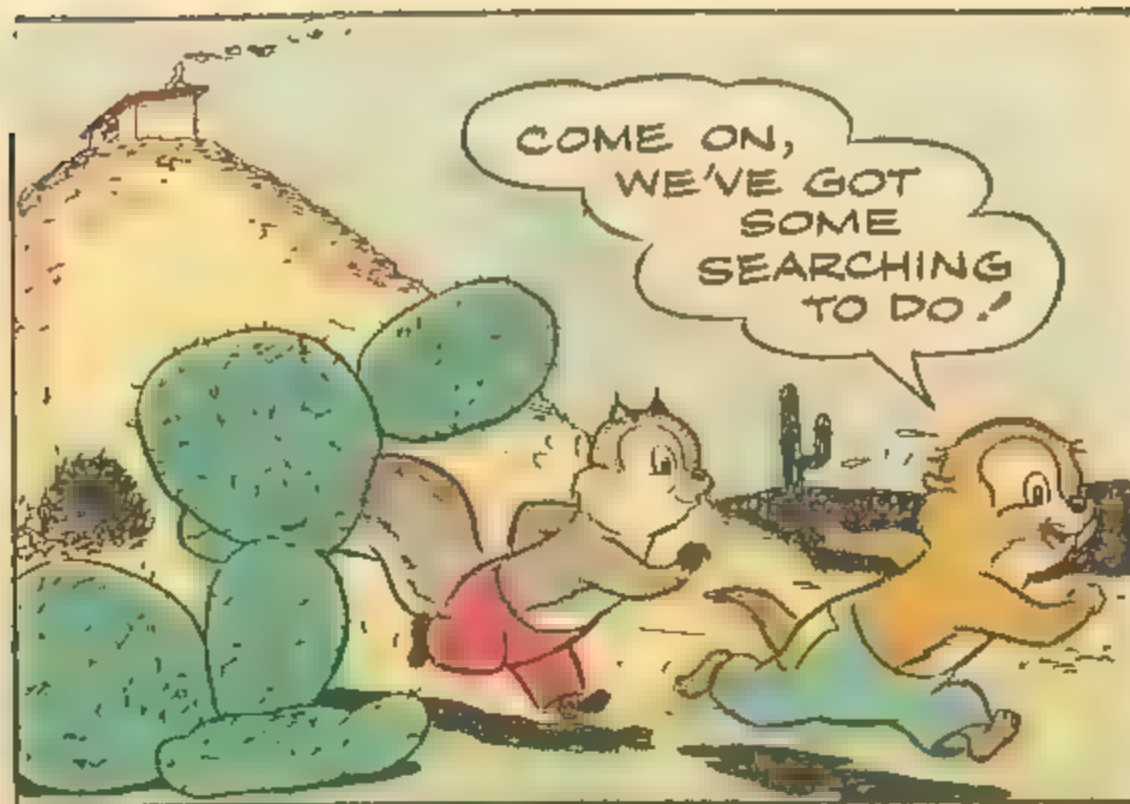


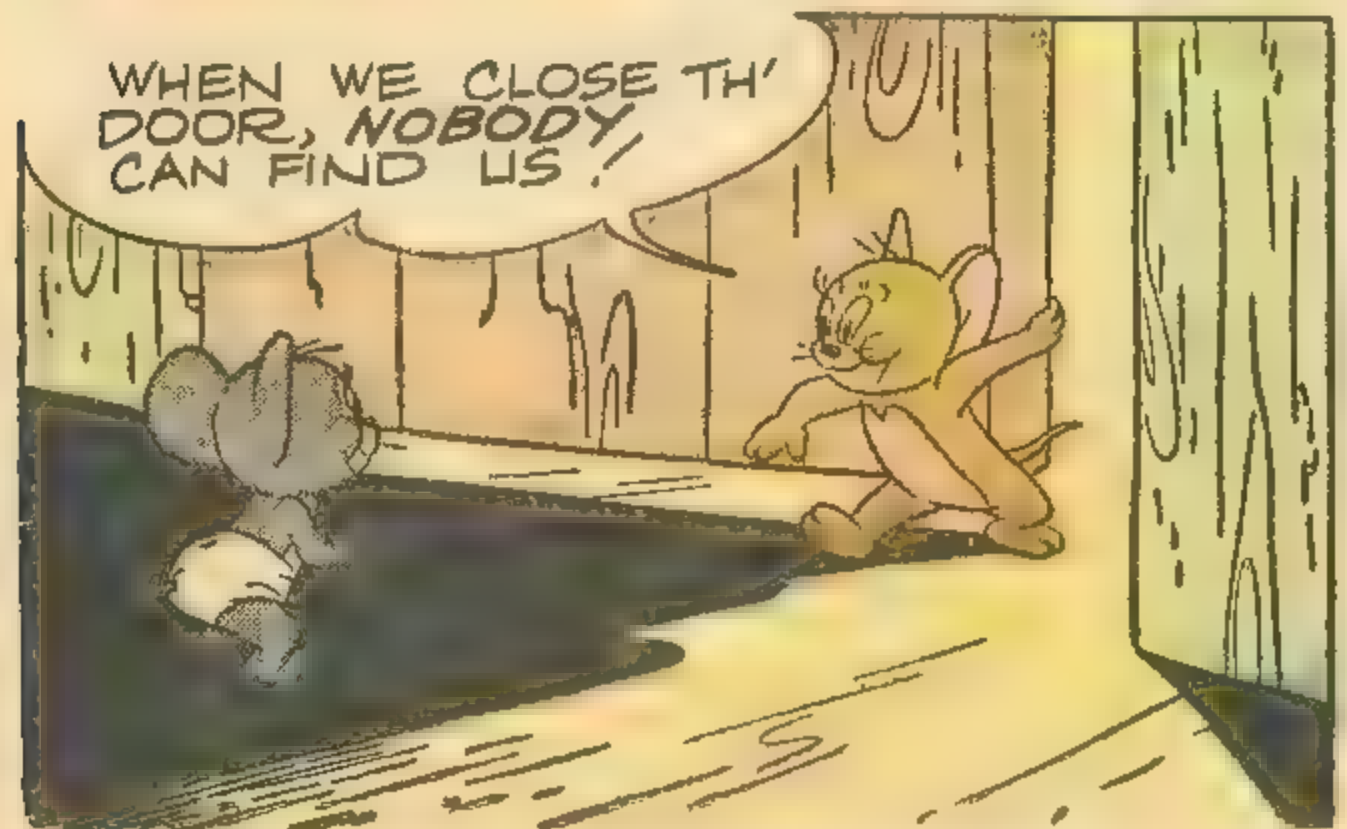
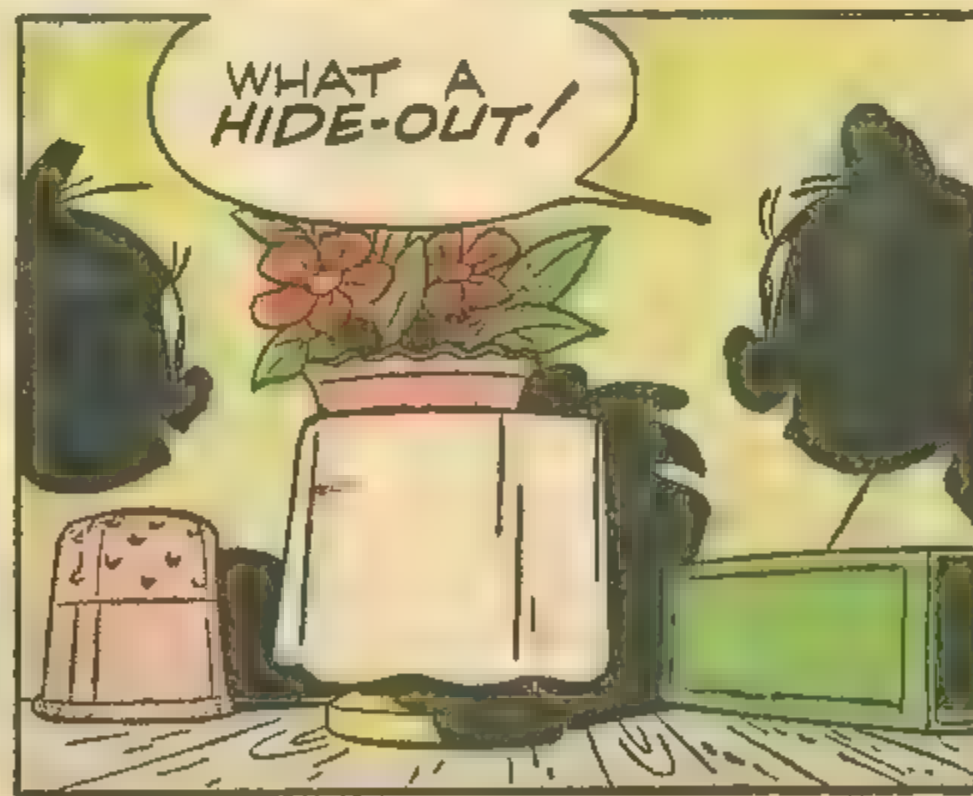
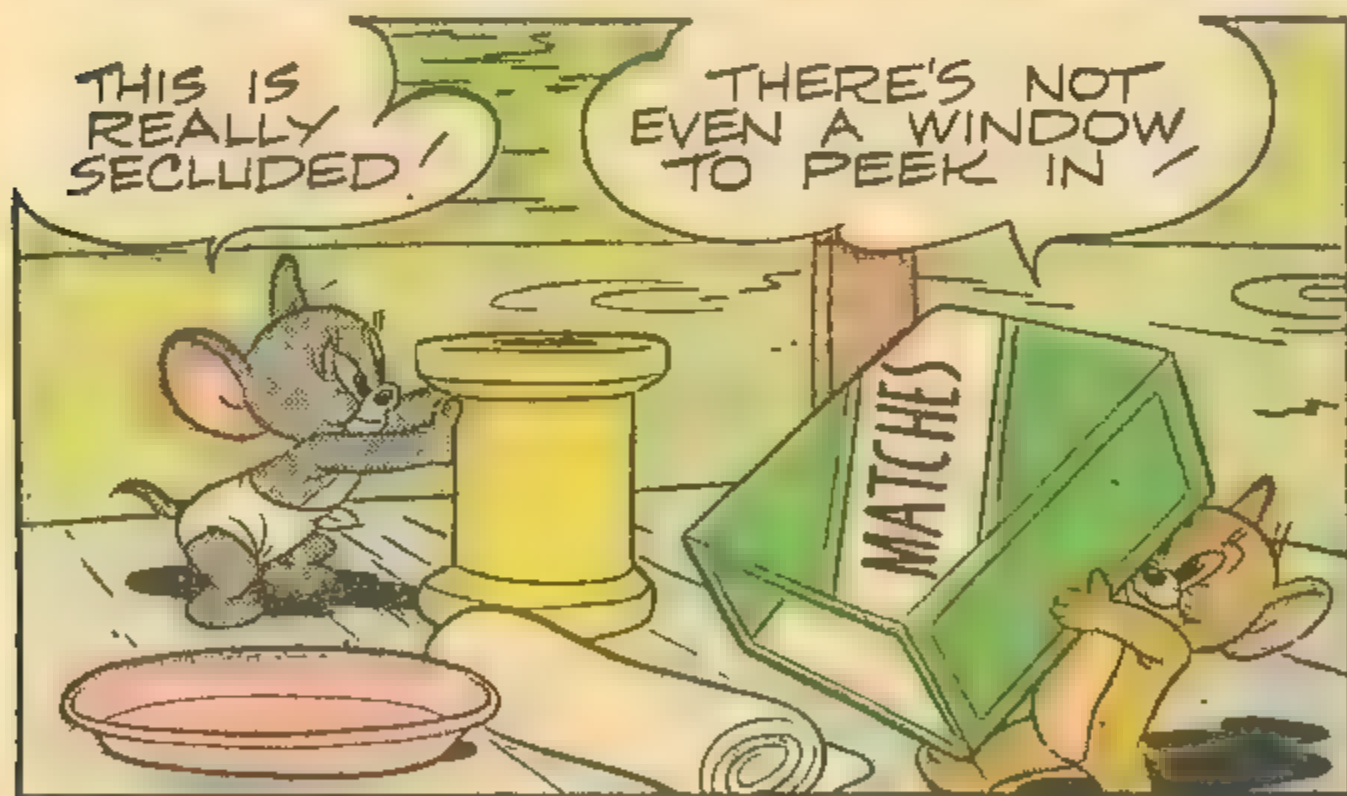
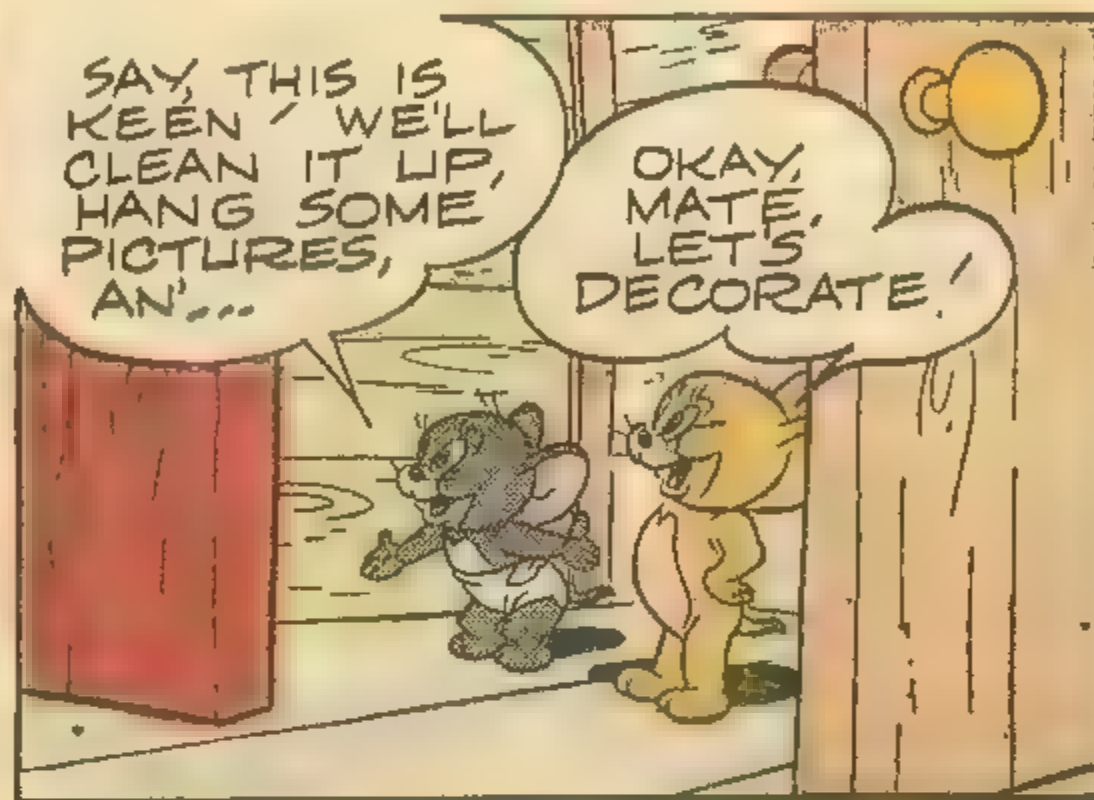
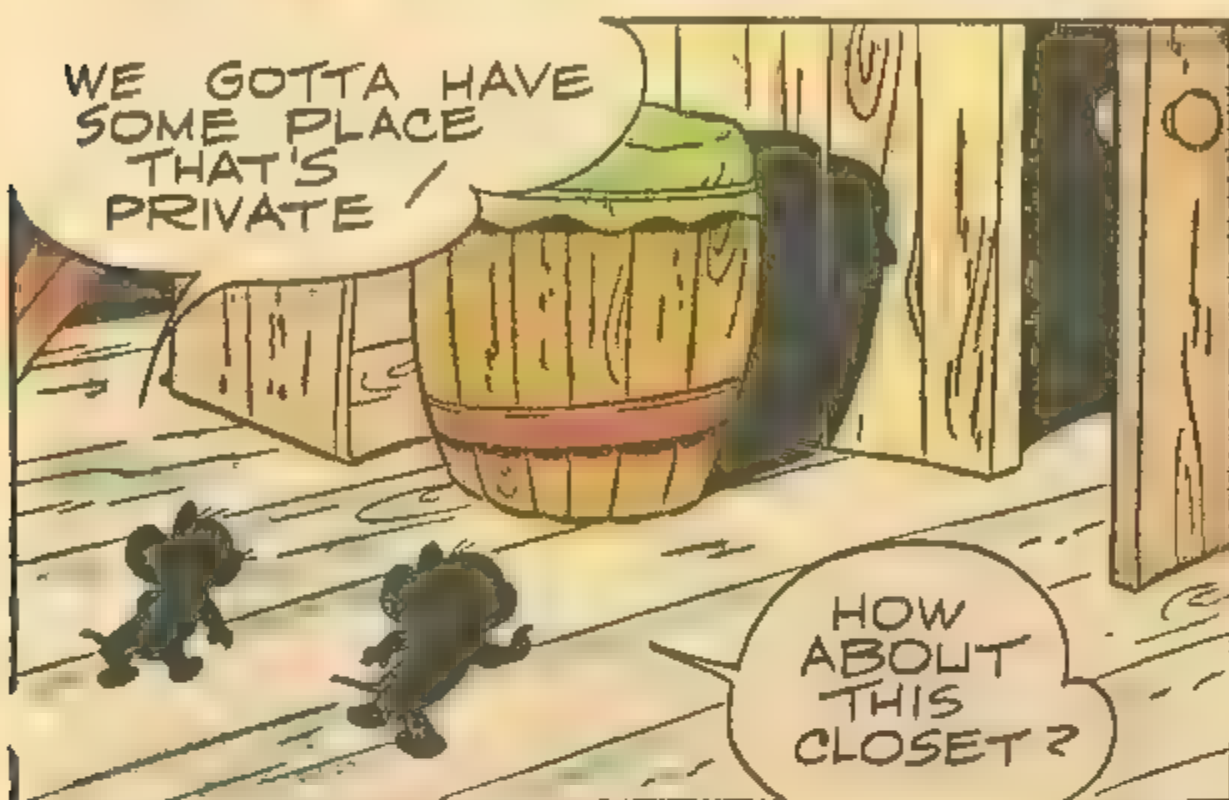
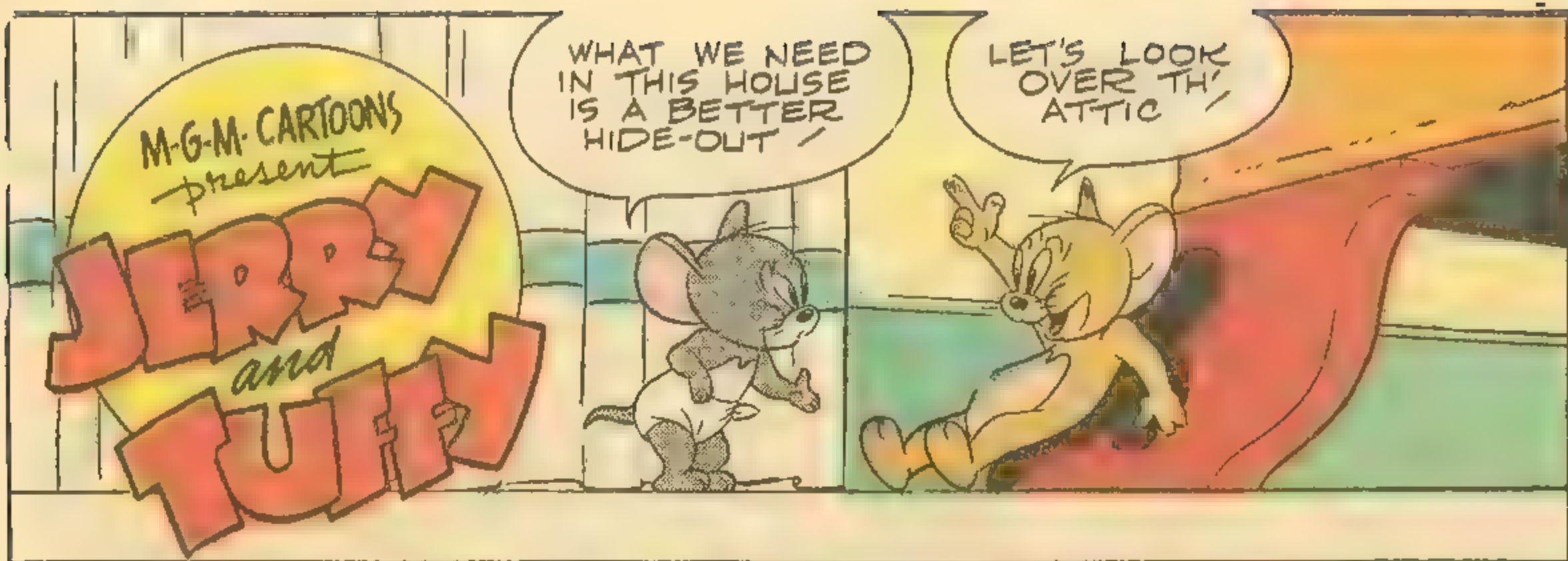


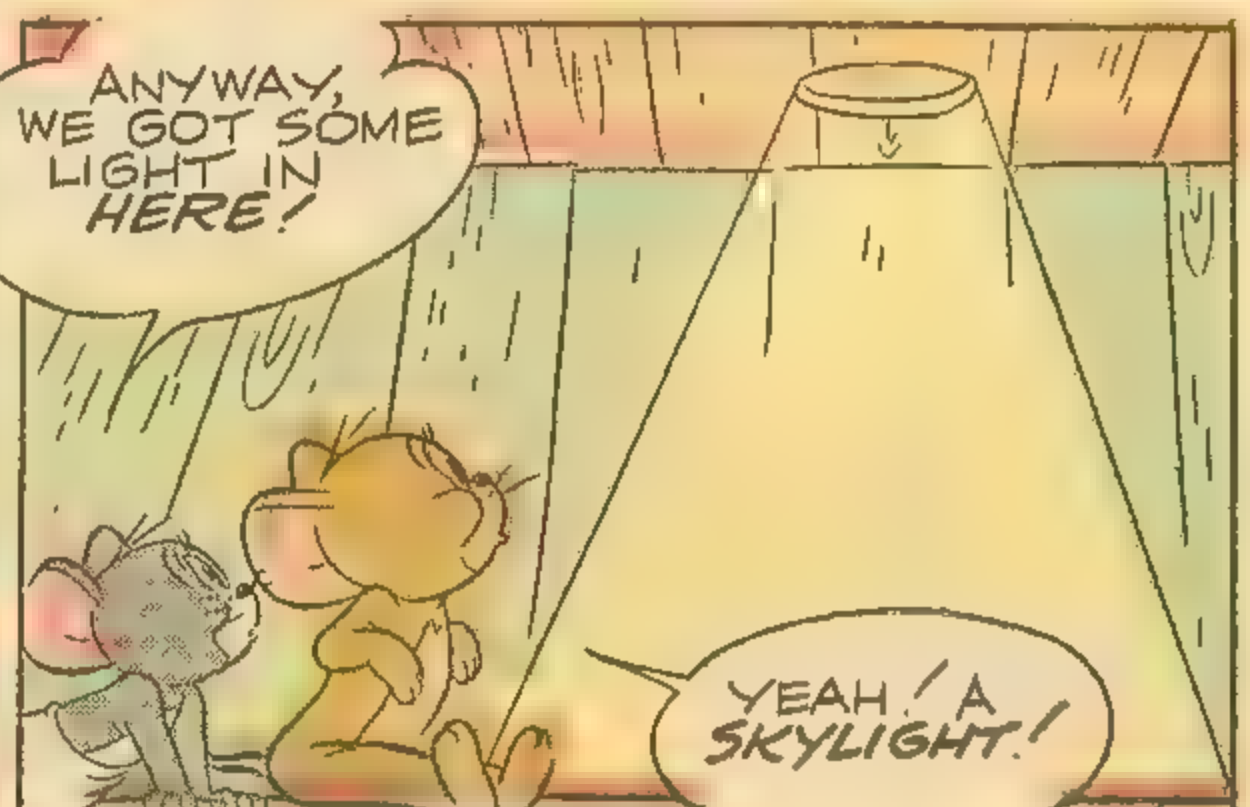
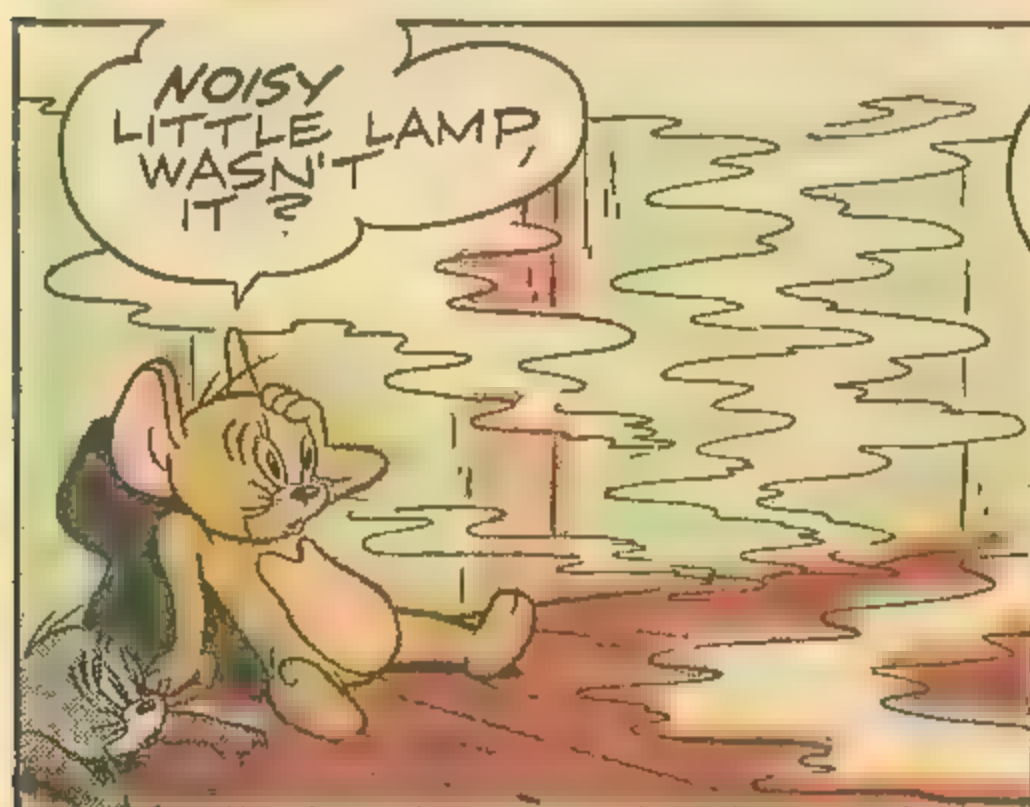
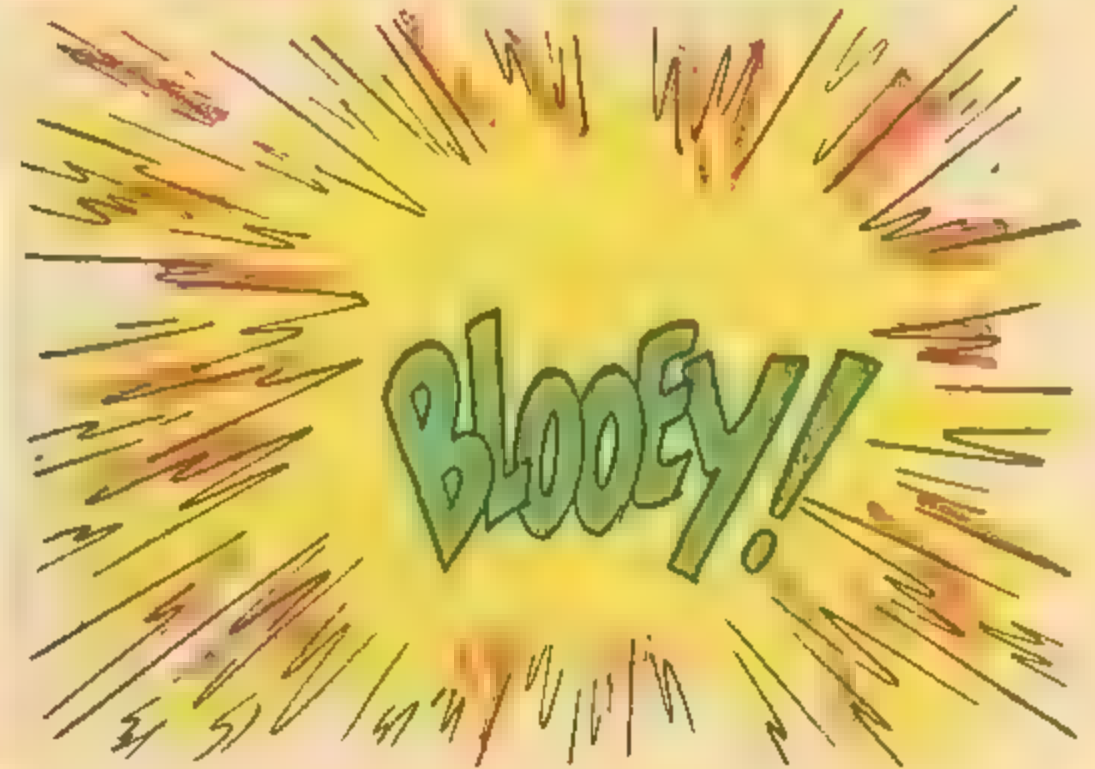
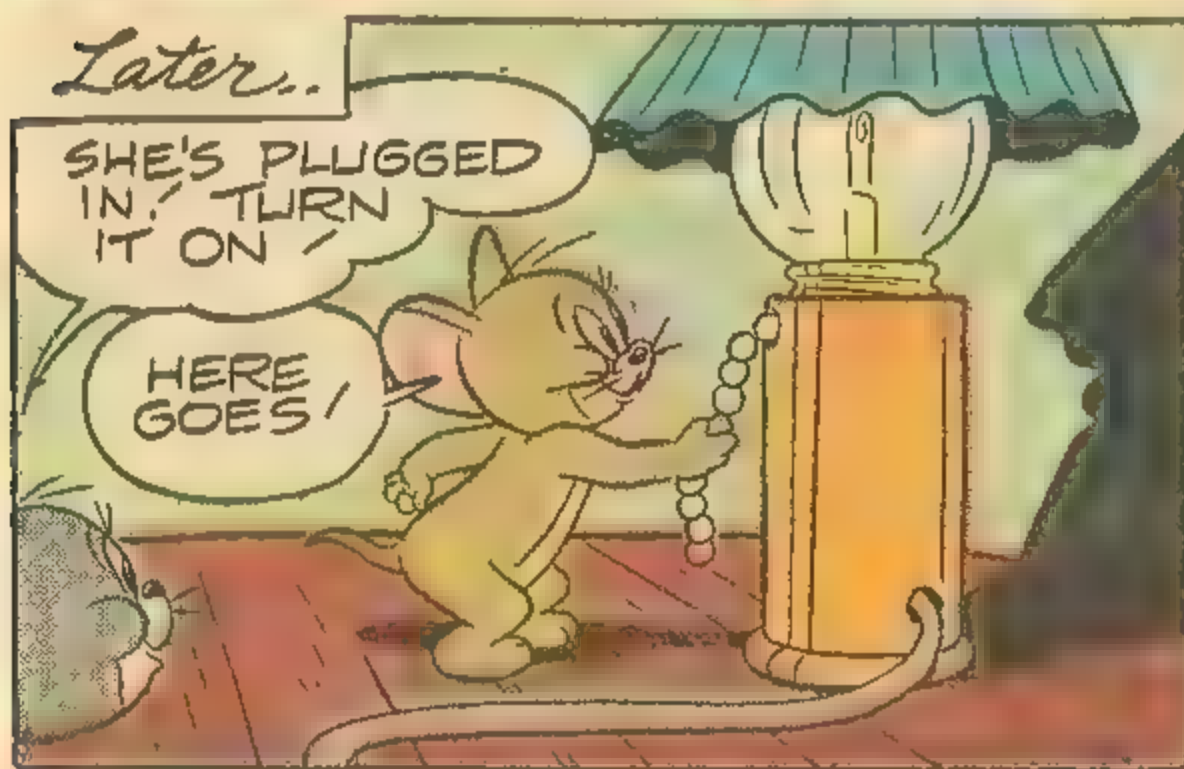
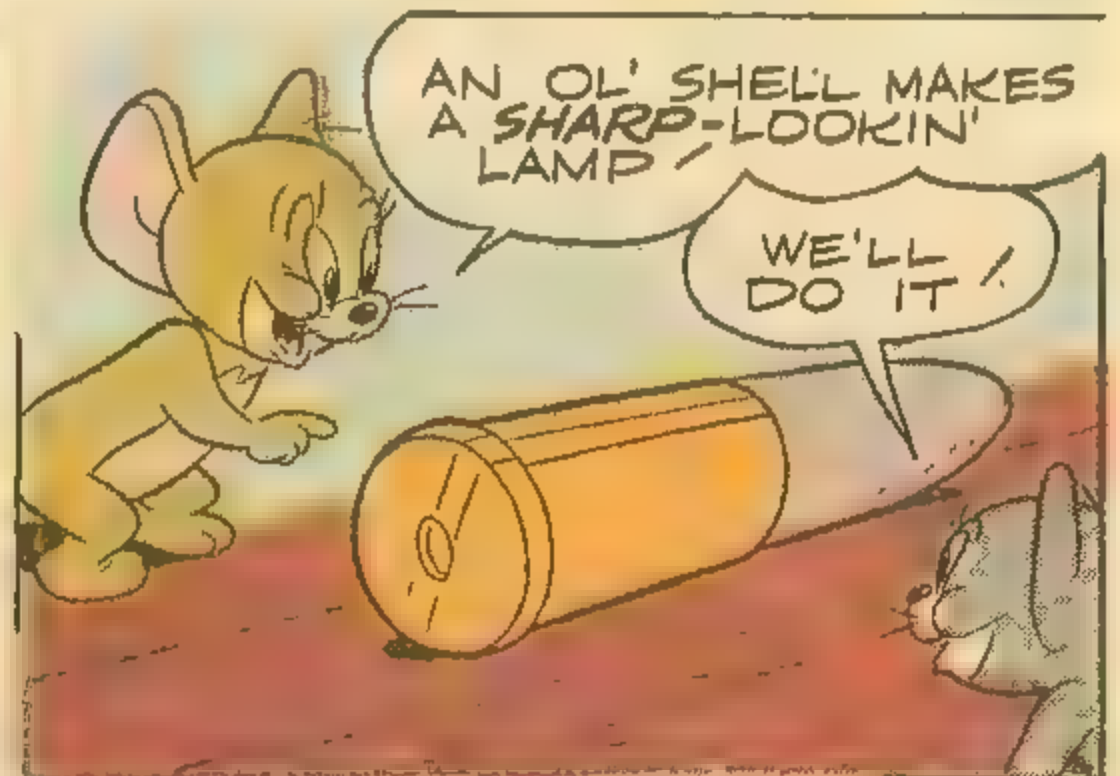
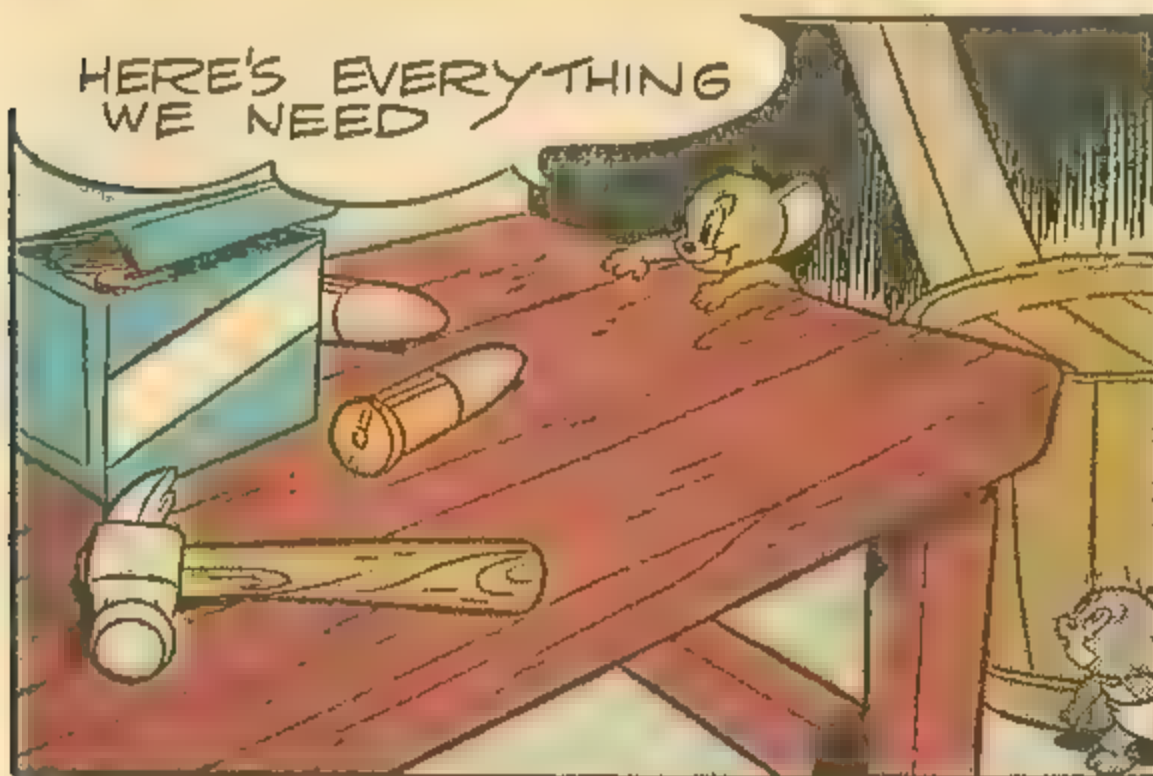
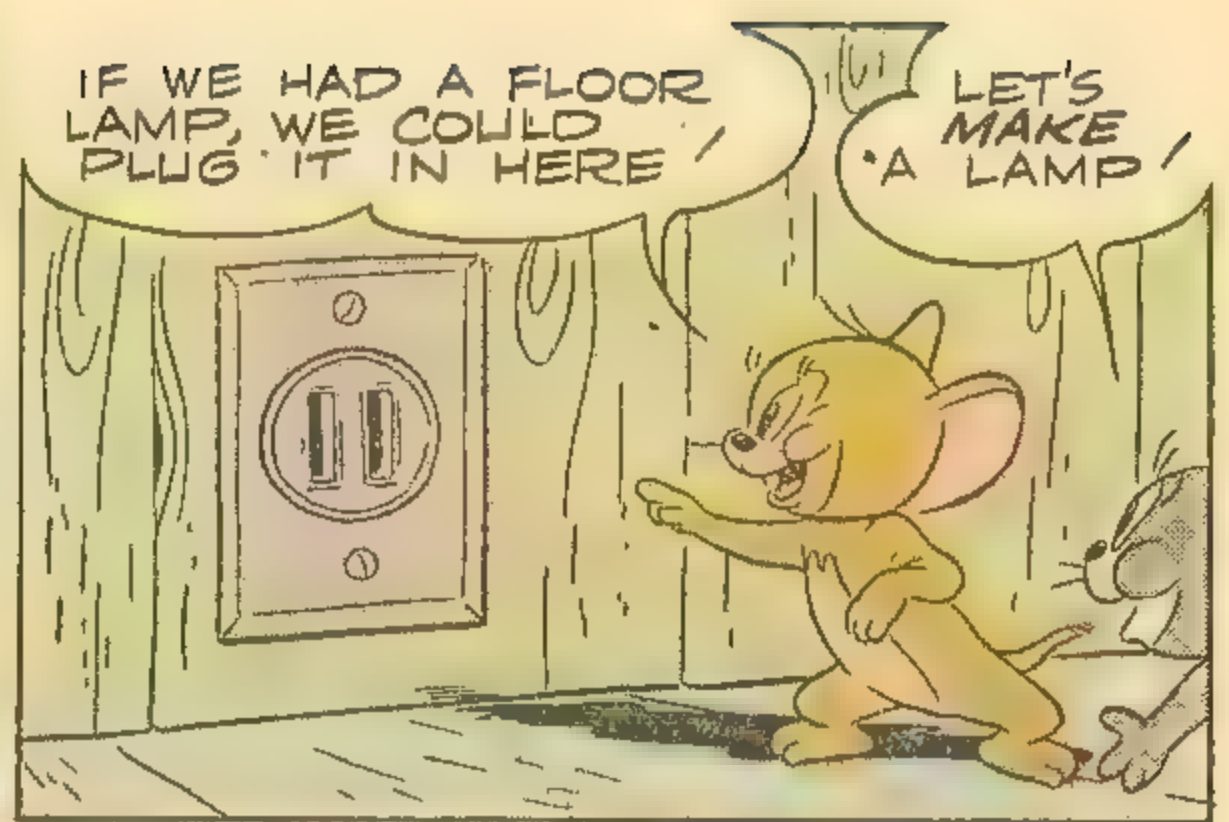
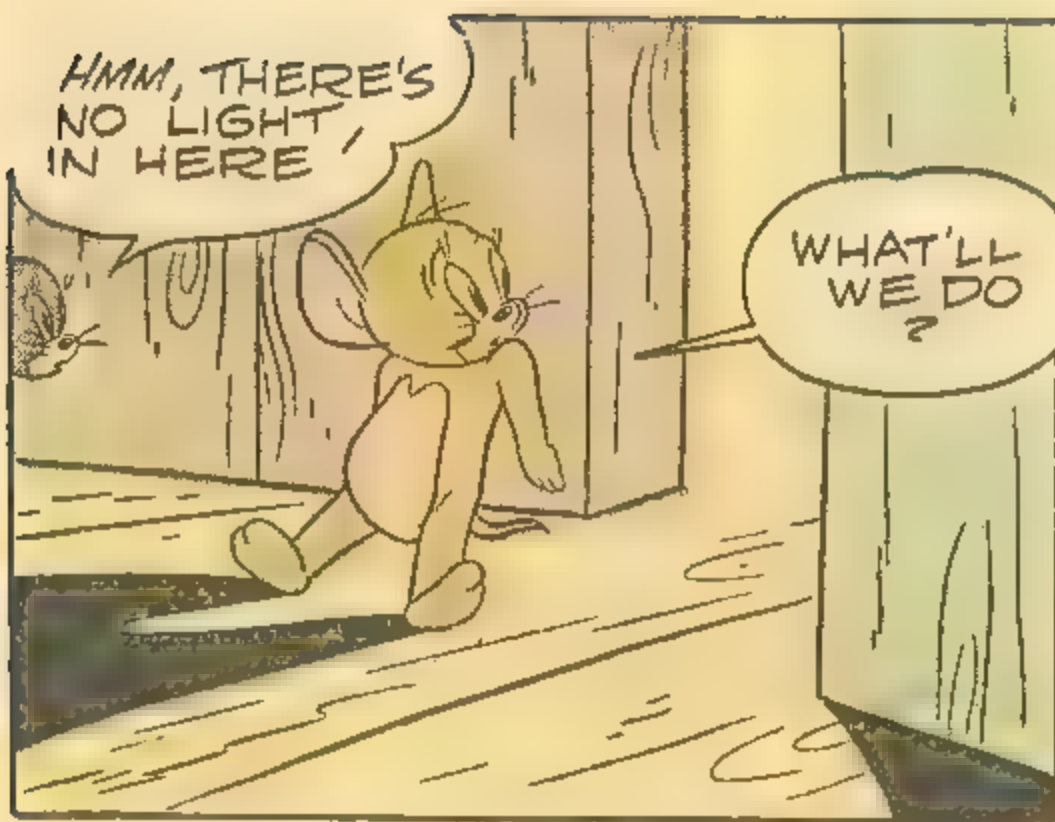












M.G.M. CARTOONS
Present

BARNEY and BENNY BEAR BURRO

HEY, BARNEY, WOULD YOU
HELP ME PUT UP
THIS HAMMOCK?

OH, WHY WON'T
MOOSEFACE
LEAVE ME
ALONE?

HE'S WEARIN' ME OUT
WITH HIS HELP ME,
HELP ME, HELP
ME!

YOU OUGHTA GO AWAY
SOMEWHERE FOR
A VACATION,
BARNEY!

SAY!
MAYBE
THAT'S THE
ANSWER,
BENNY!

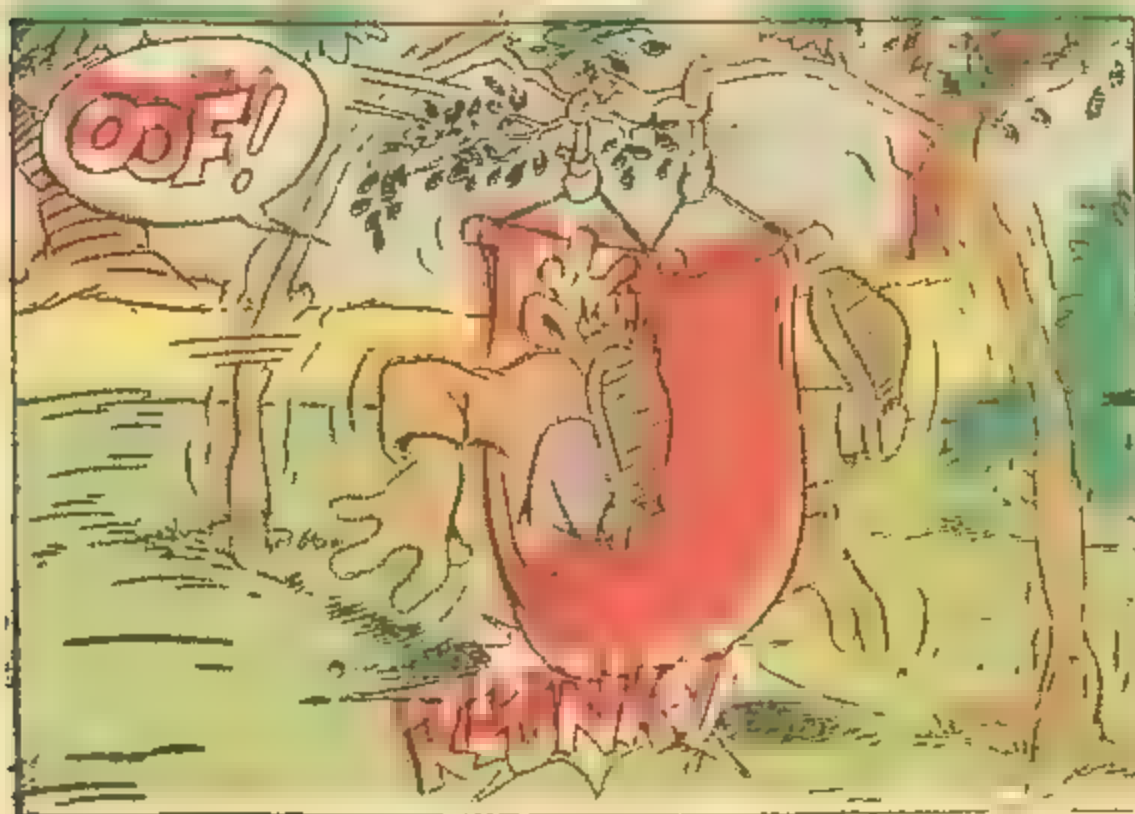
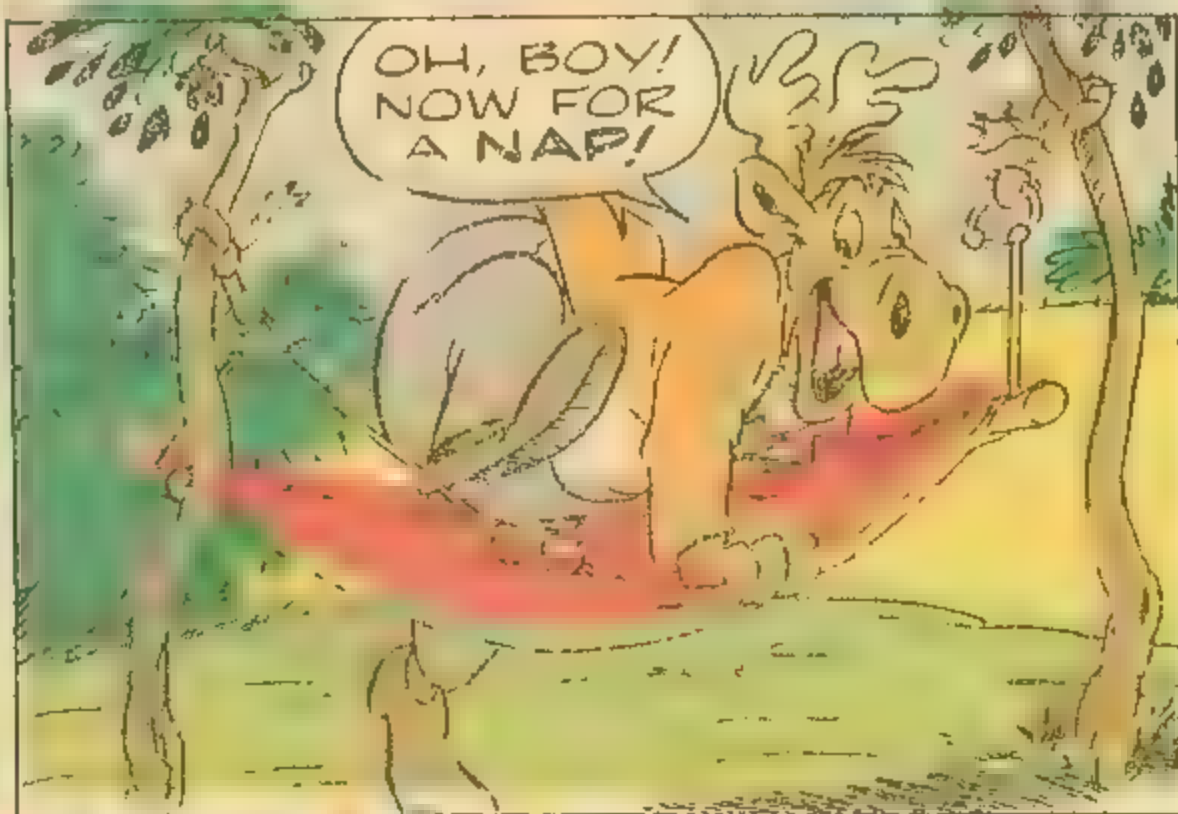
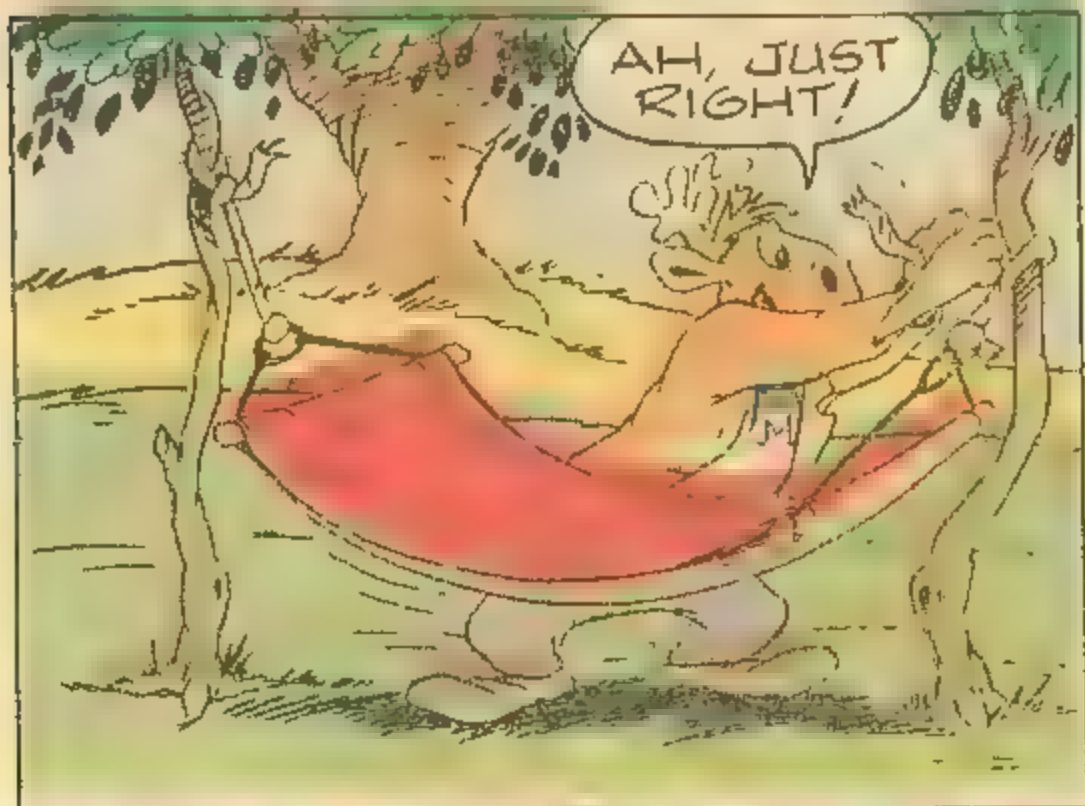
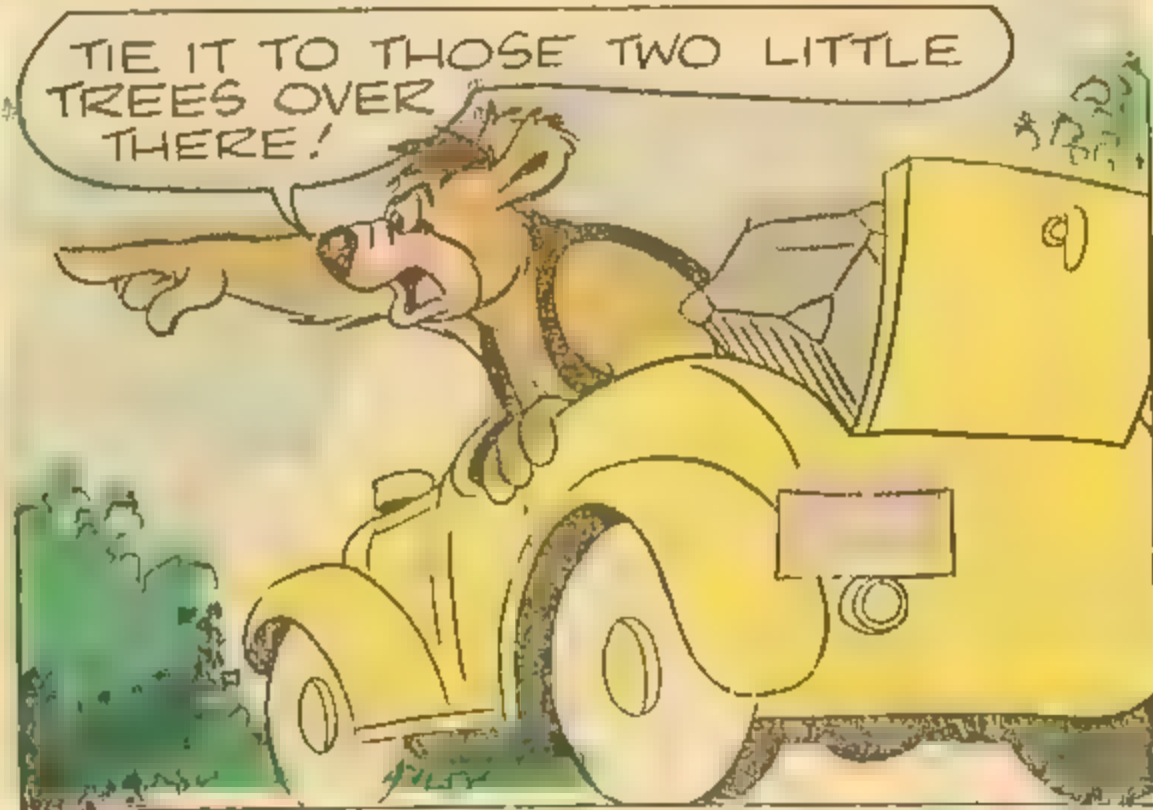
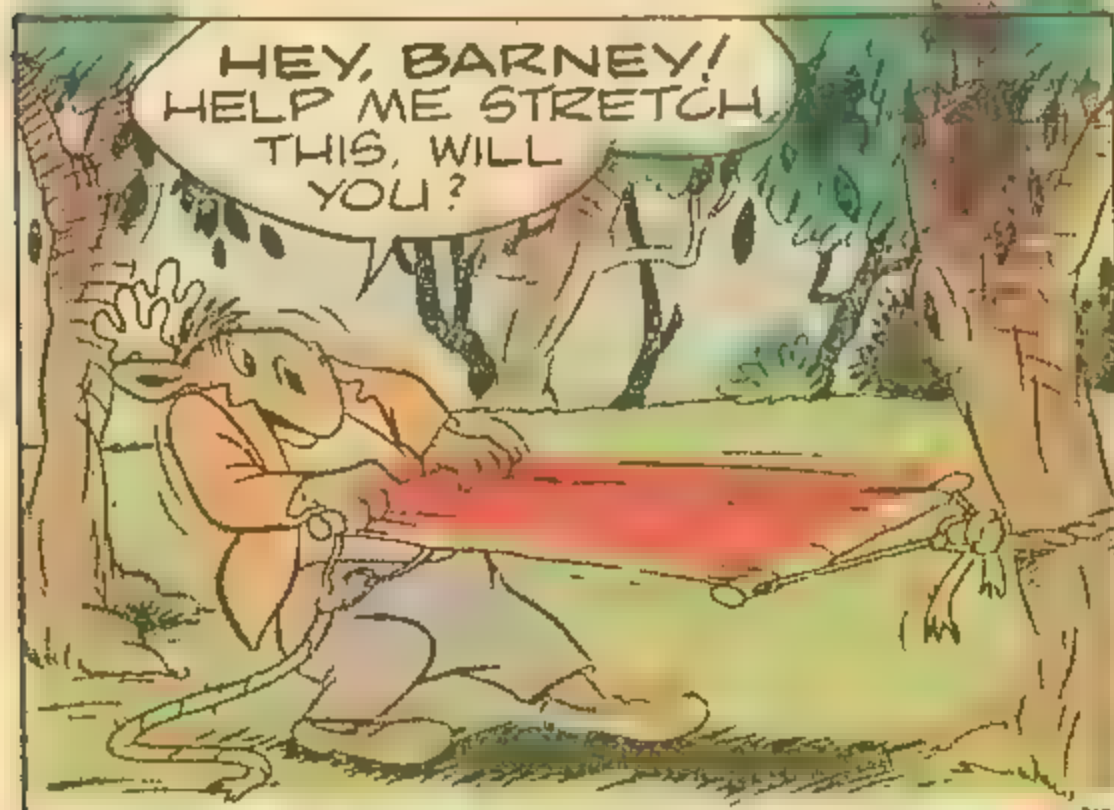
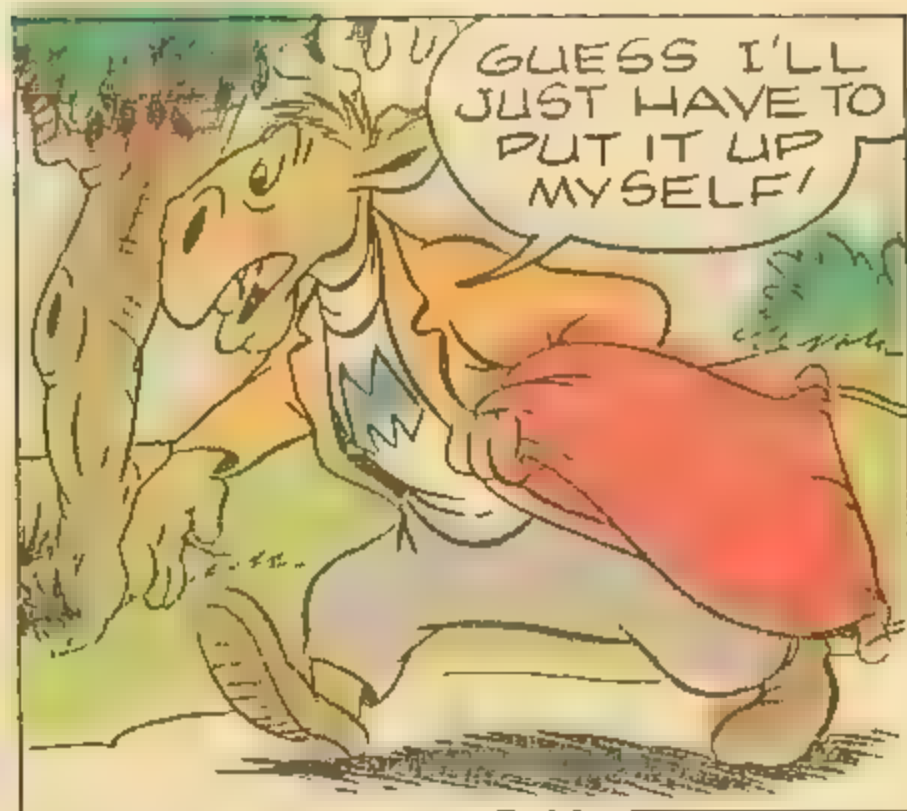
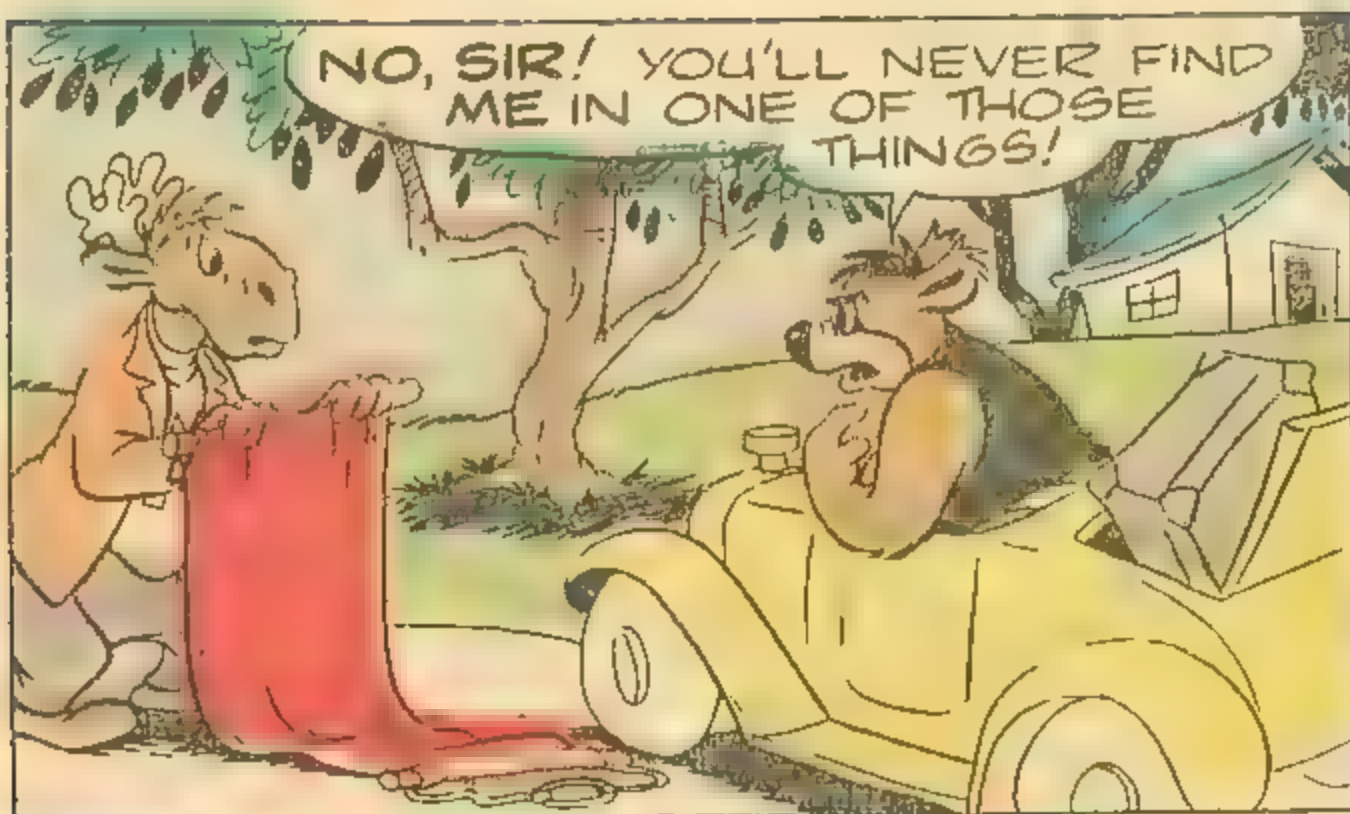
I'LL PACK AN'
GET READY TO
GO NOW!

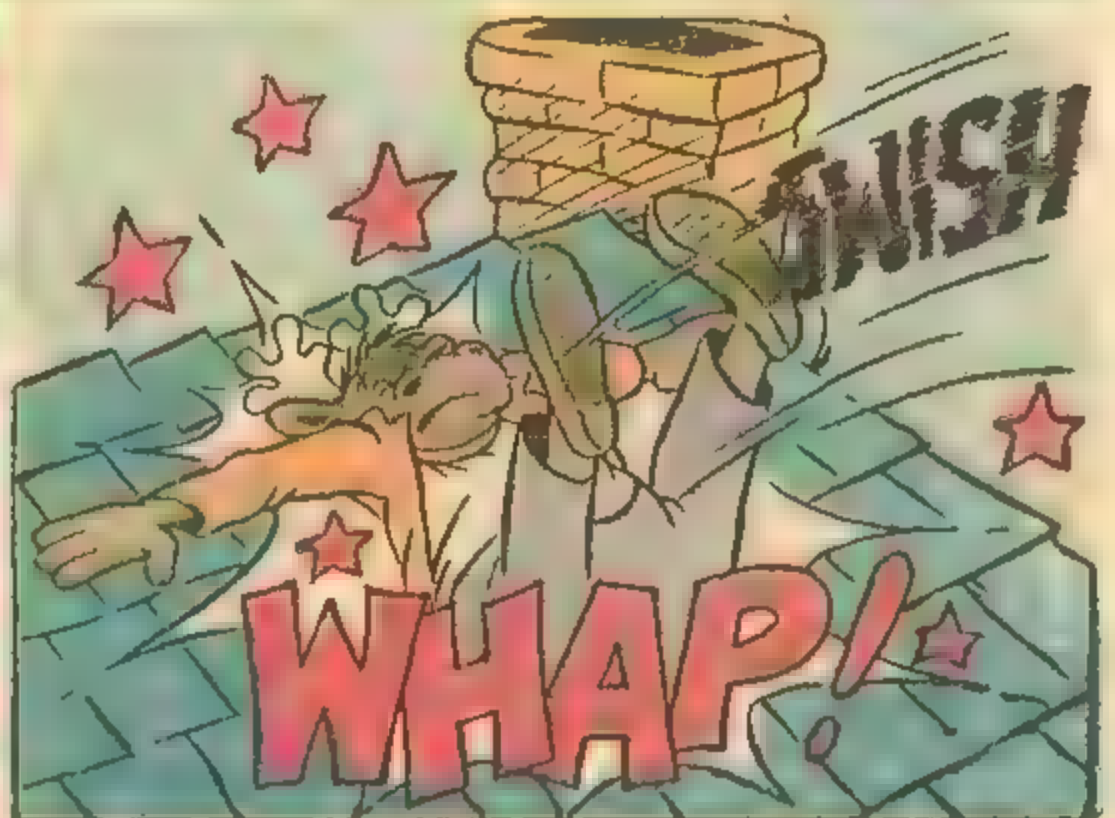
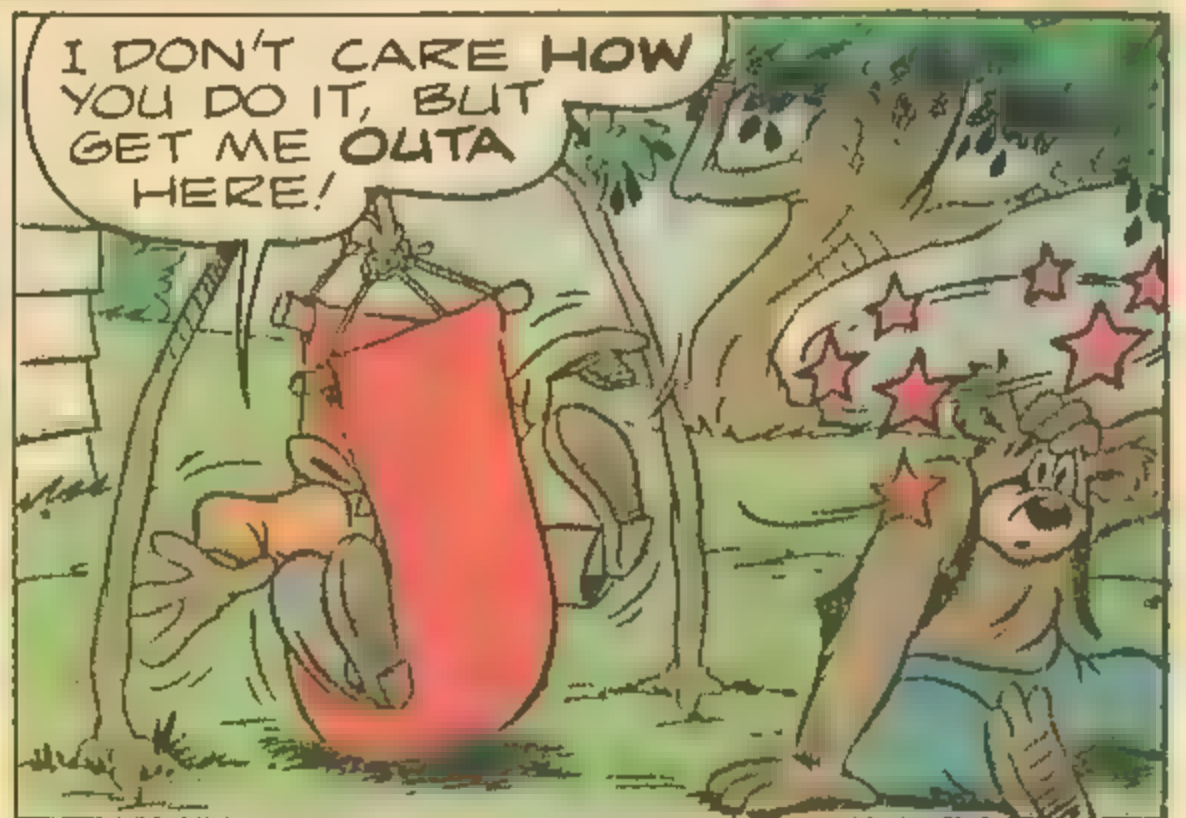
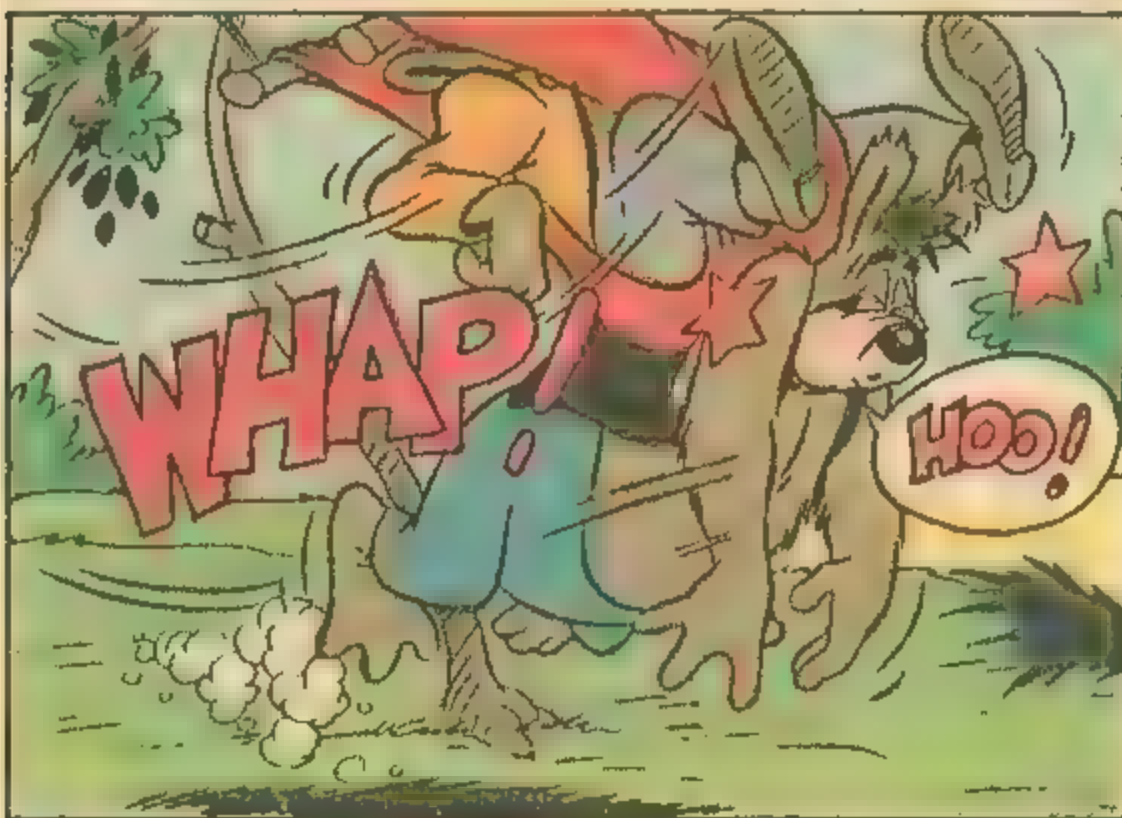
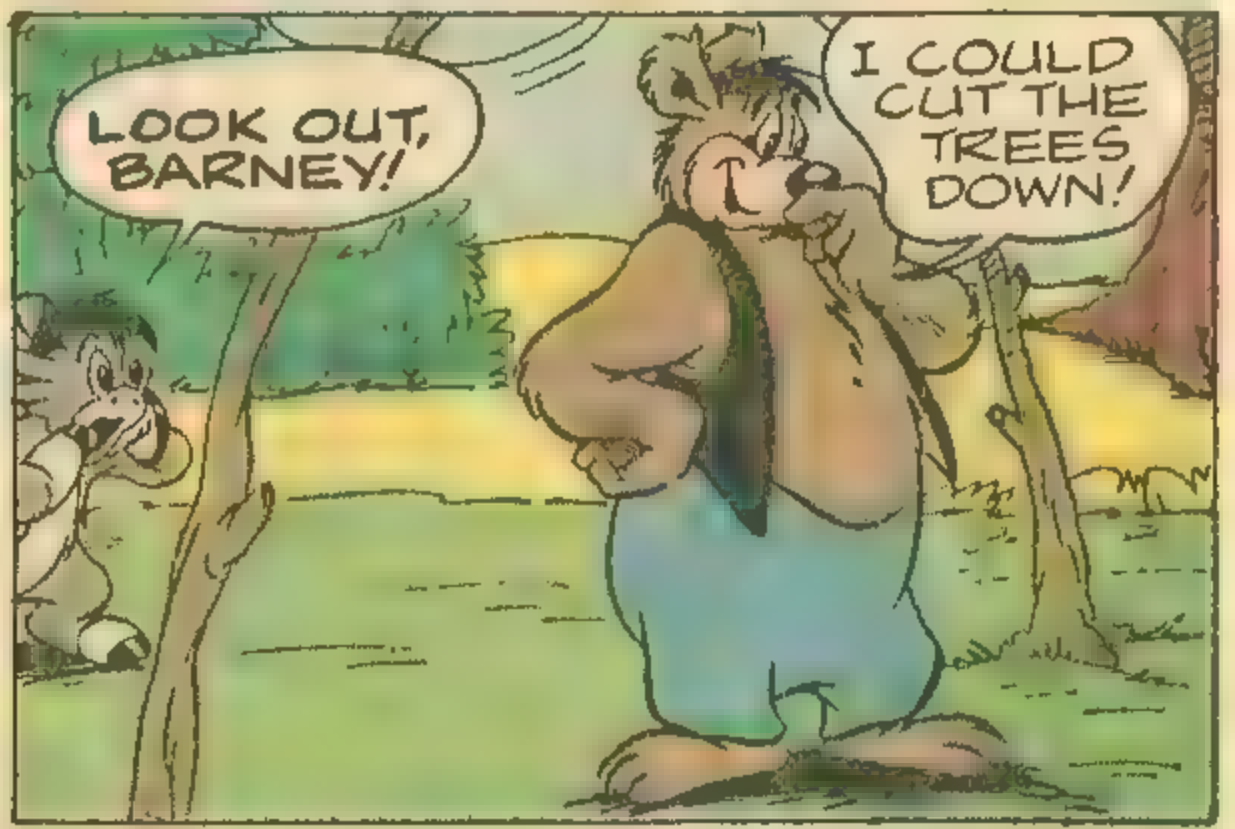
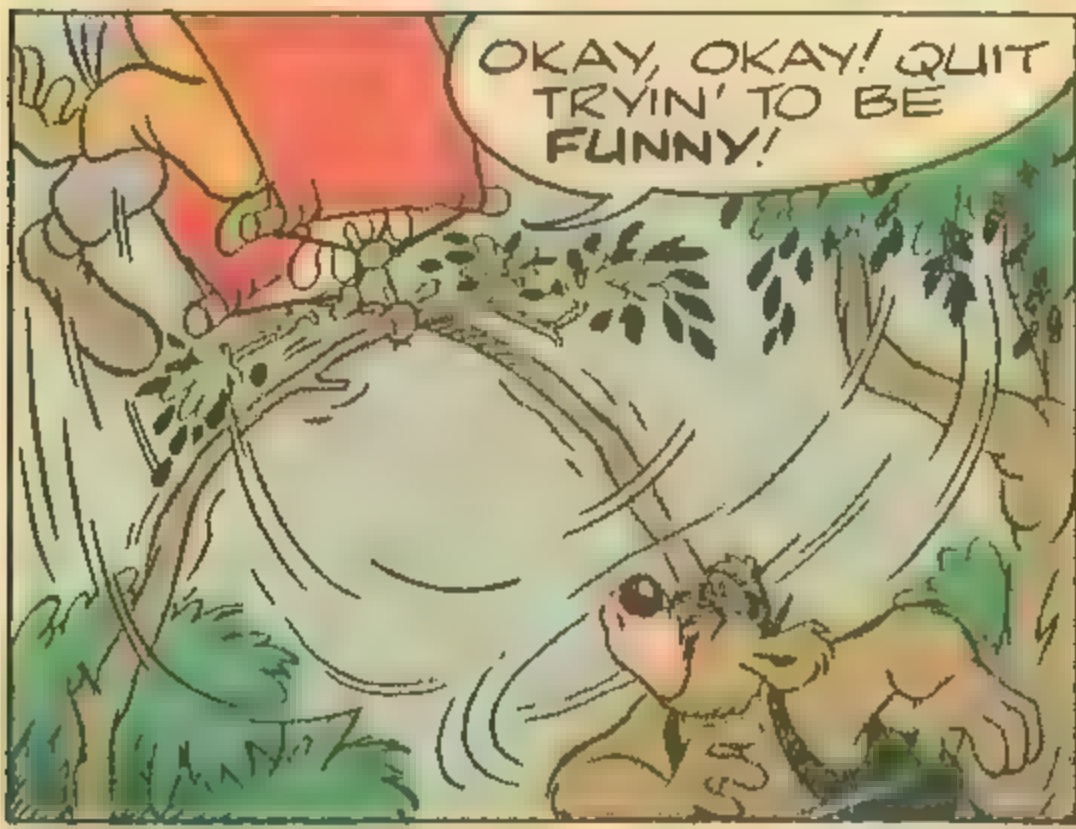
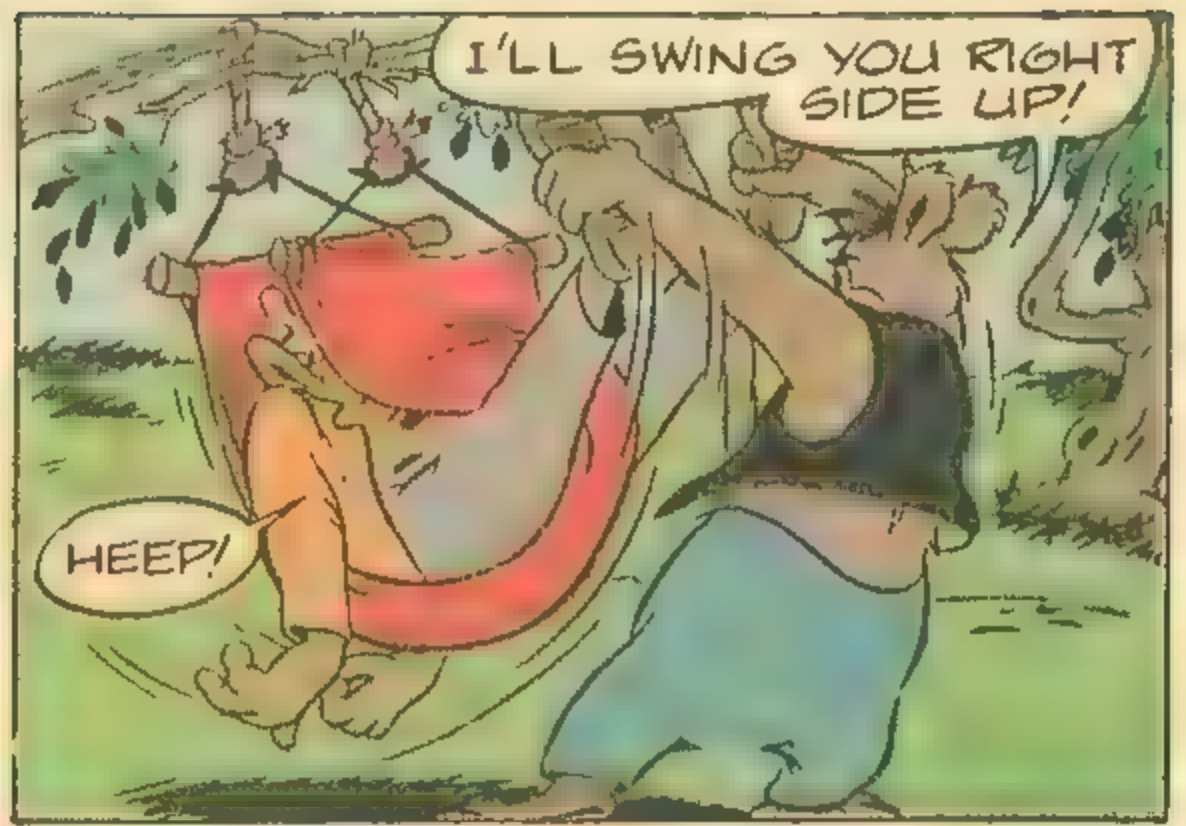
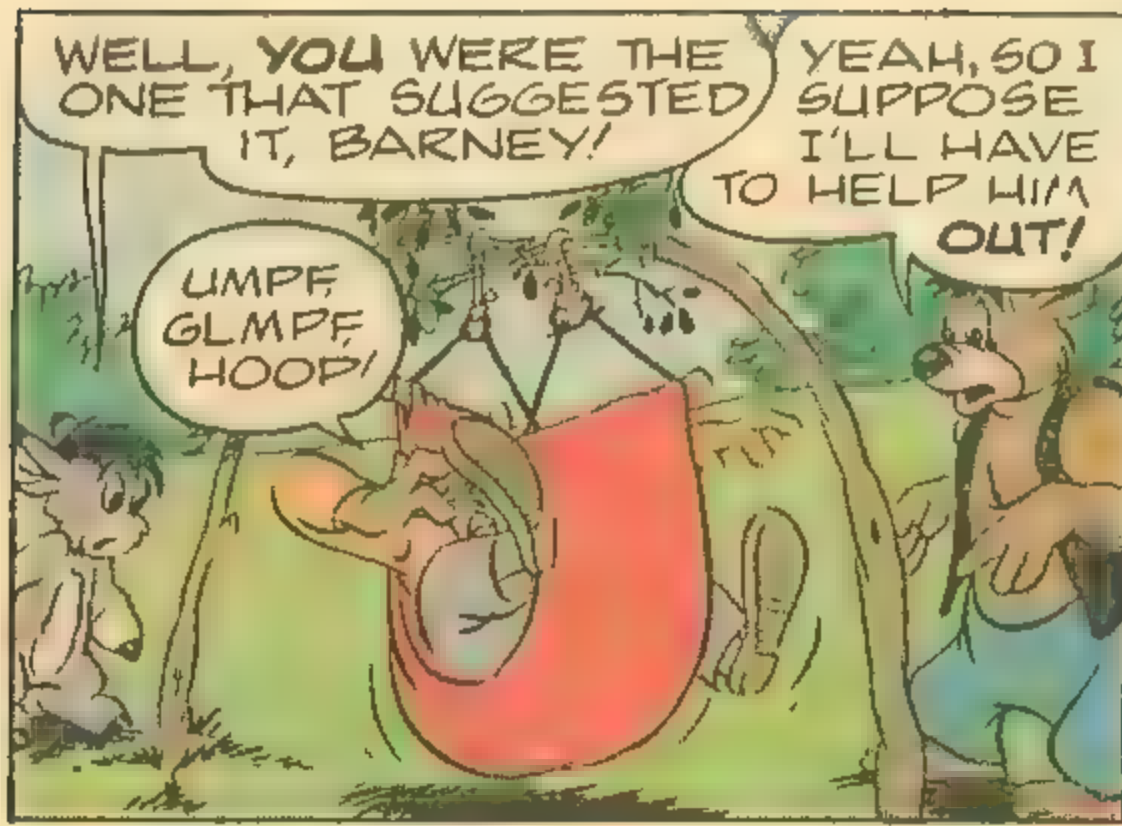
I'M LEAVIN' FOR A REST!

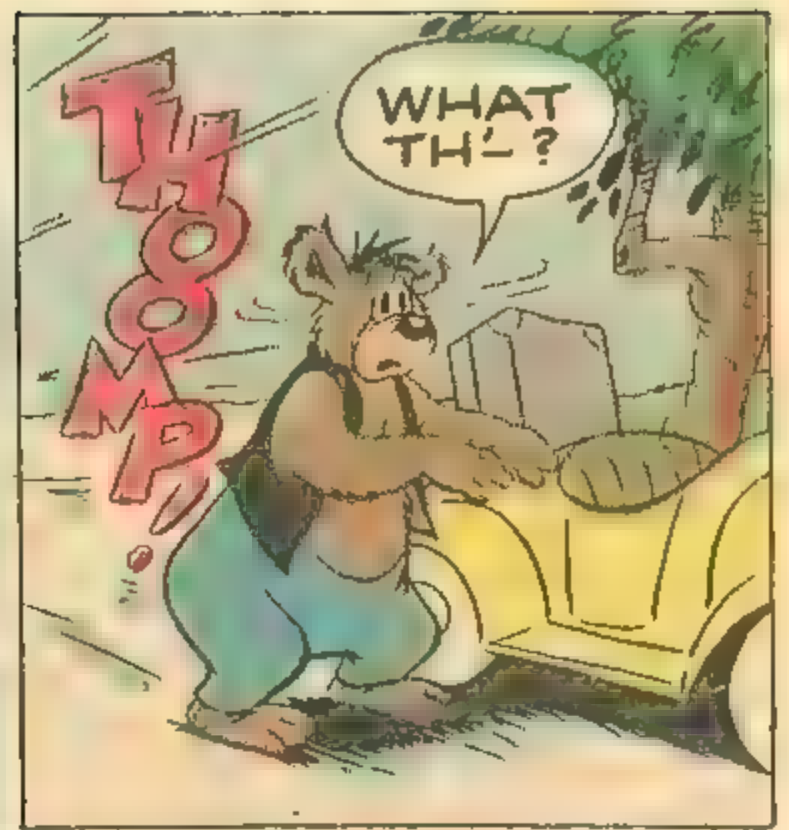
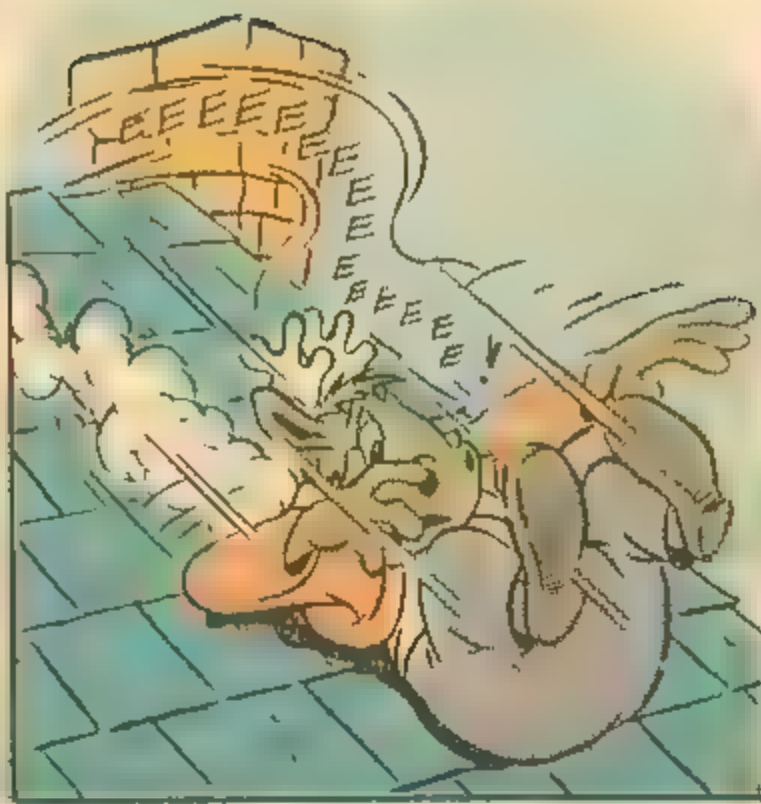
WHY, YOU
DON'T HAVE
TO GO
AWAY...

I'LL LET YOU REST IN MY
HAMMOCK!

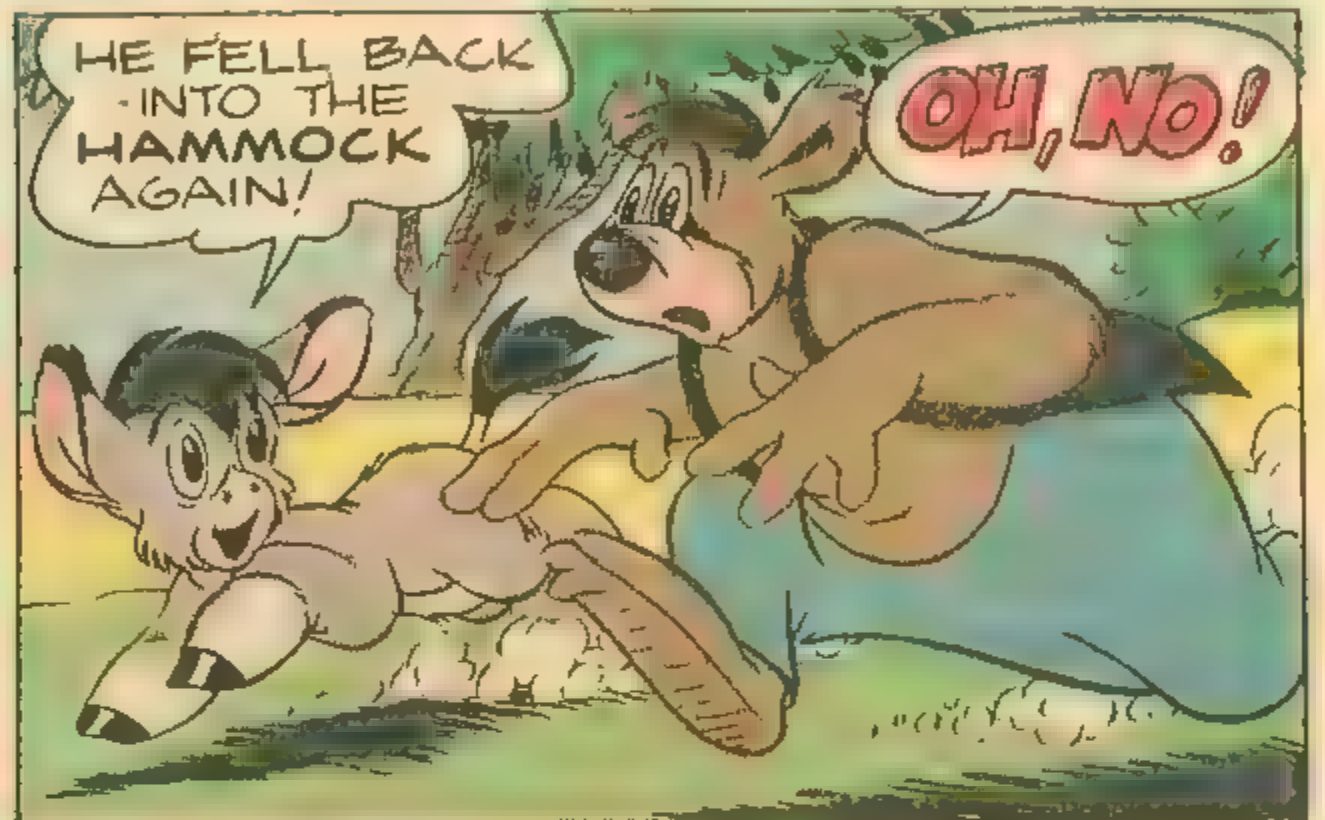
IF YOU'LL HELP
ME RIG IT UP,
THAT IS!



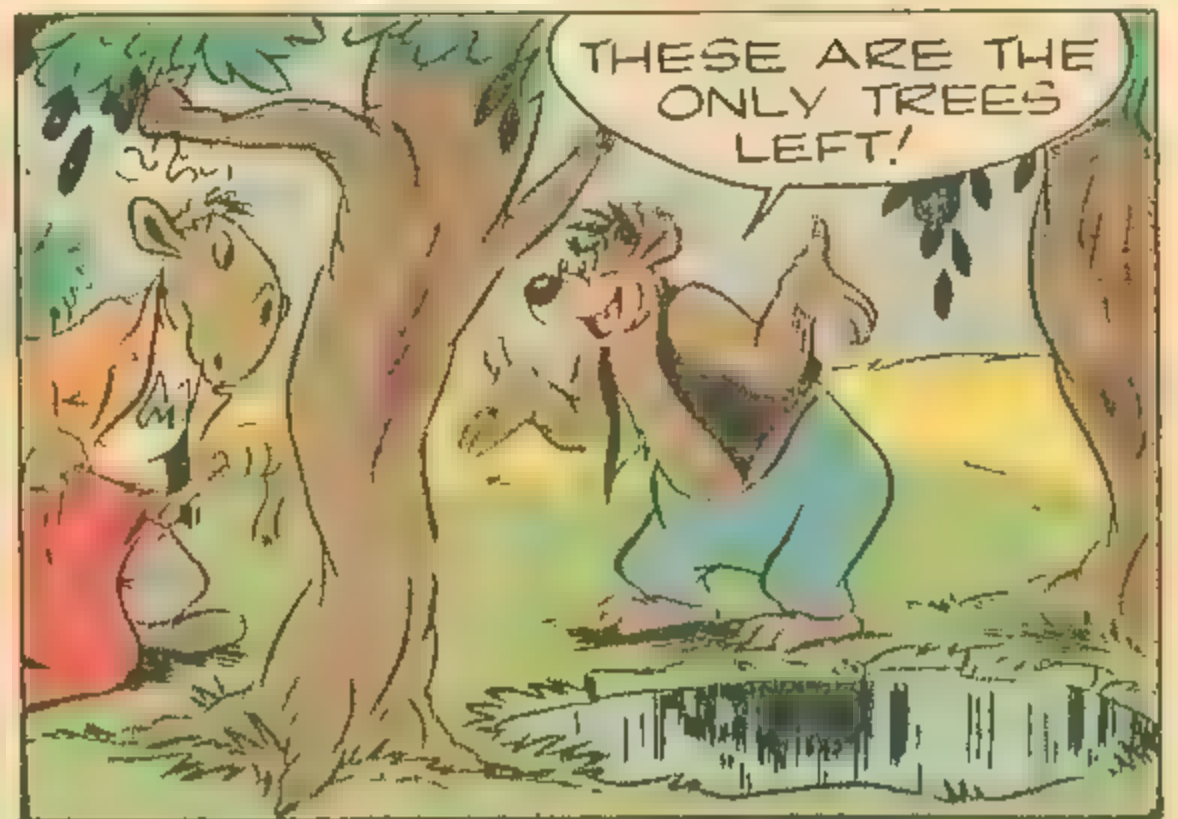
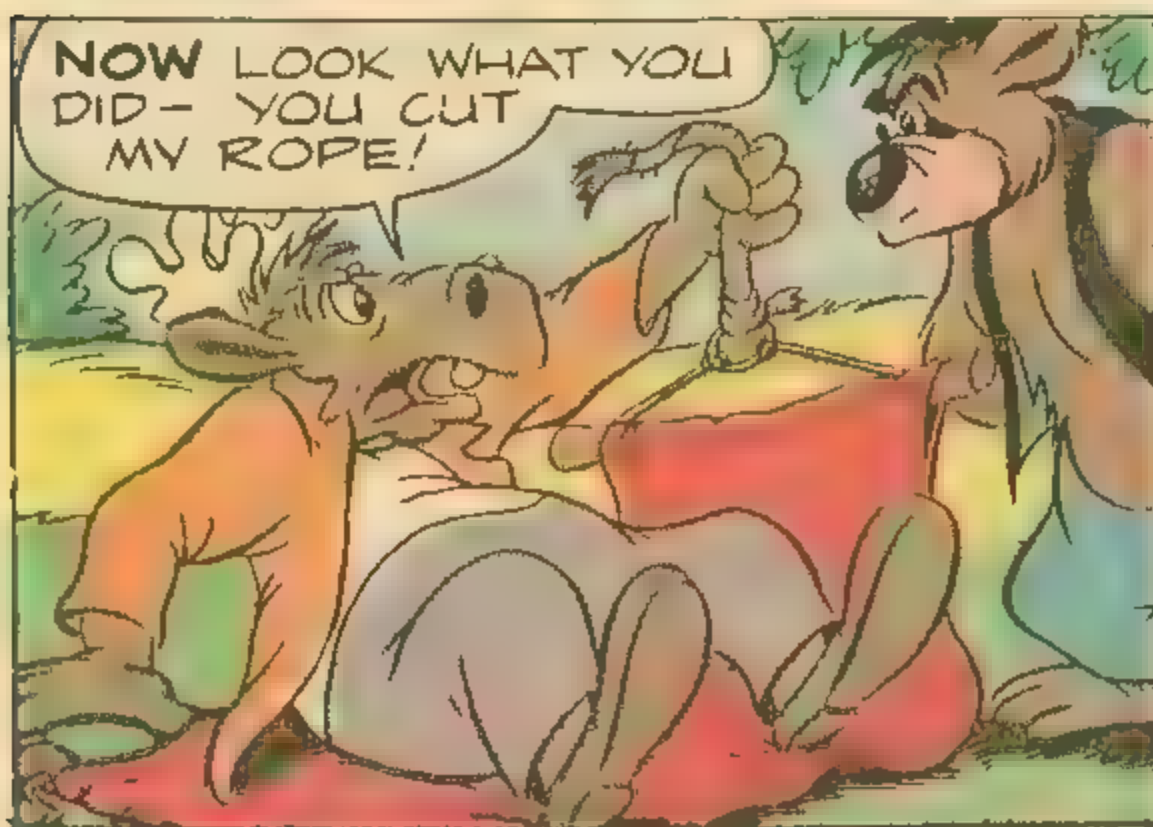
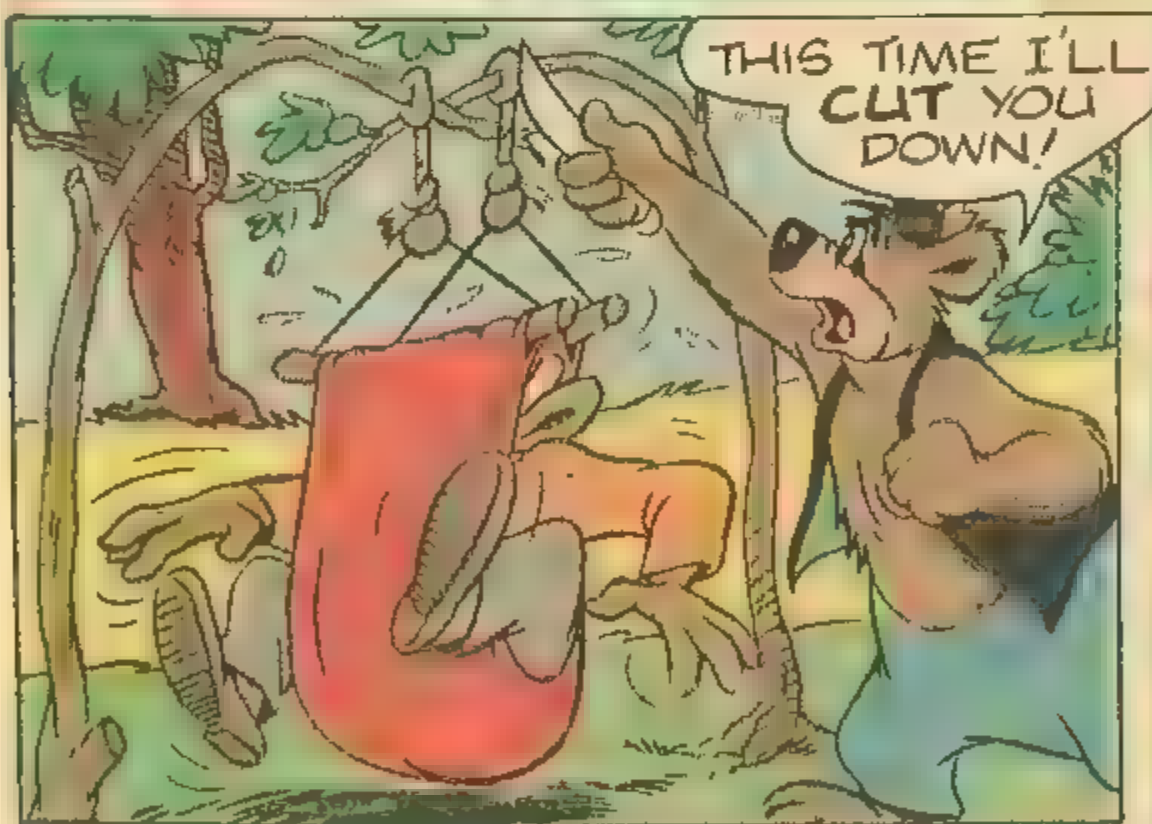


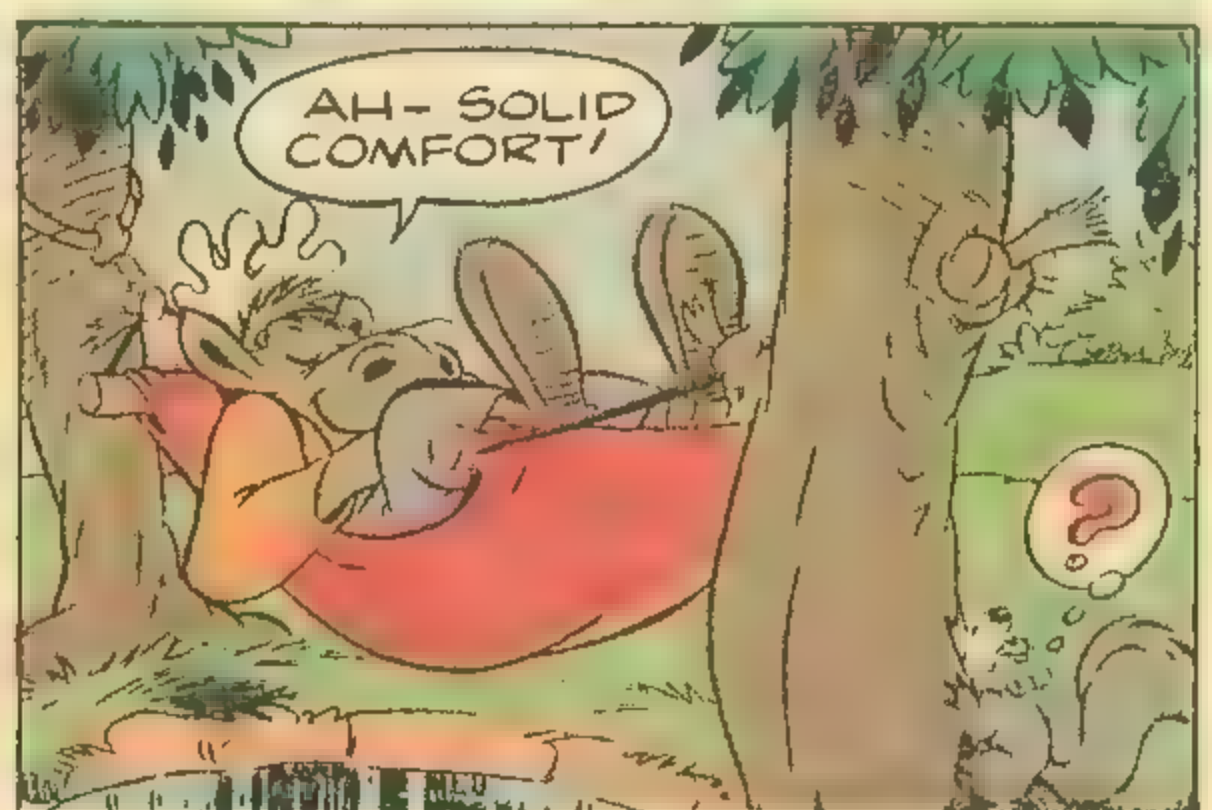
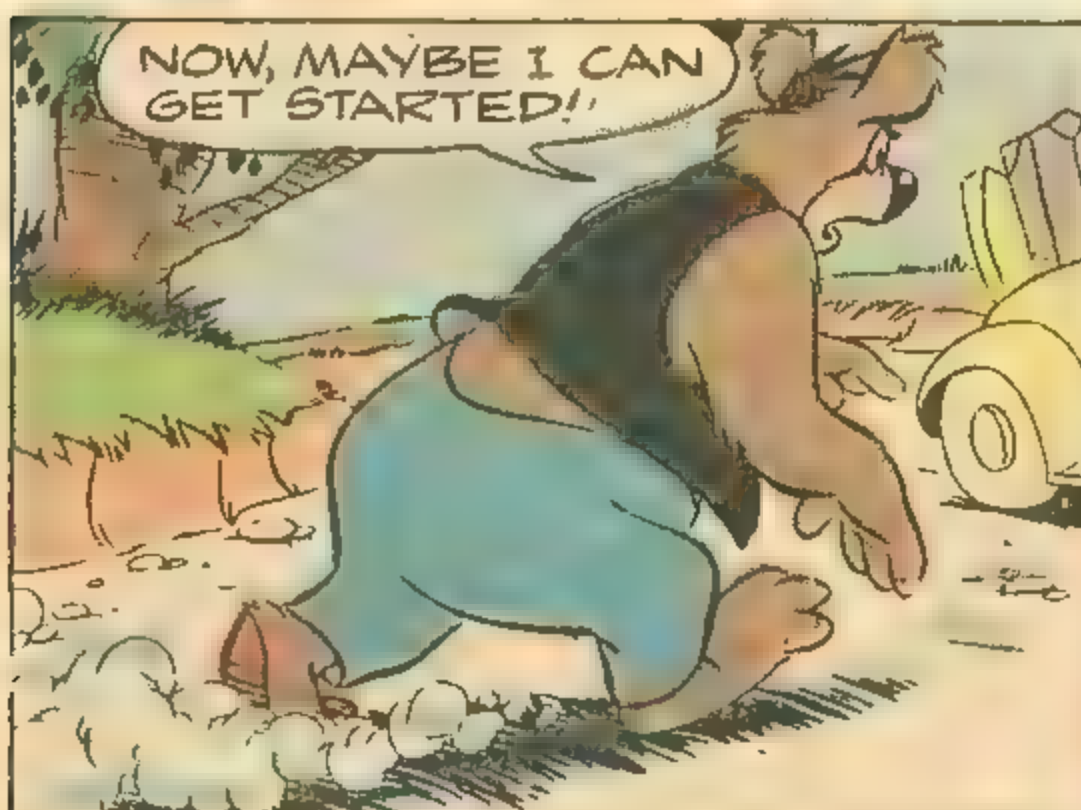
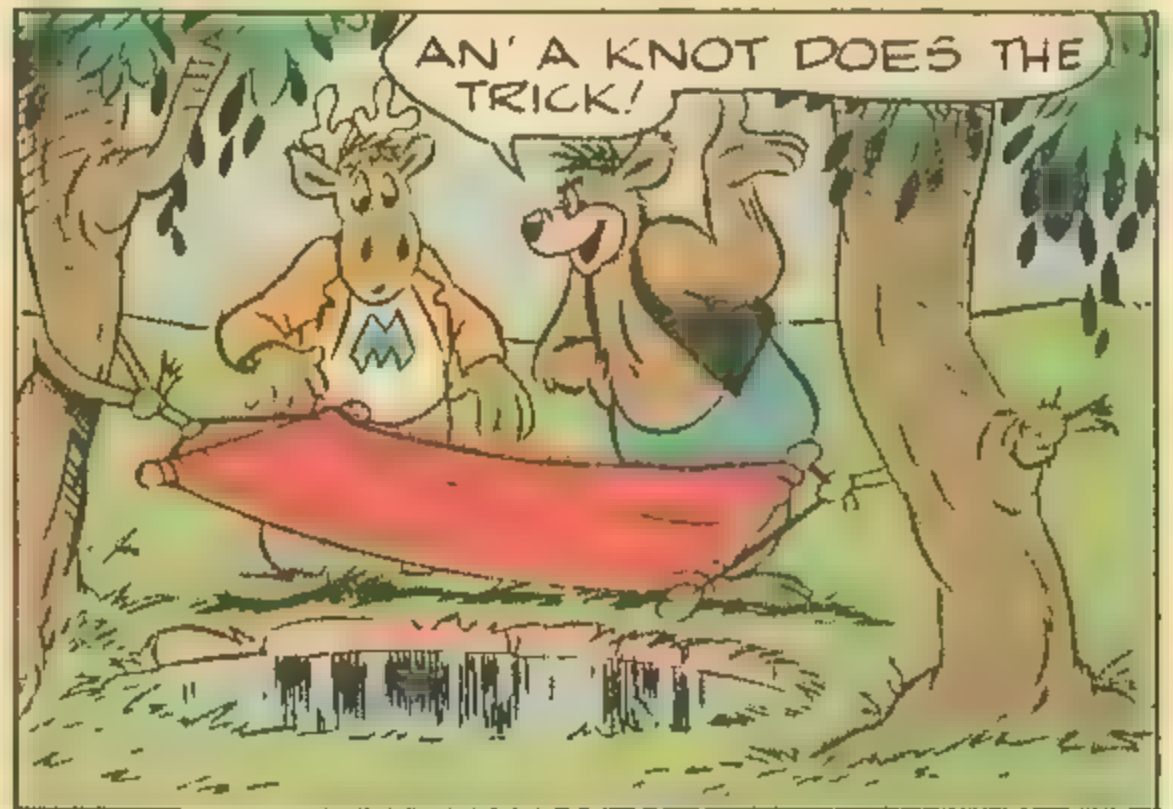
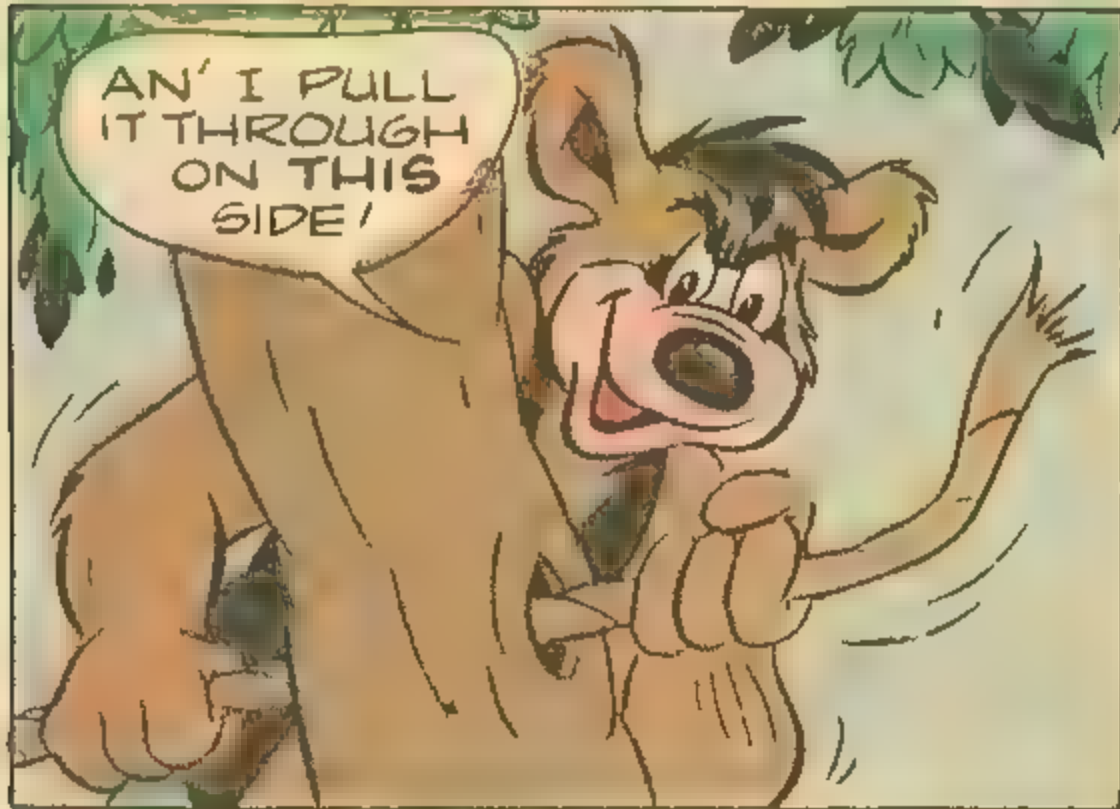
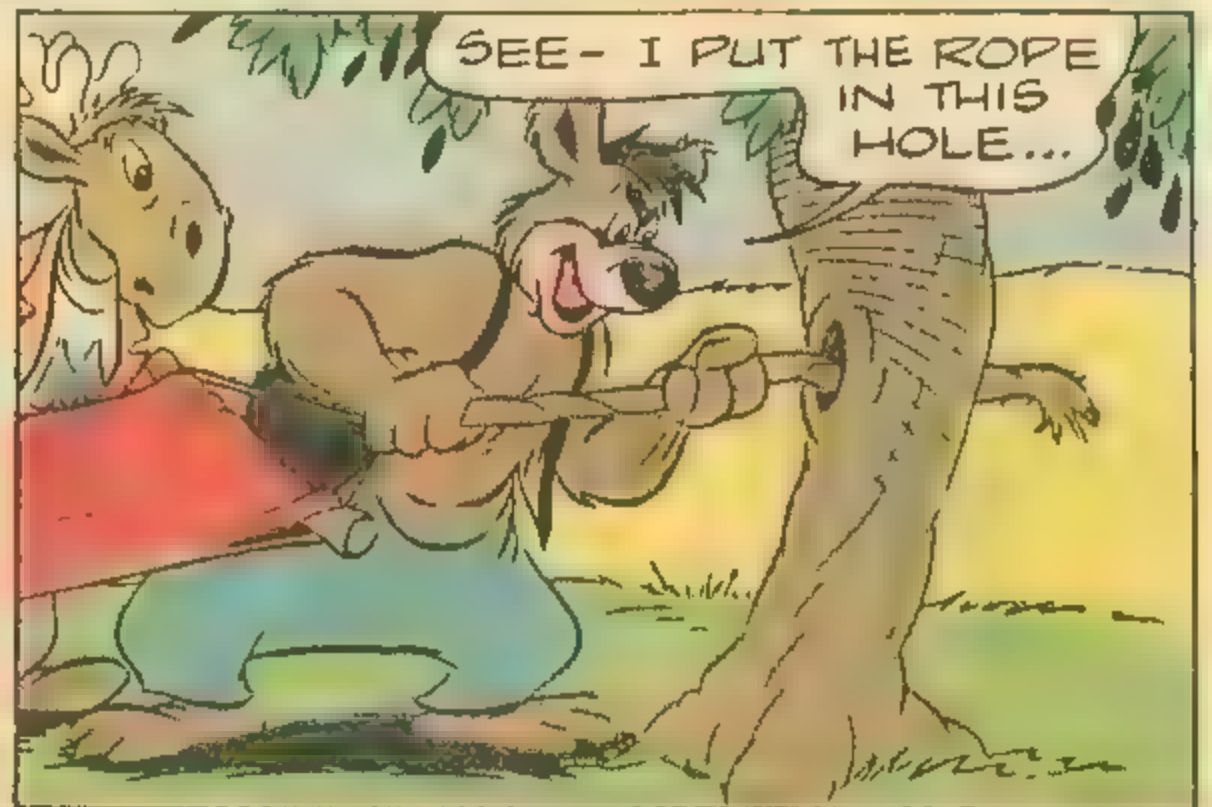
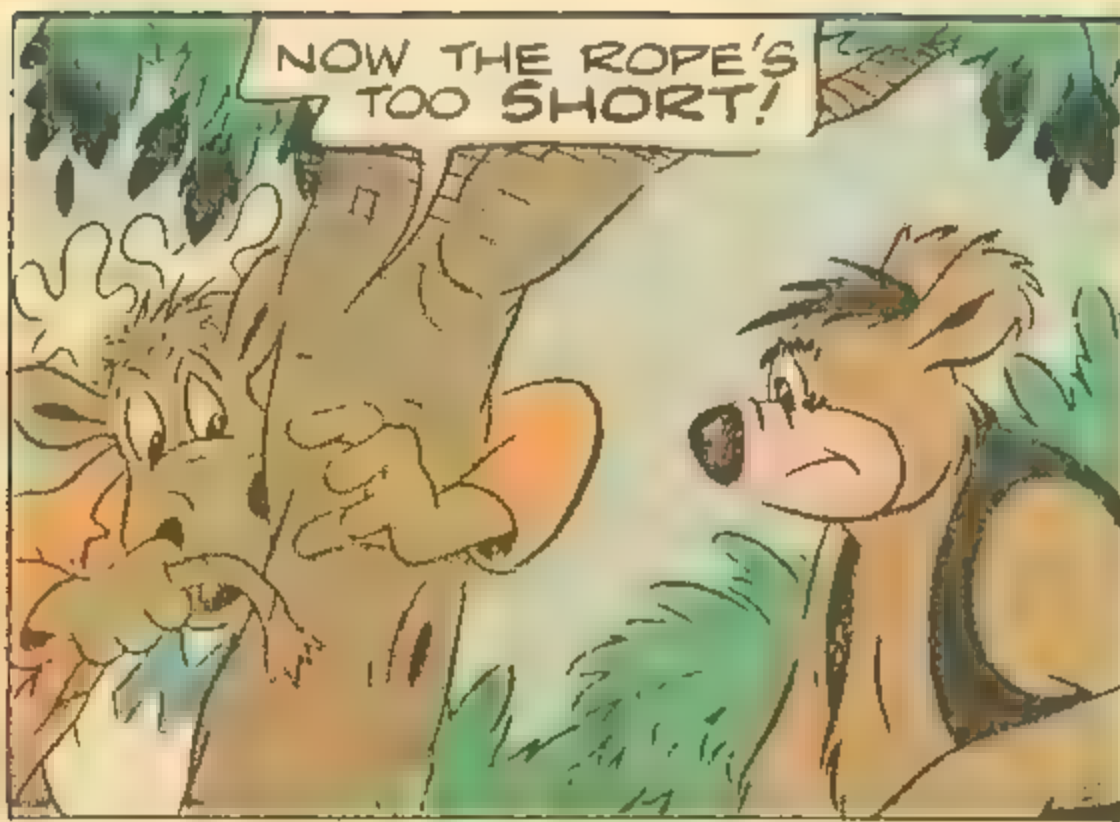


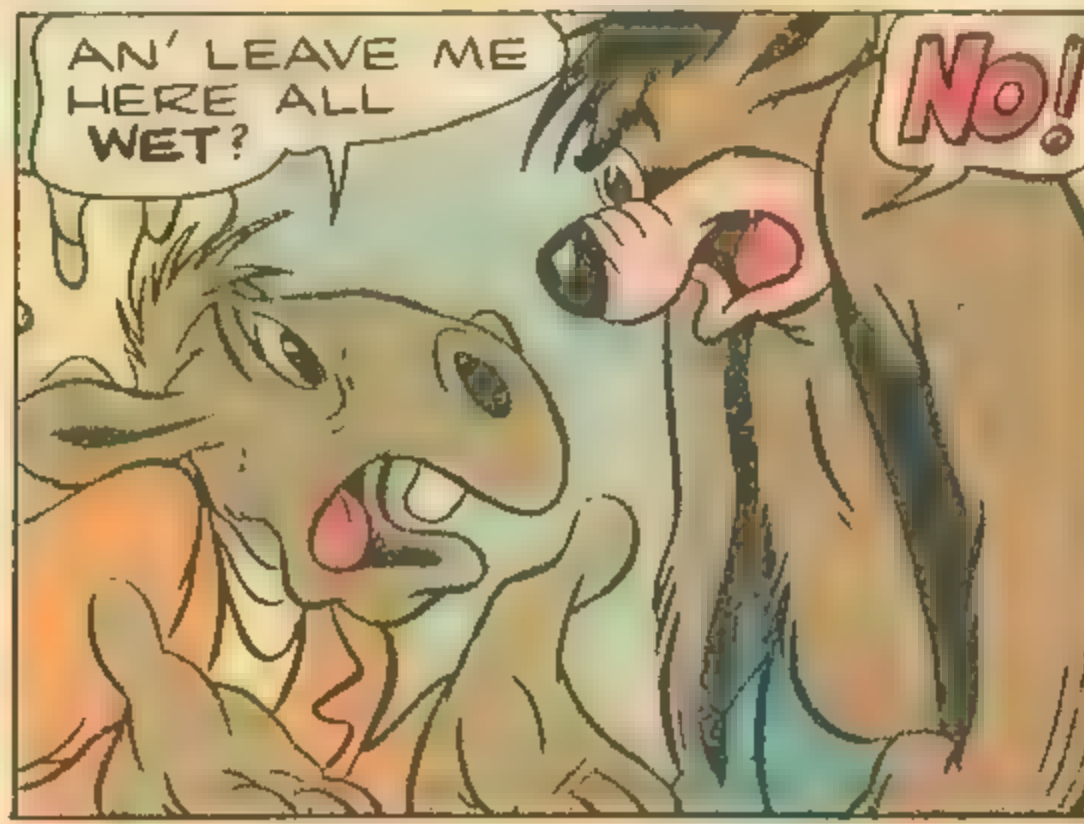
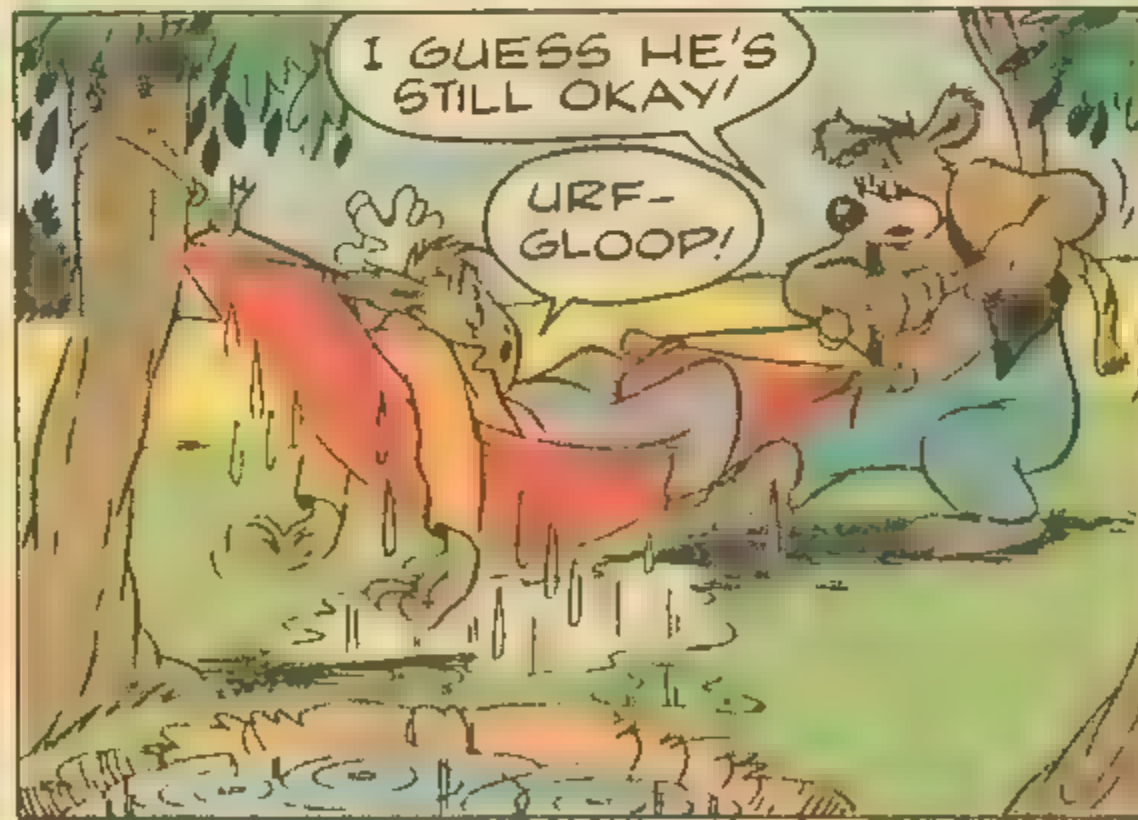
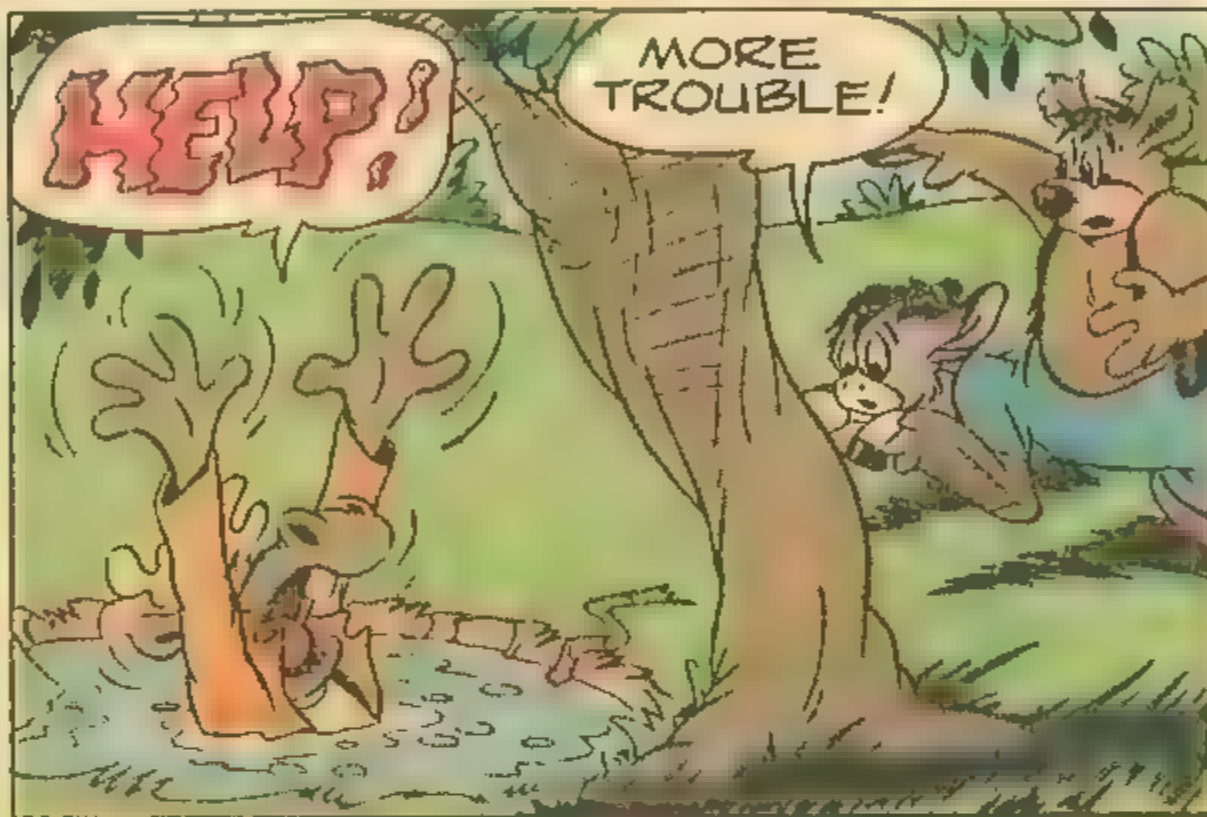
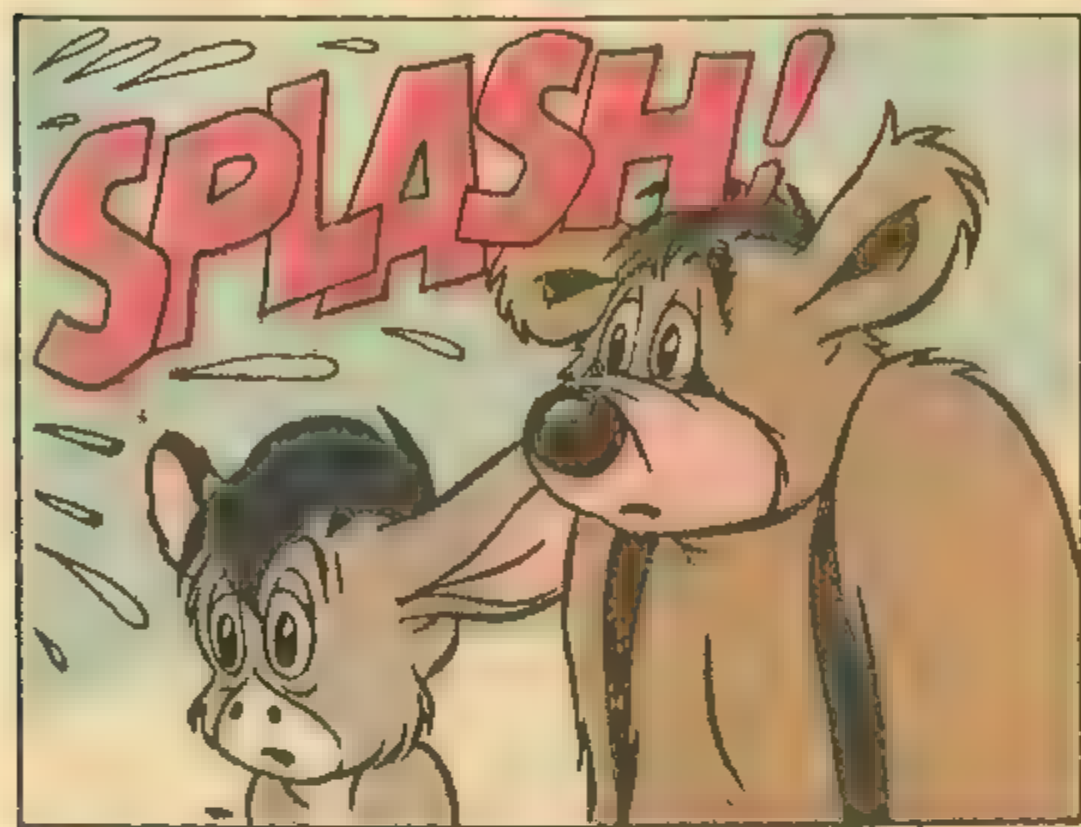
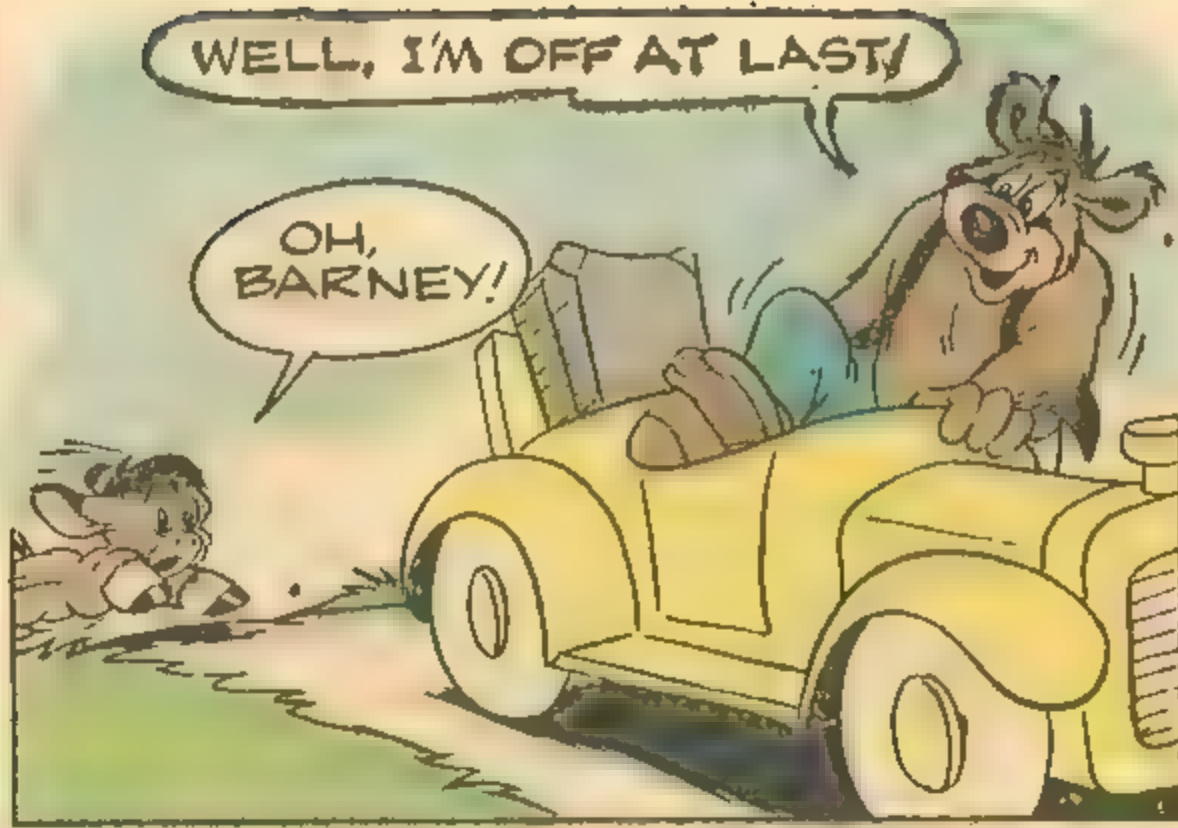
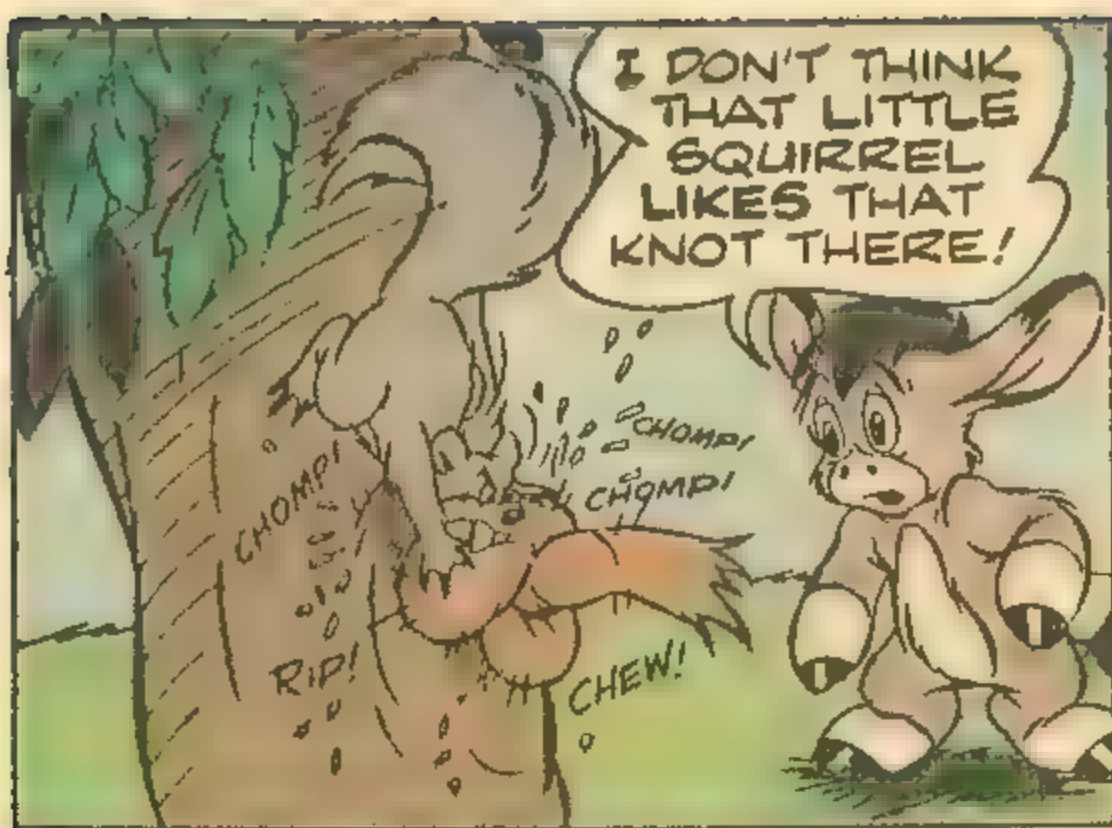
HEY, BARNEY! THIS YOU WON'T BELIEVE!

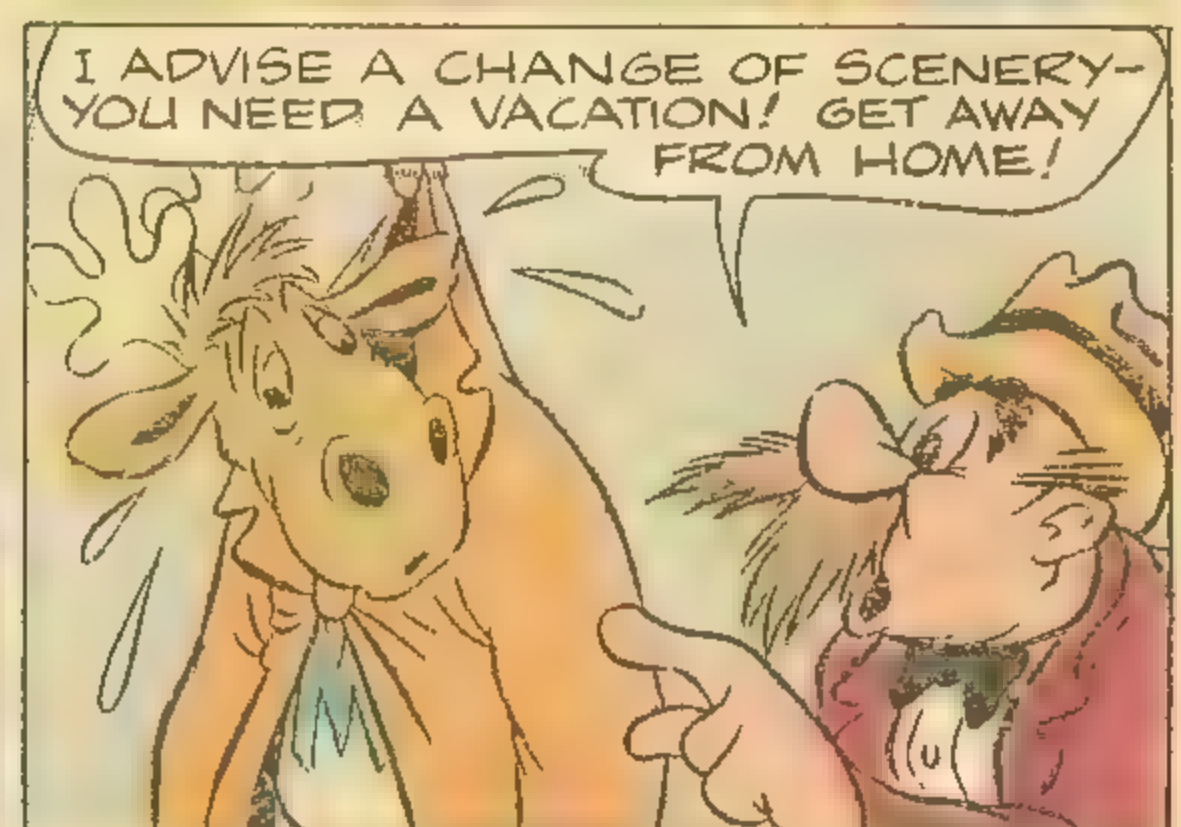
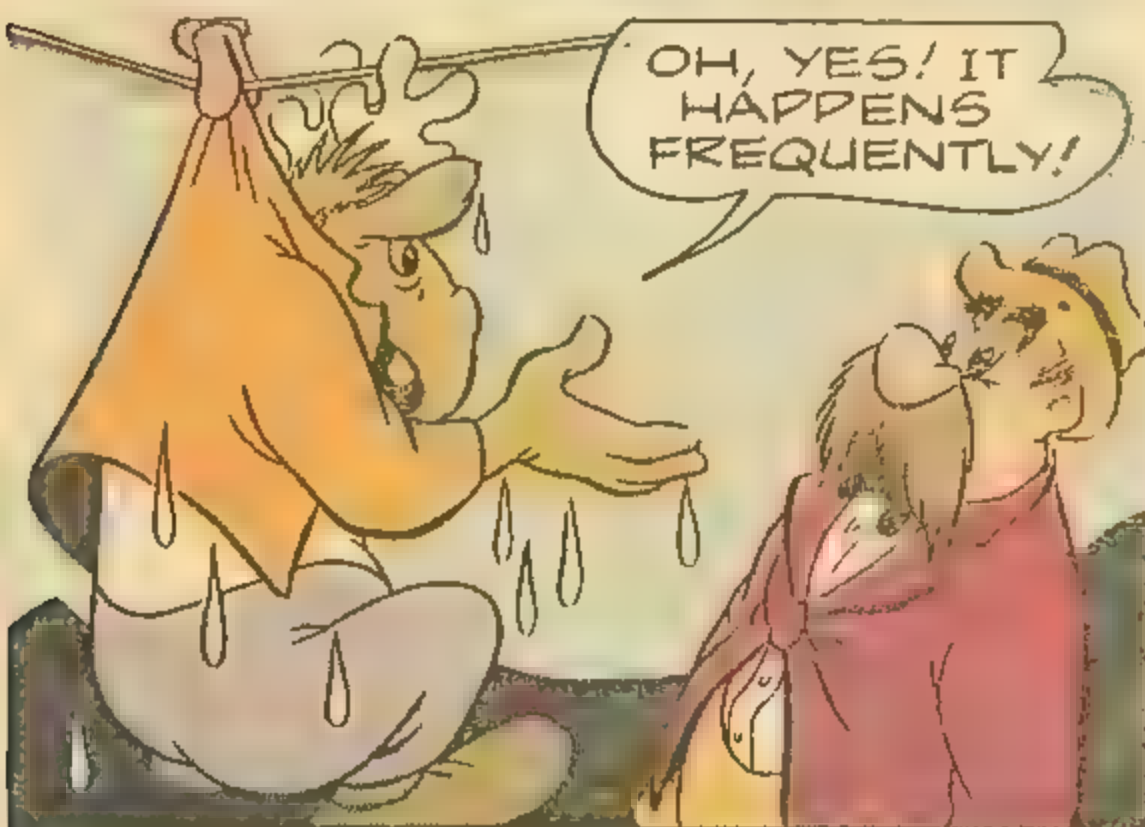
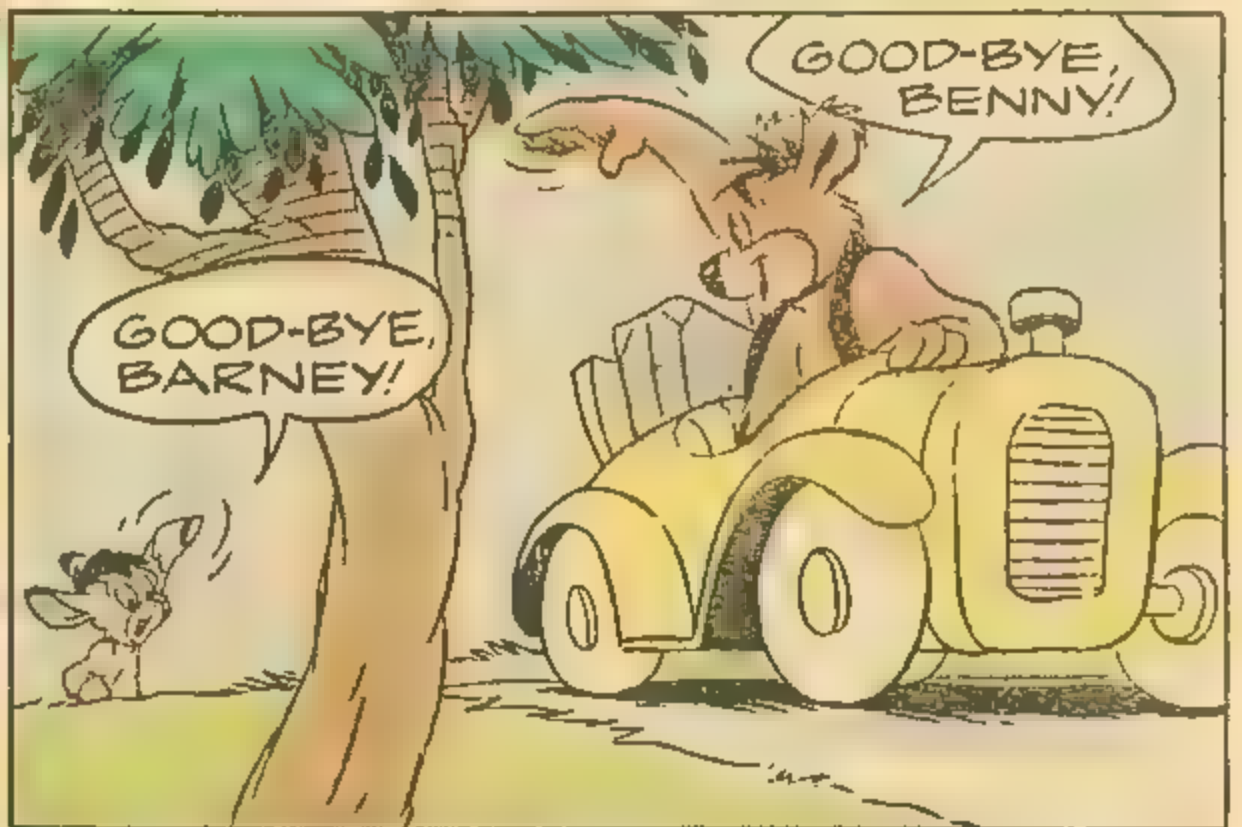
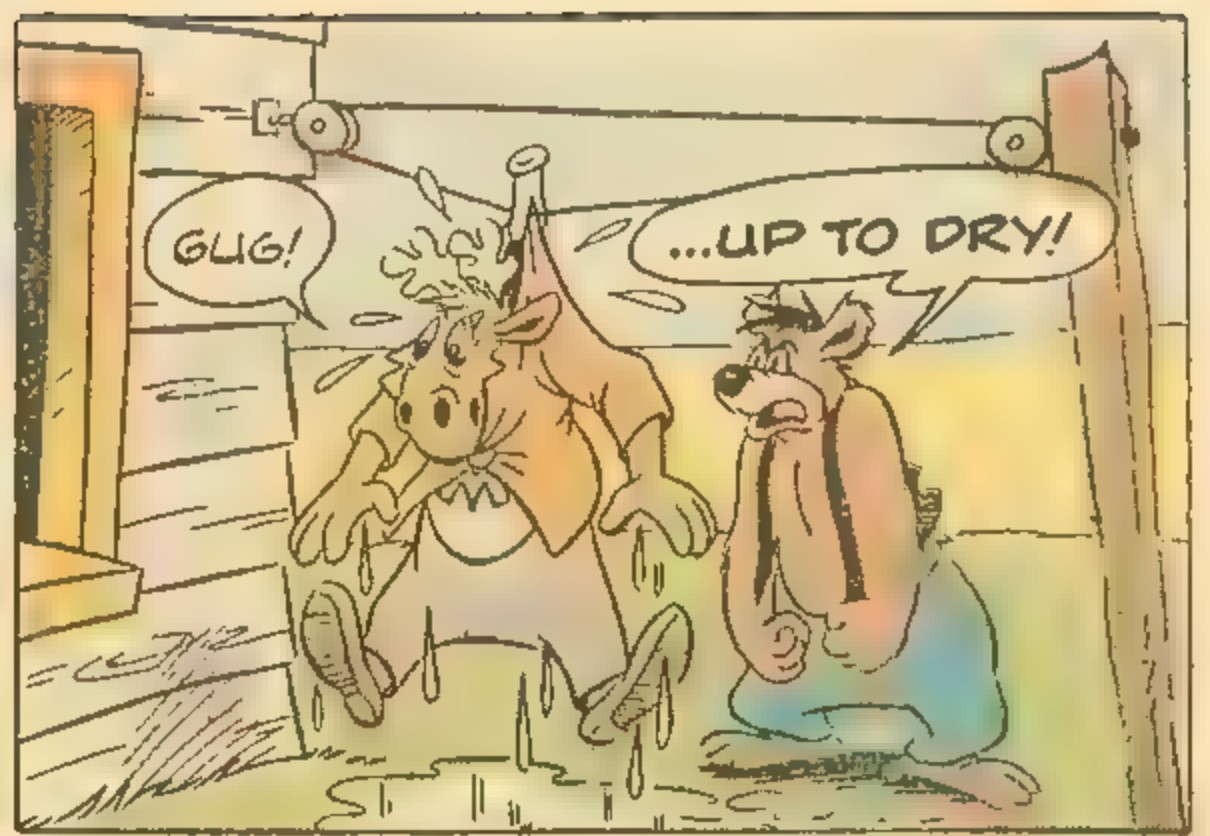


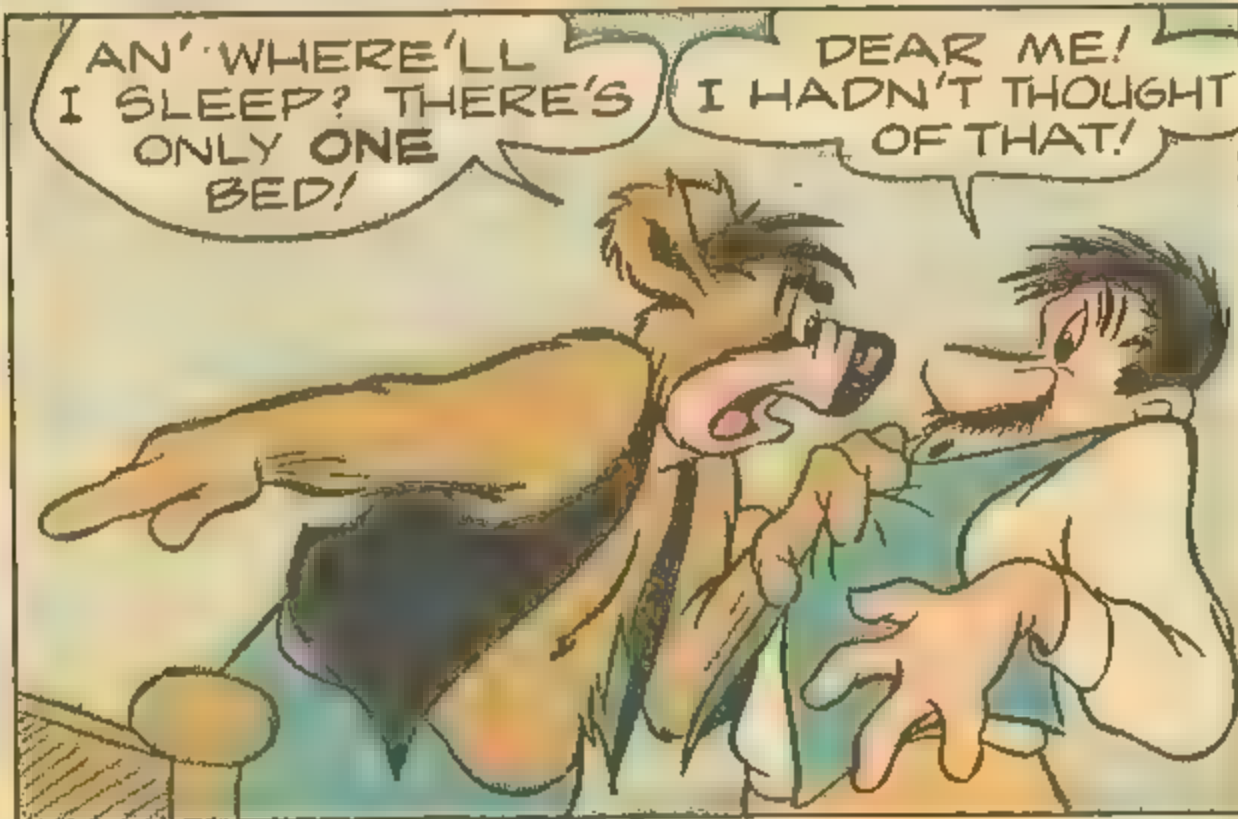
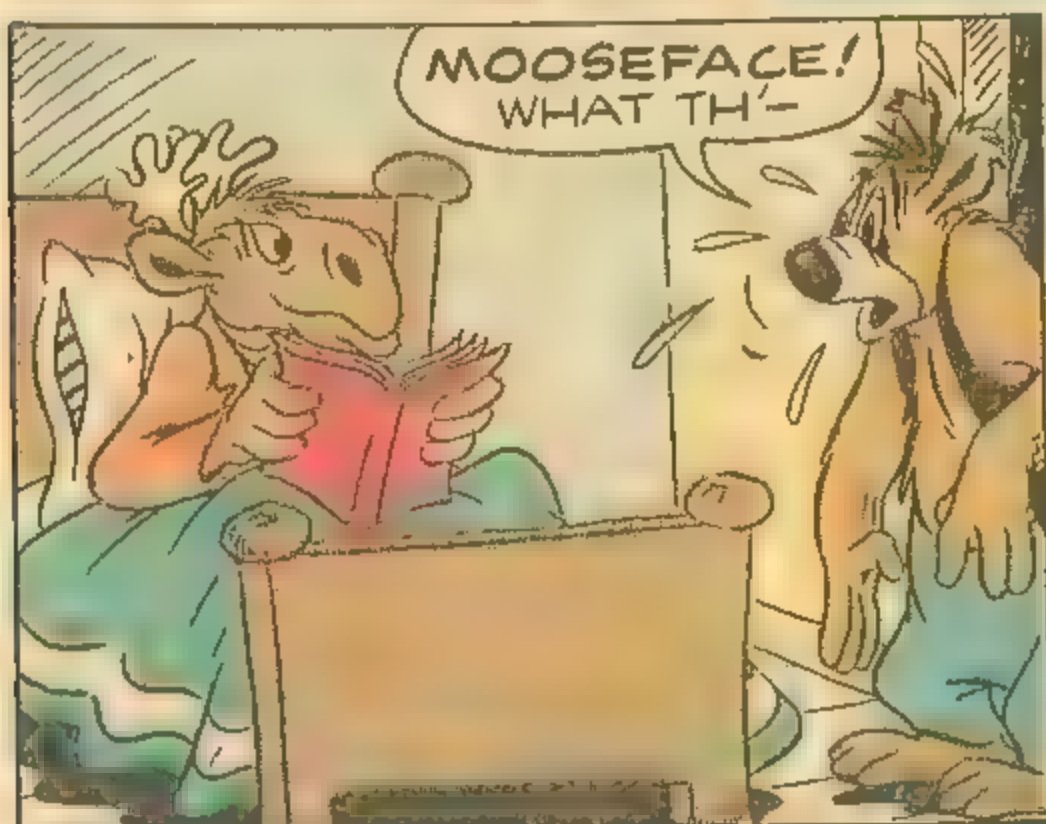
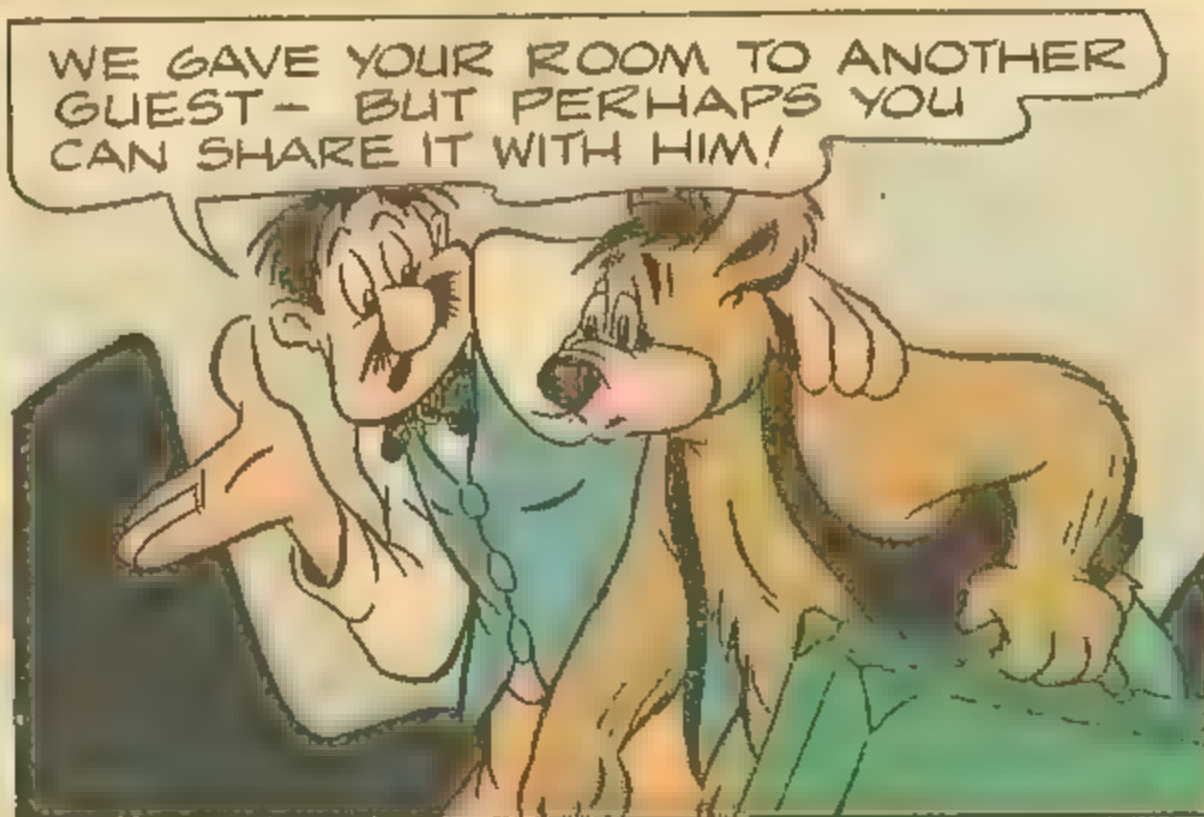
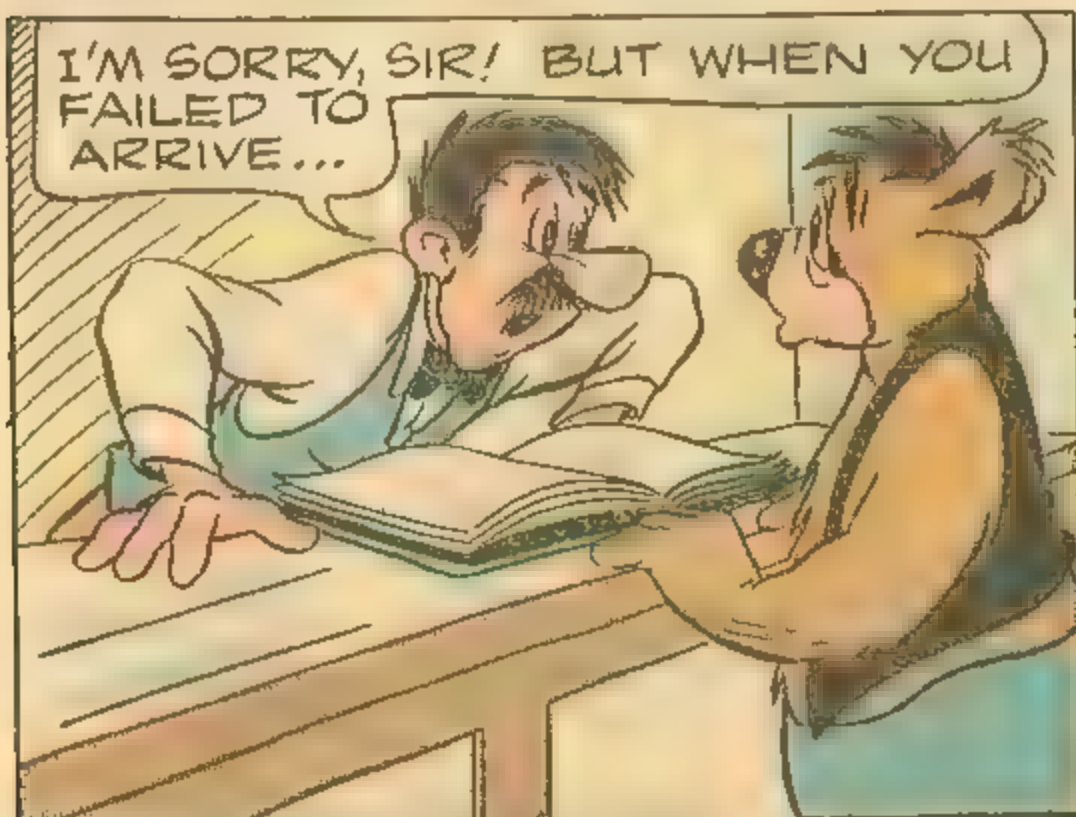
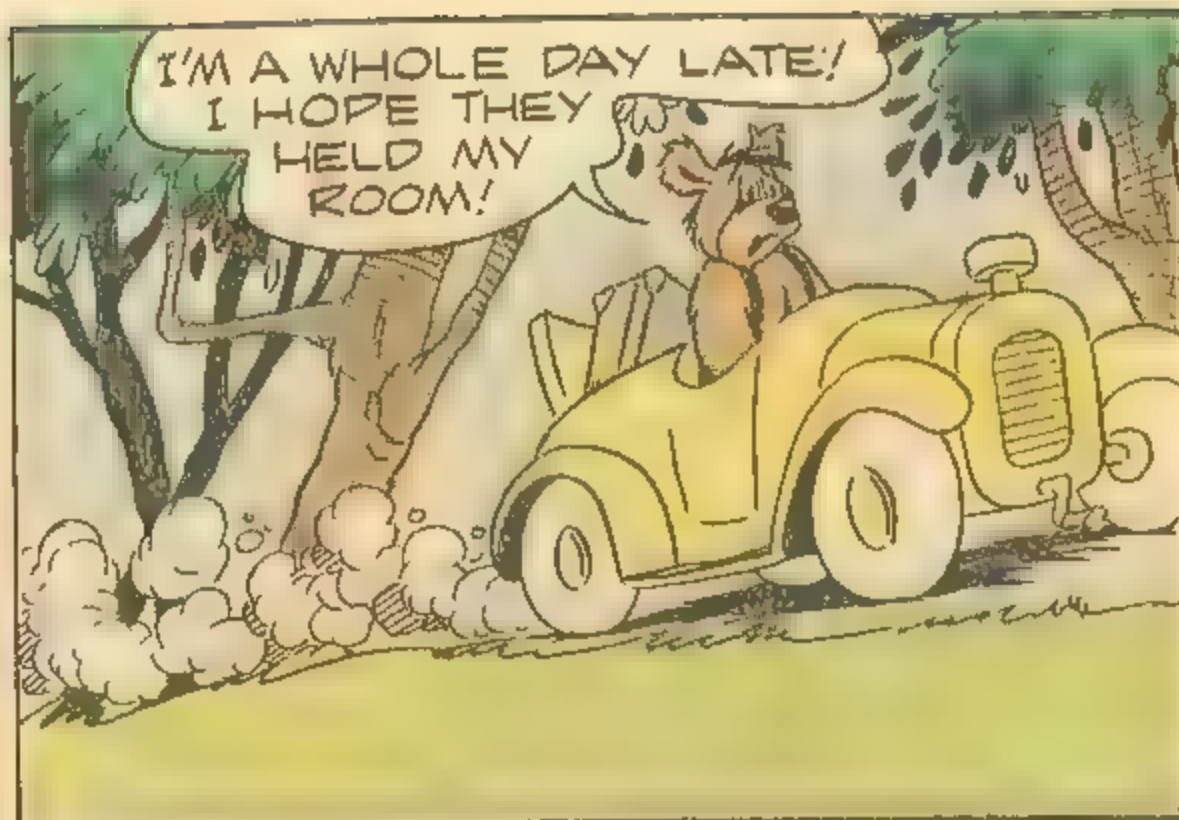
HE FELL BACK INTO THE HAMMOCK AGAIN!

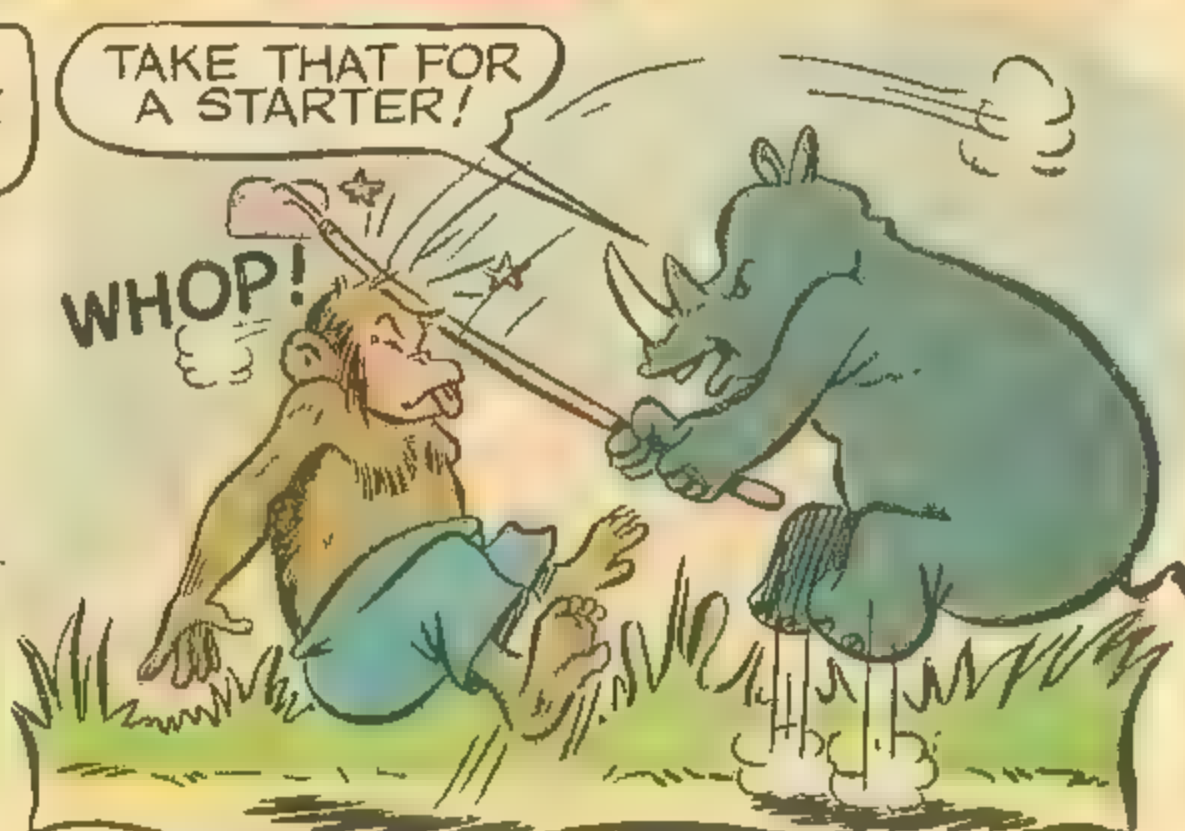
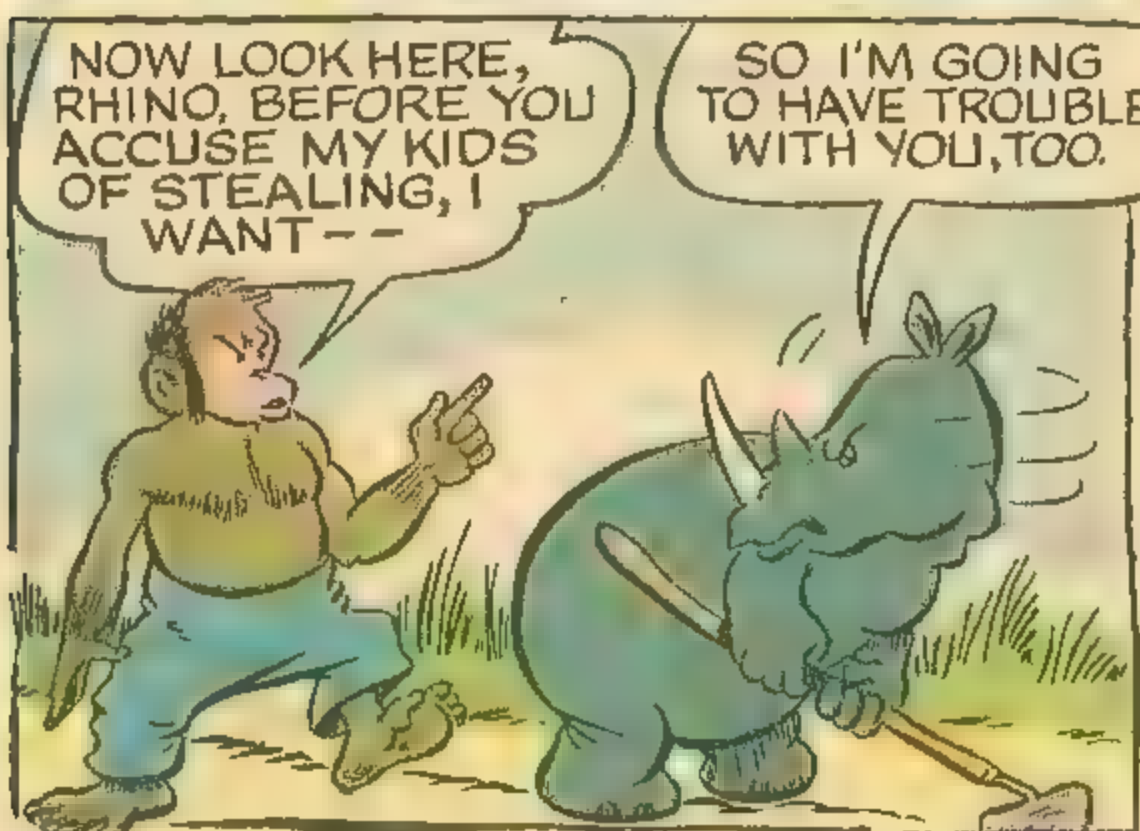
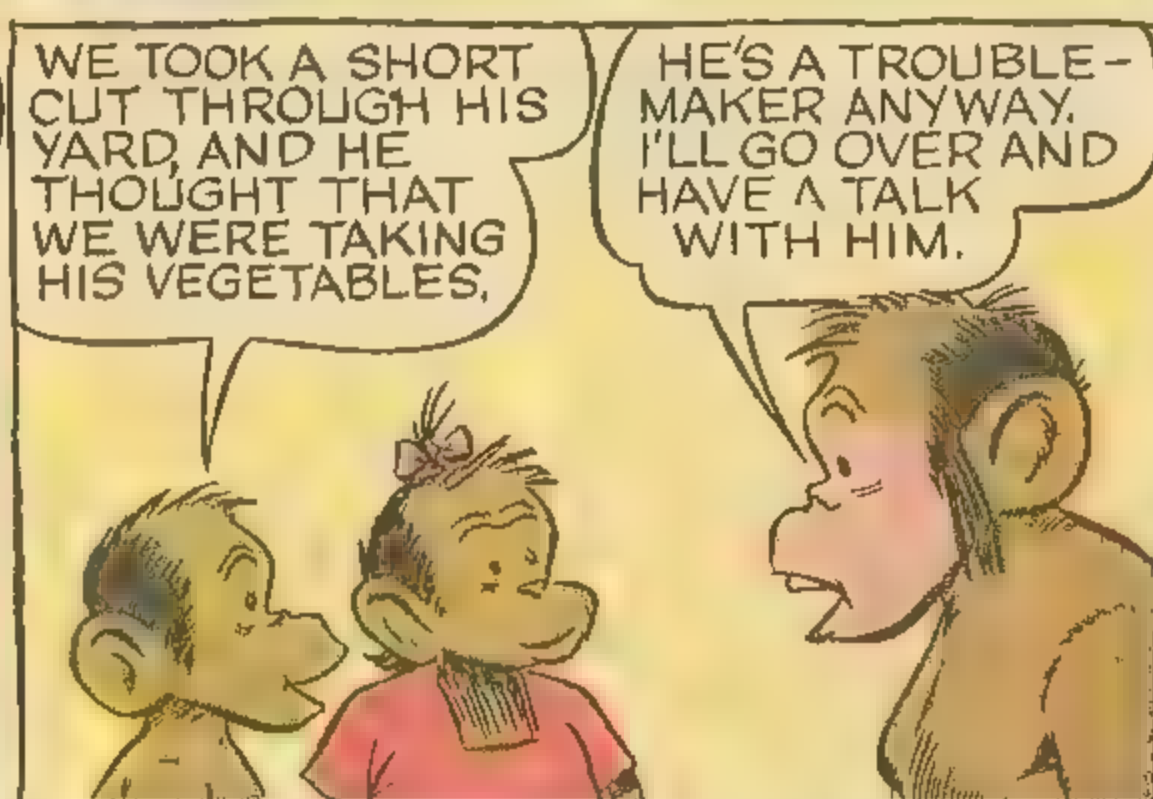
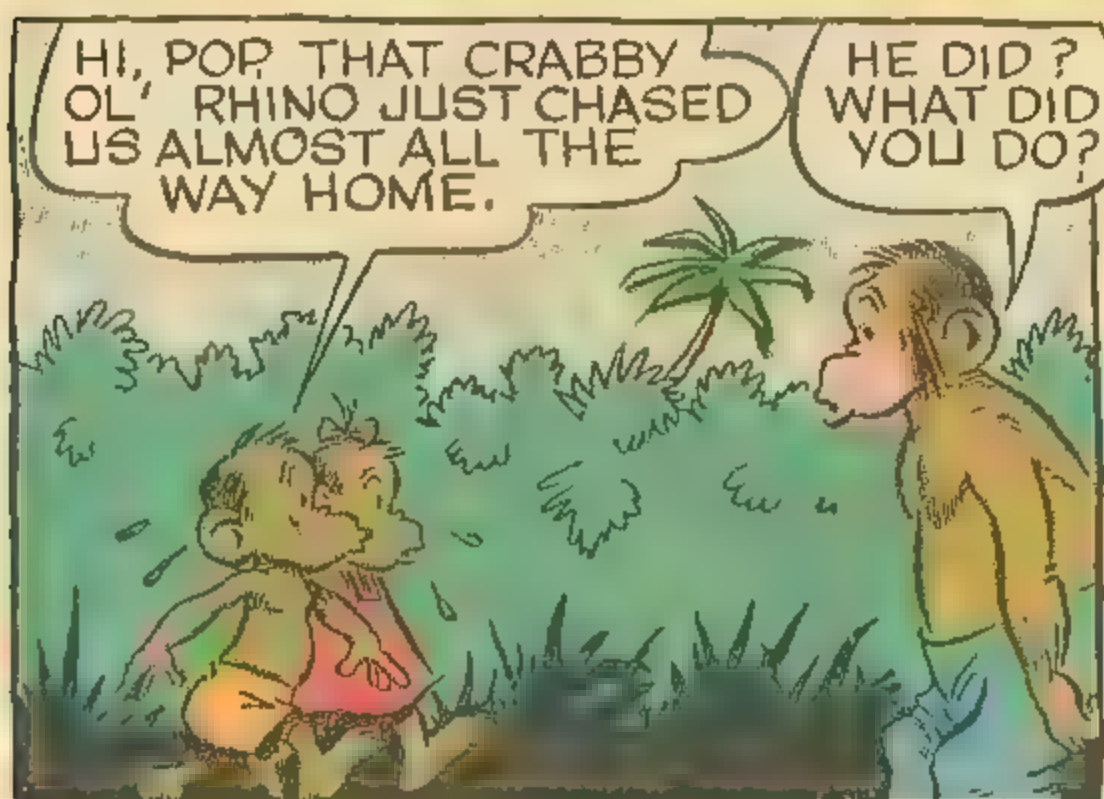
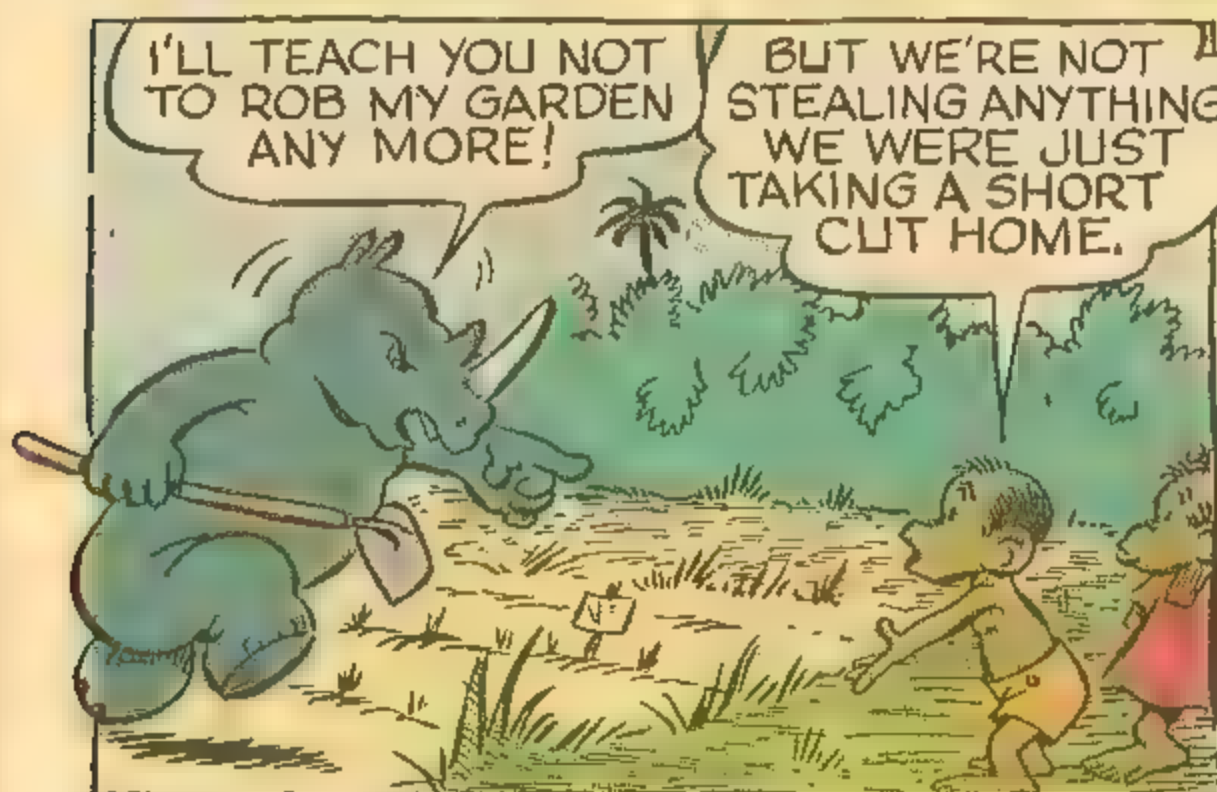
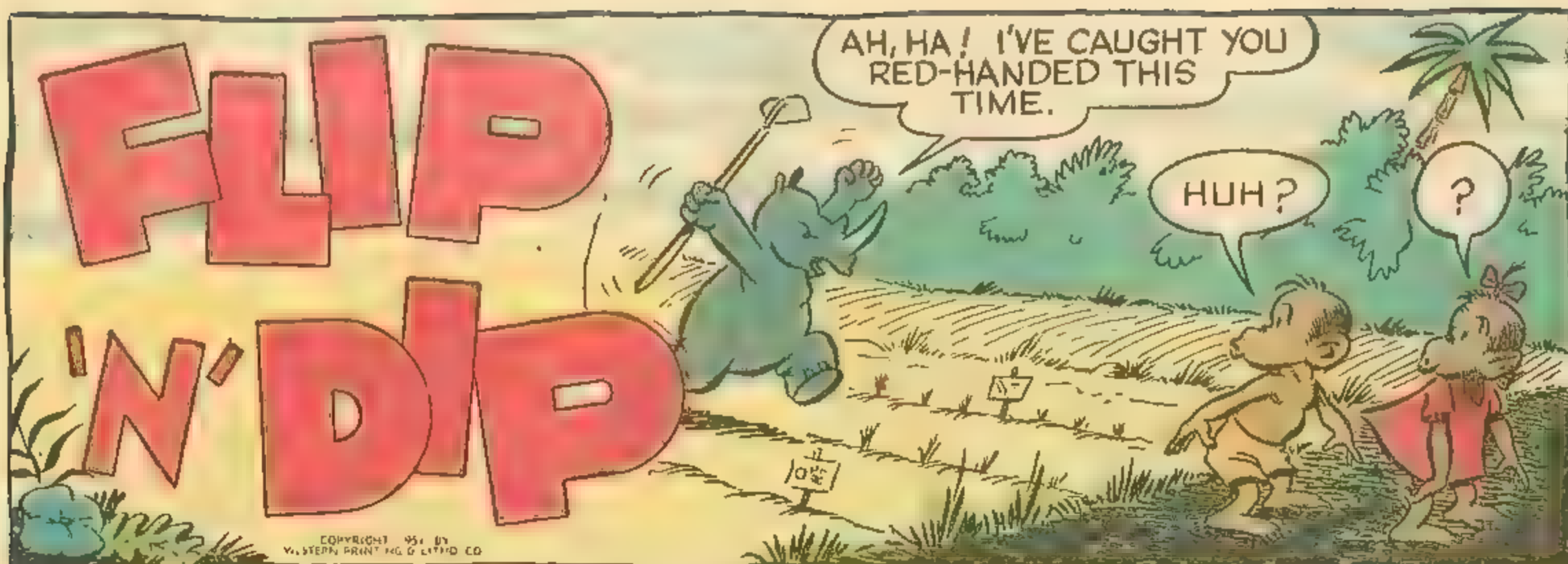


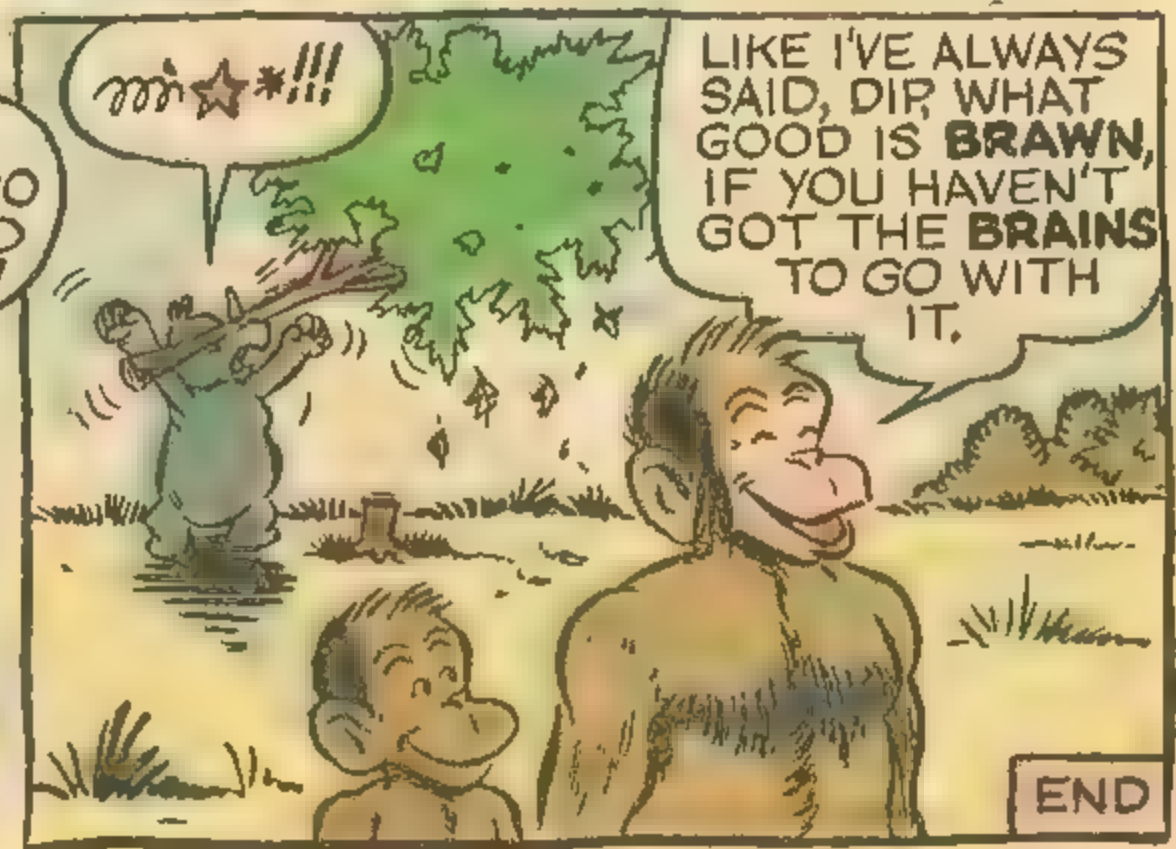
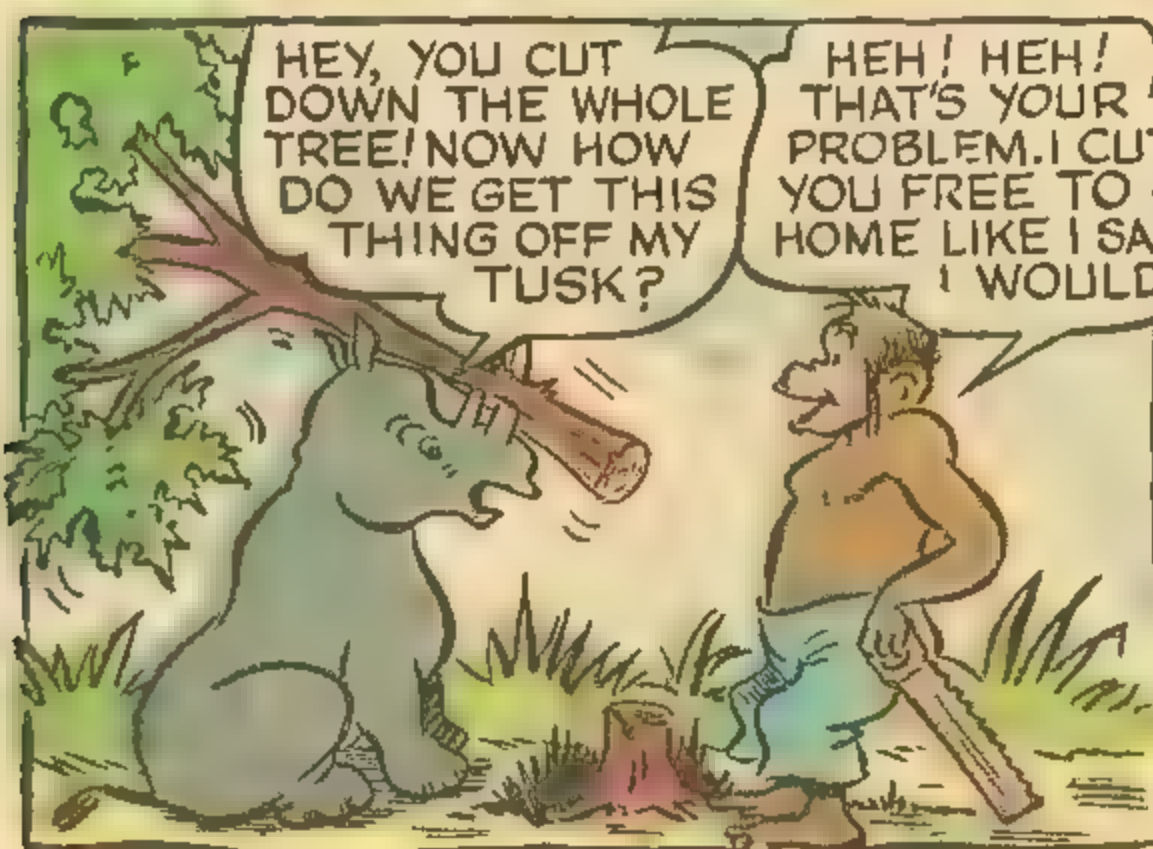
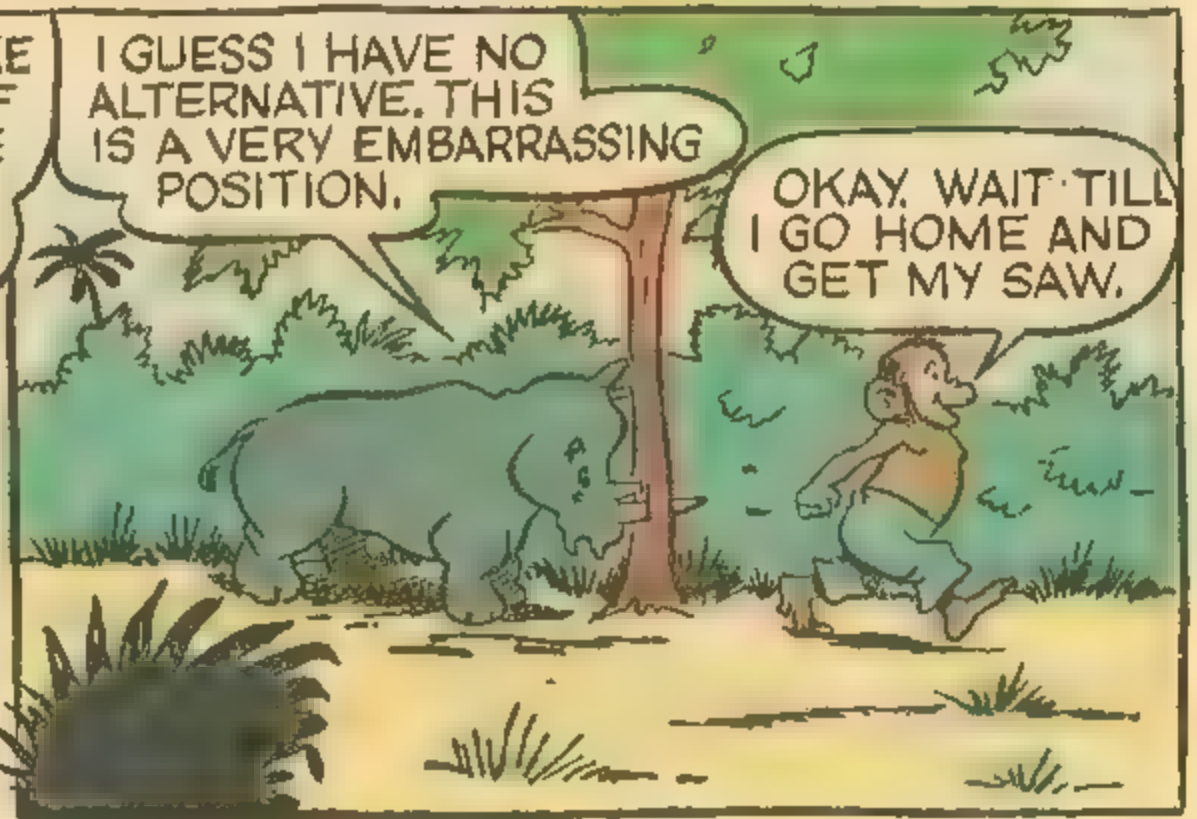
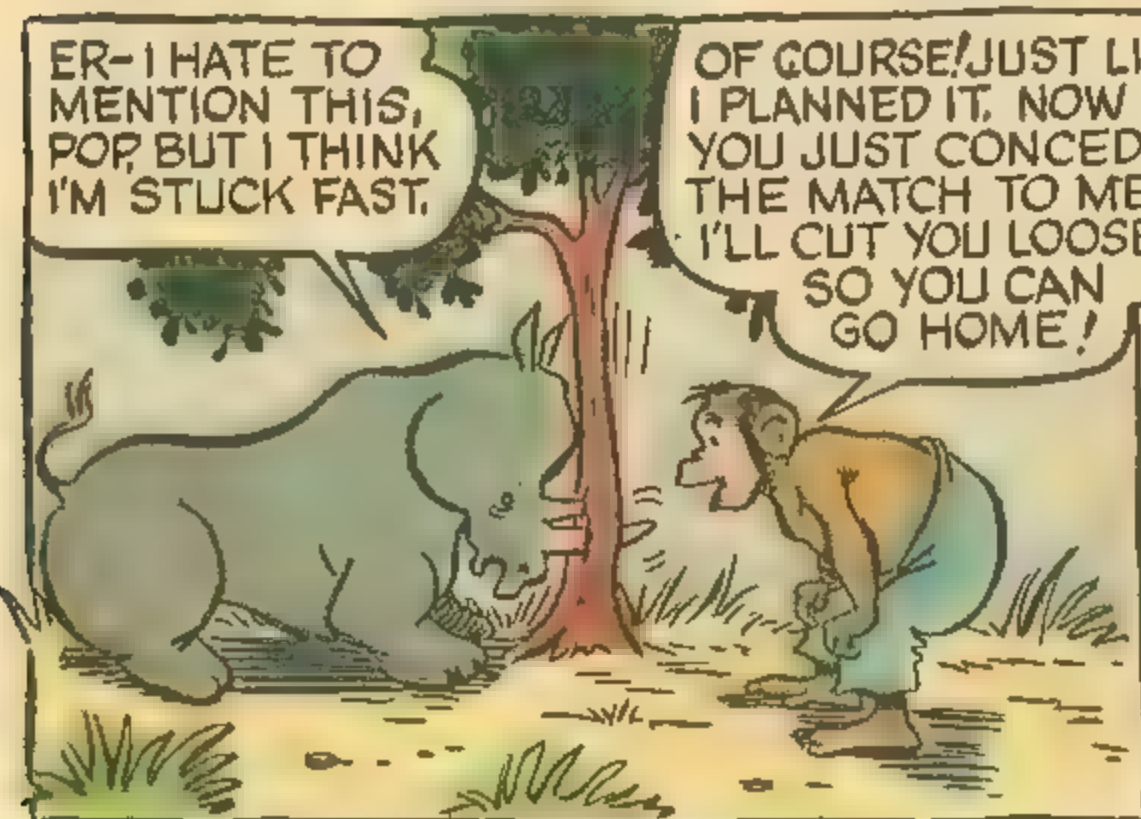
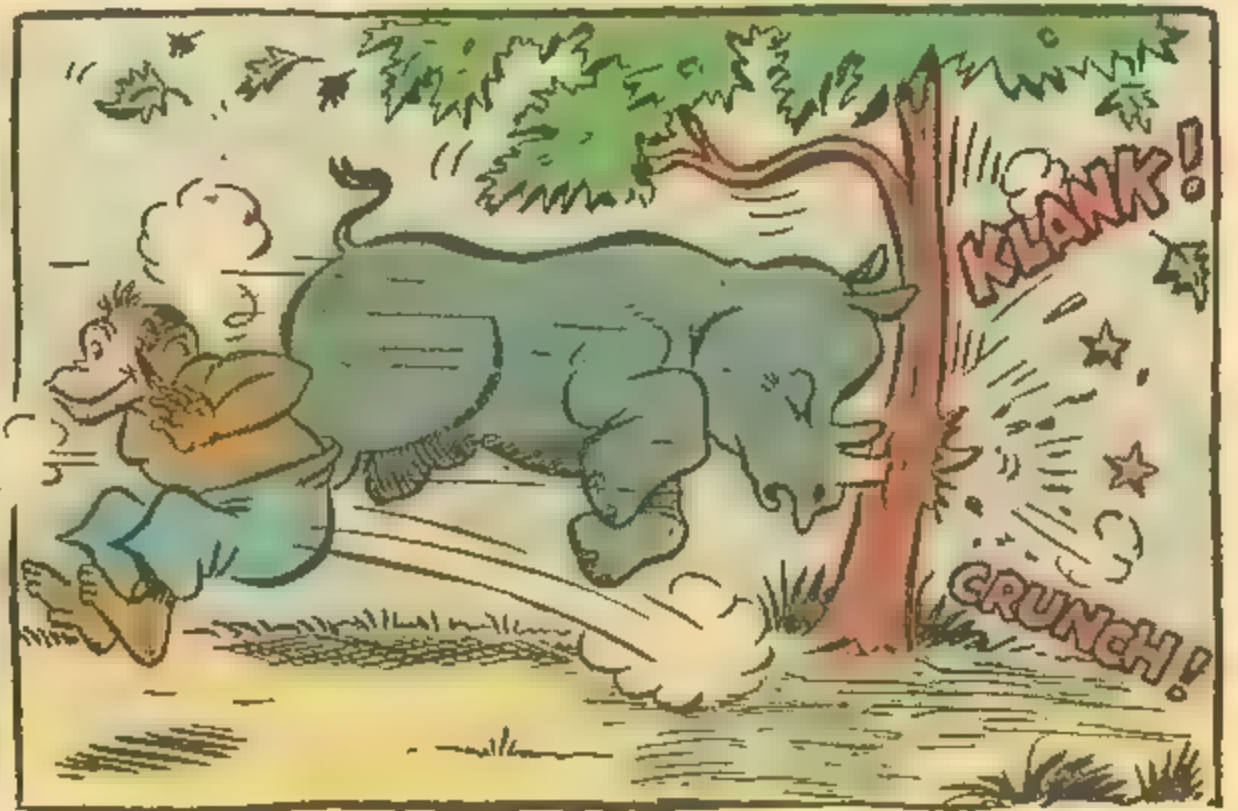
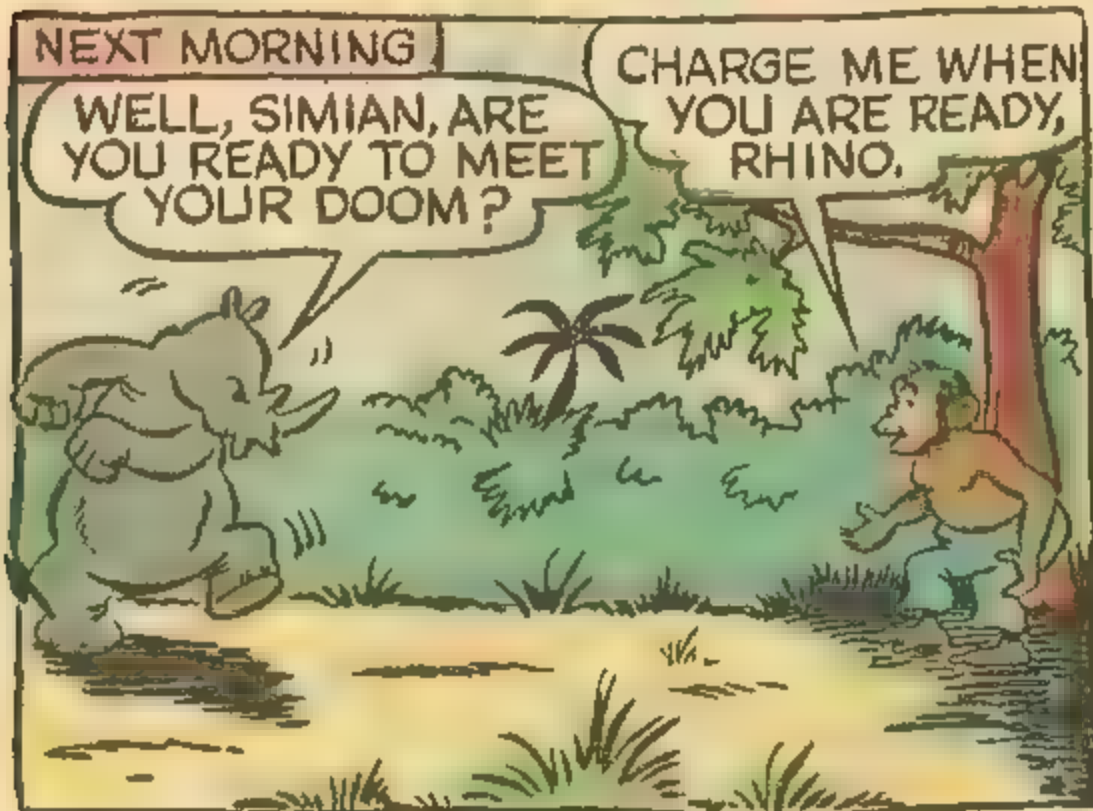
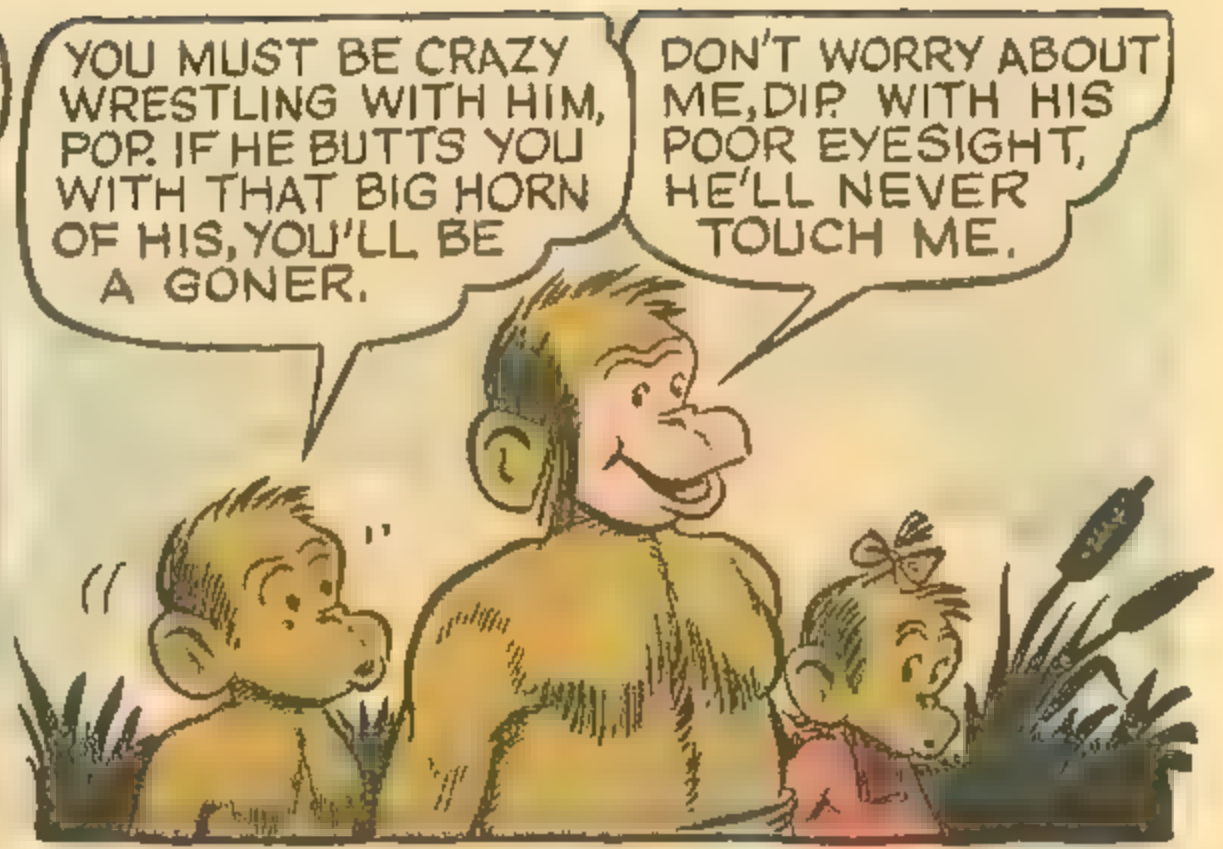
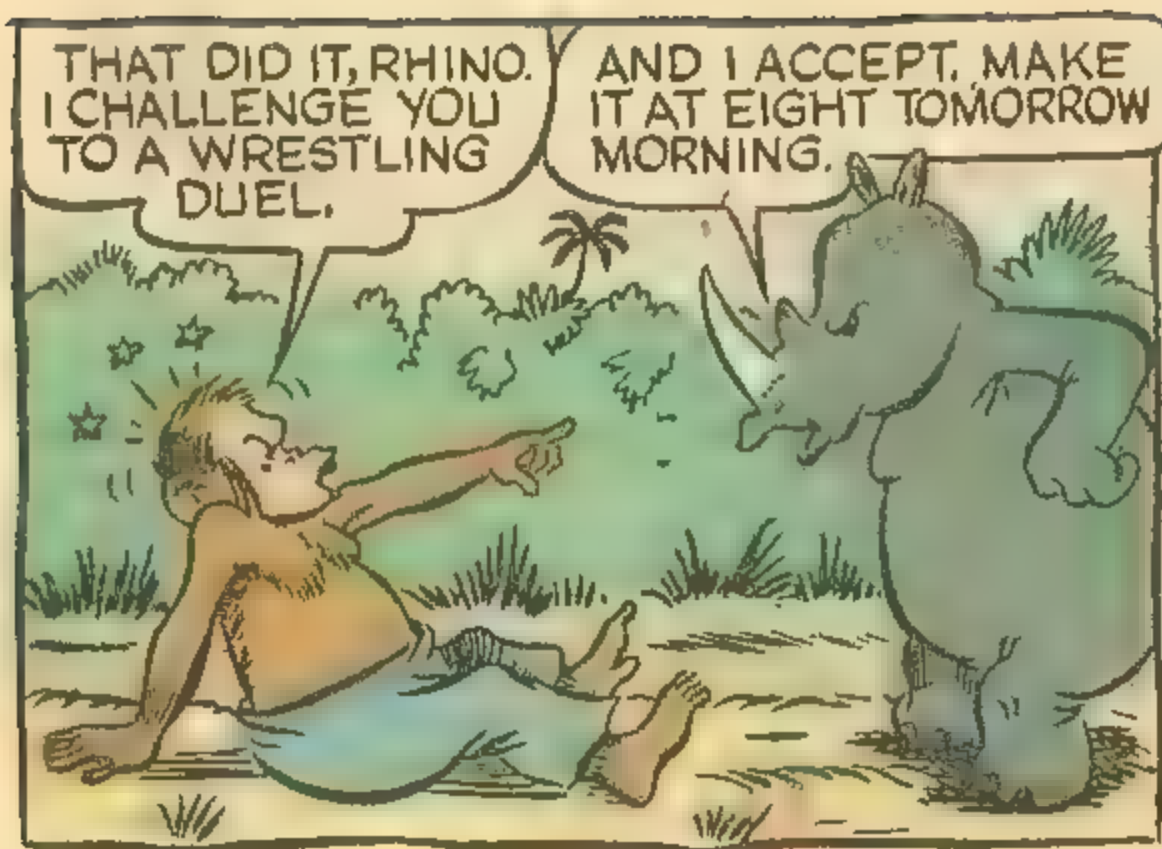












M.G.M. CARTOONS

present

fuzzy and wuzzy

THIS LOOKS LIKE REAL
GOLD DIGGIN' STUFF! I
DIDN'T KNOW UNCLE
BARNEY WAS EVER
A PROSPECTOR!

ME, EITHER...
LET'S ASK HIM
ABOUT IT!

MAYBE HE'LL TAKE
US PROSPECTIN'!

THAT WOULD
REALLY BE A
DEAL!

UNCLE BARNEY, WERE YOU
EVER A REAL GOLD MINER?

ER... HUH?
AH... HMM...
OH, YES,
INDEED,
BOYS.

AND DID YOU EVER DISCOVER
GOLD... AND WERE THERE CLAIM-
JUMPERS... AND DID YOU GET
RICH, AND...

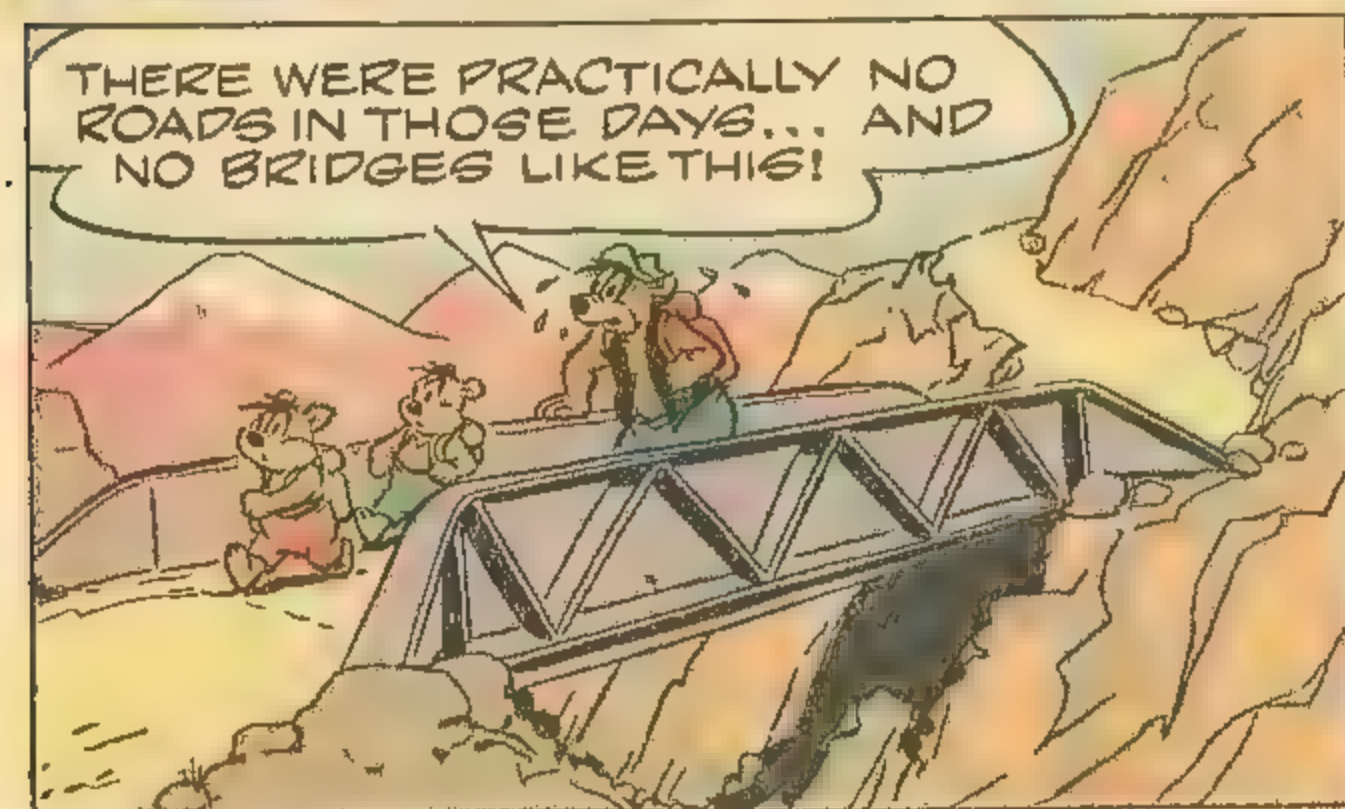
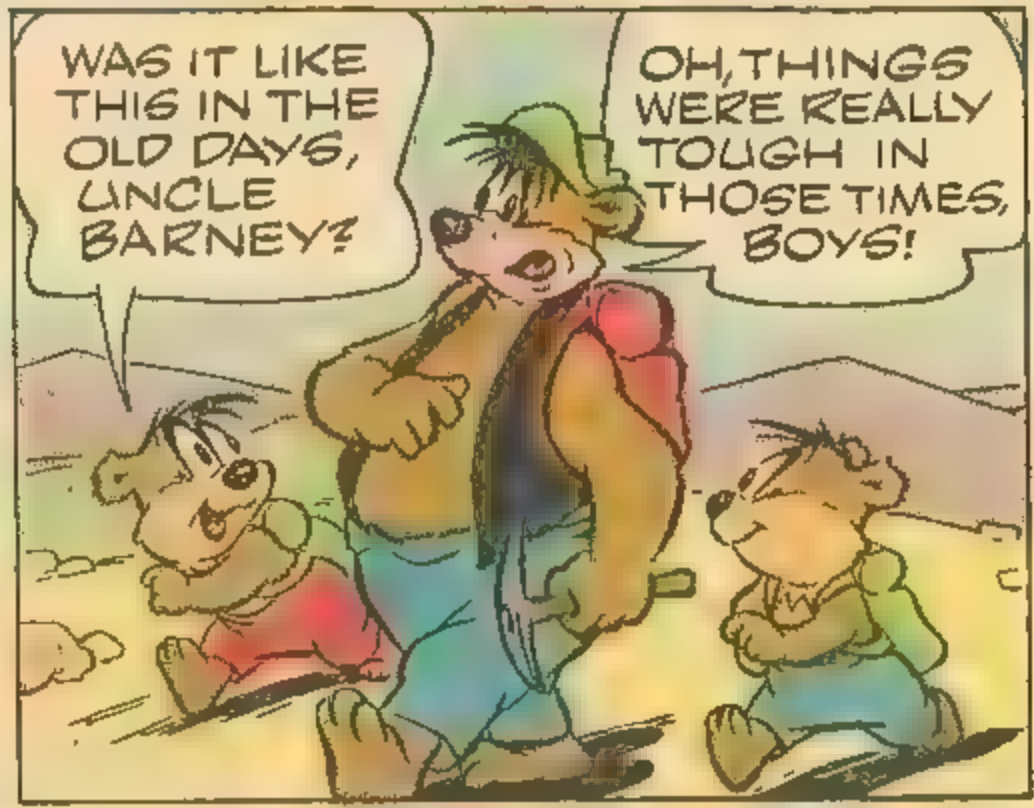
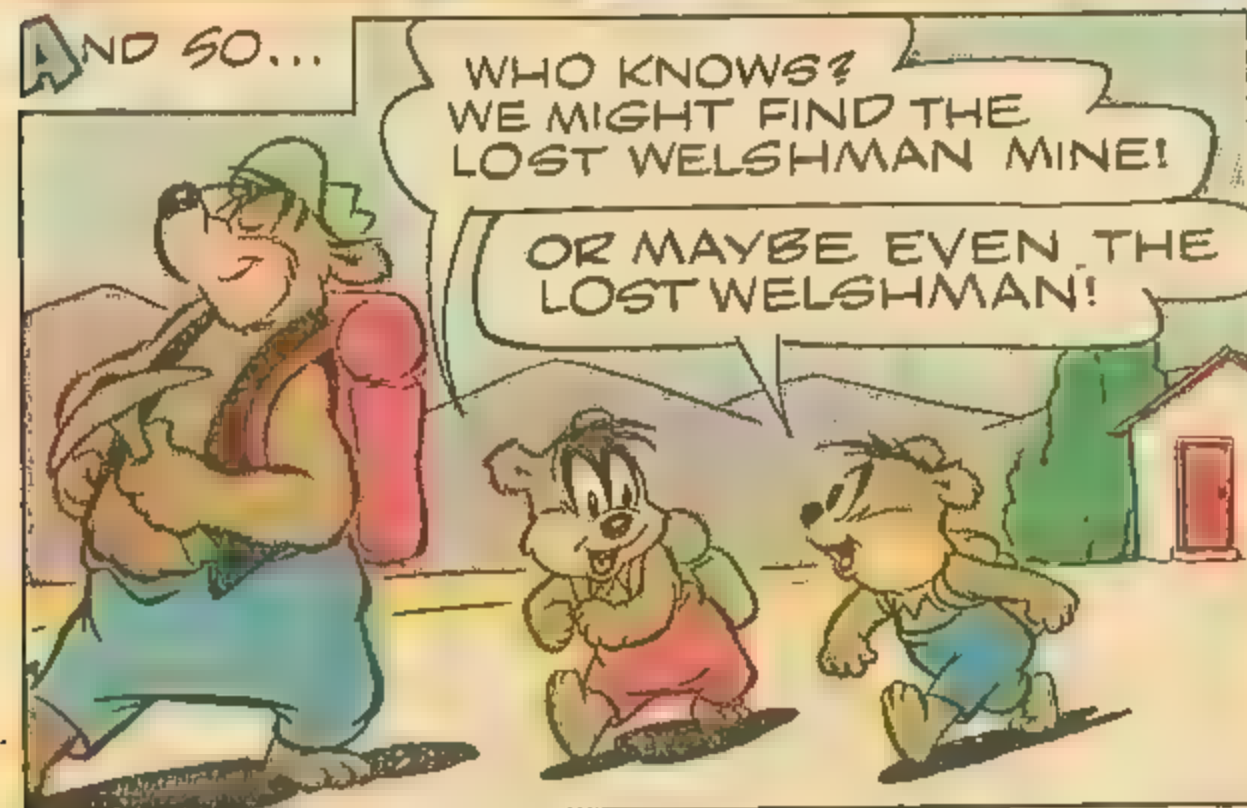
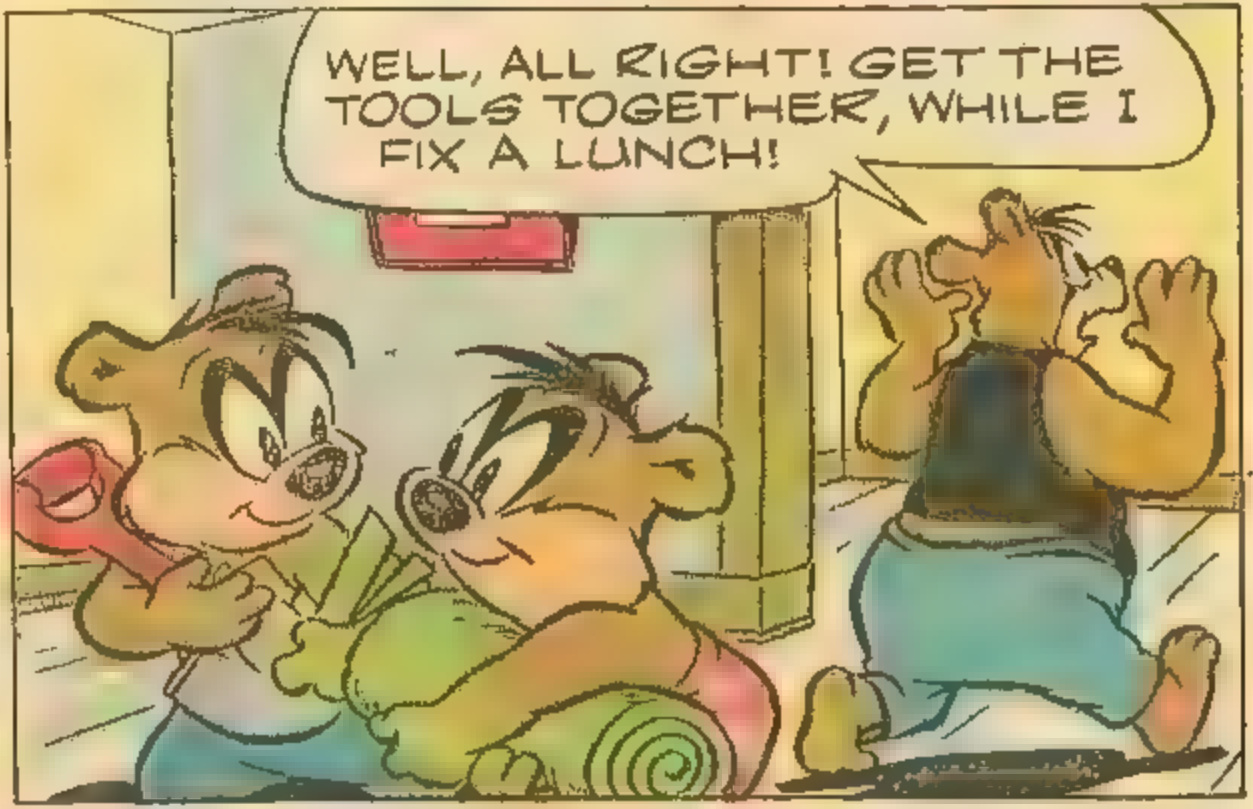
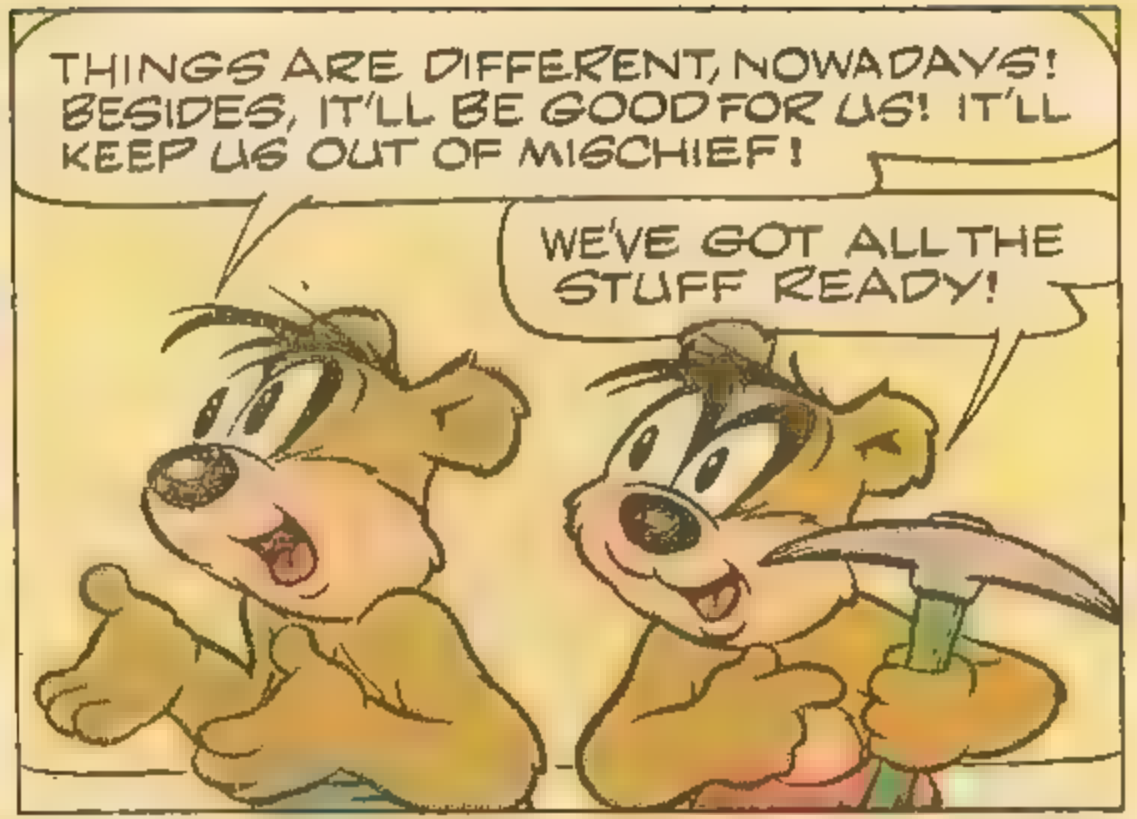
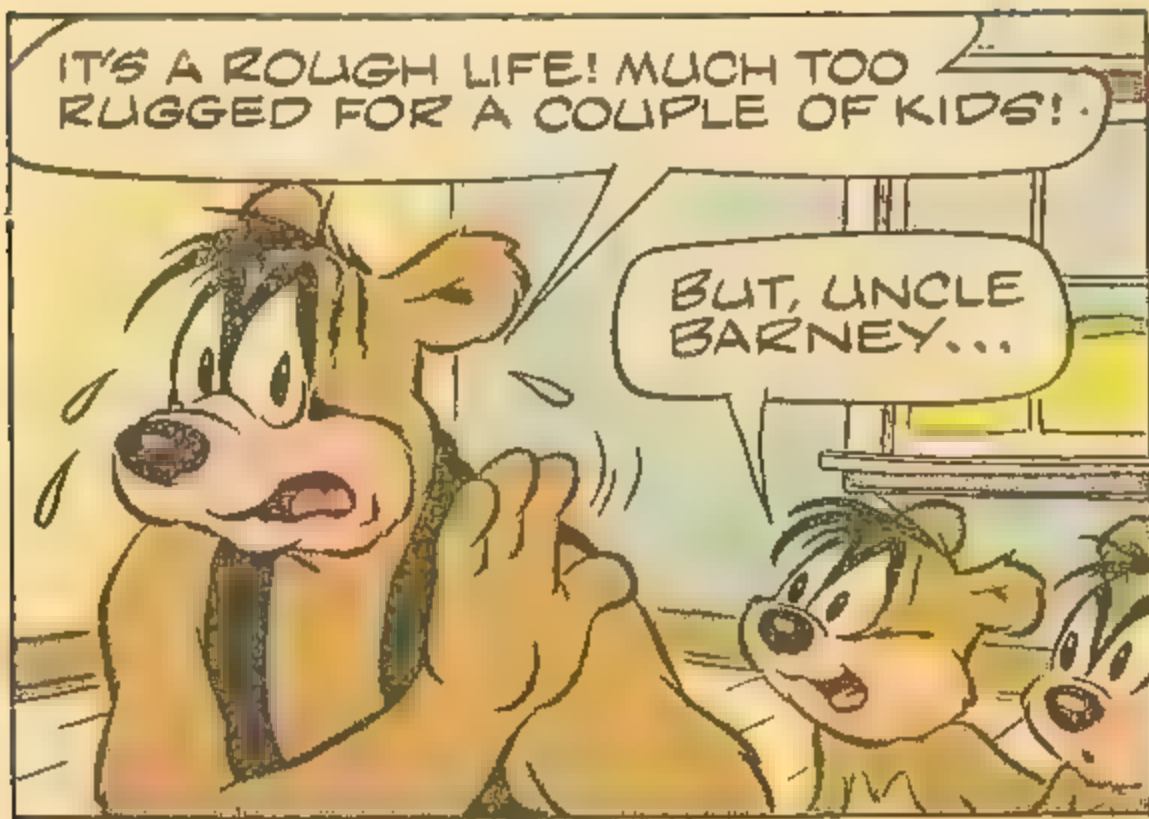
OH, SURE, SURE... WHY I
REMEMBER...

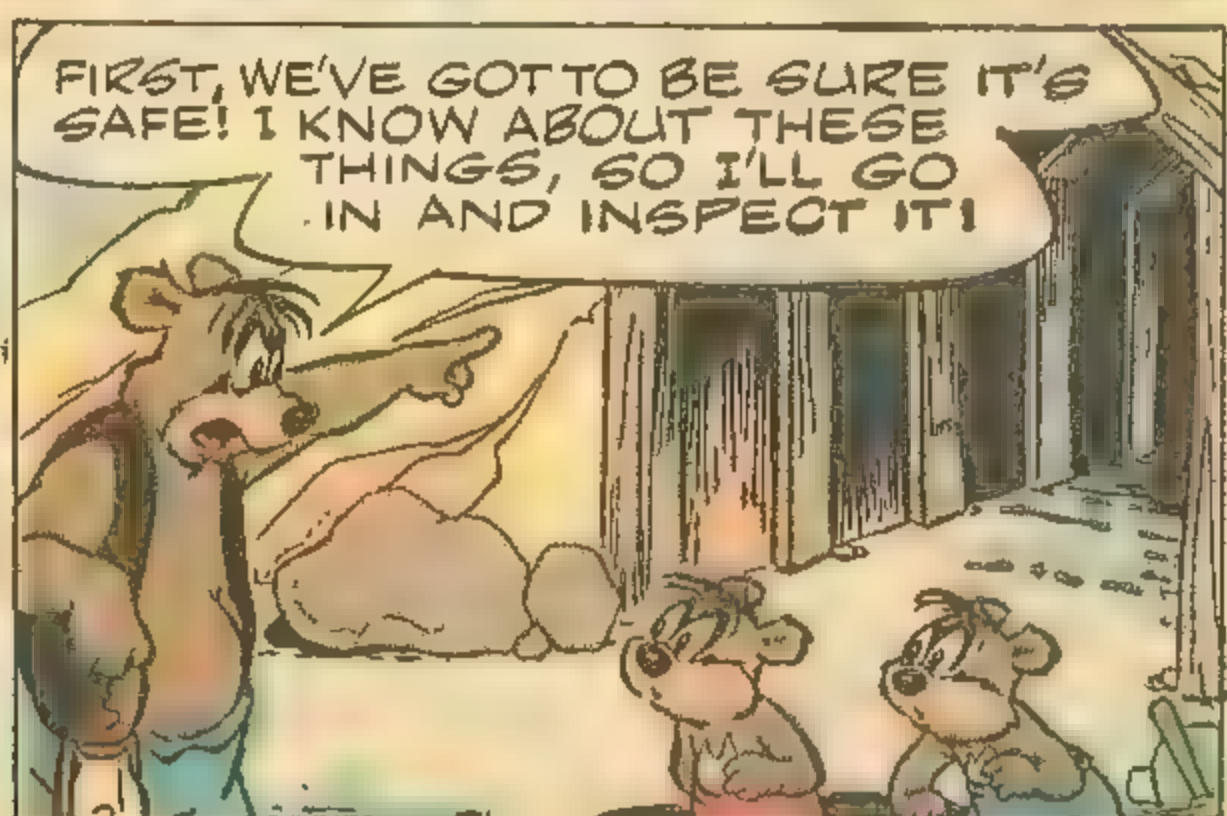
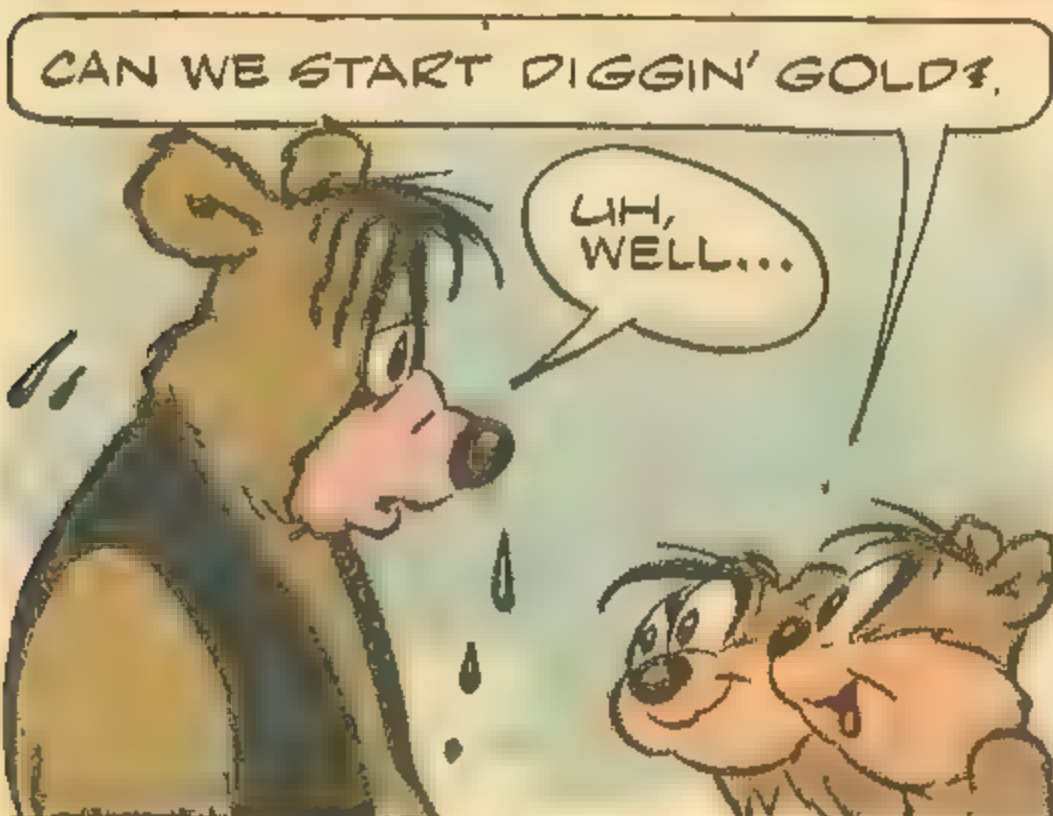
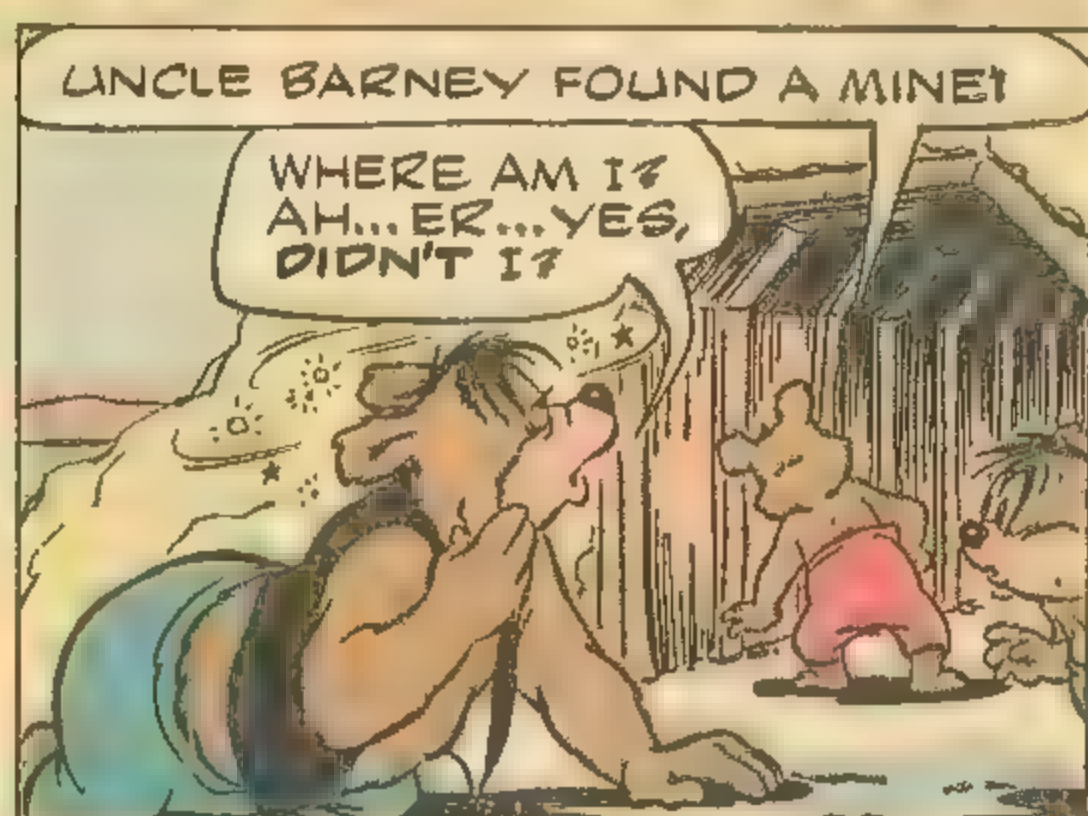
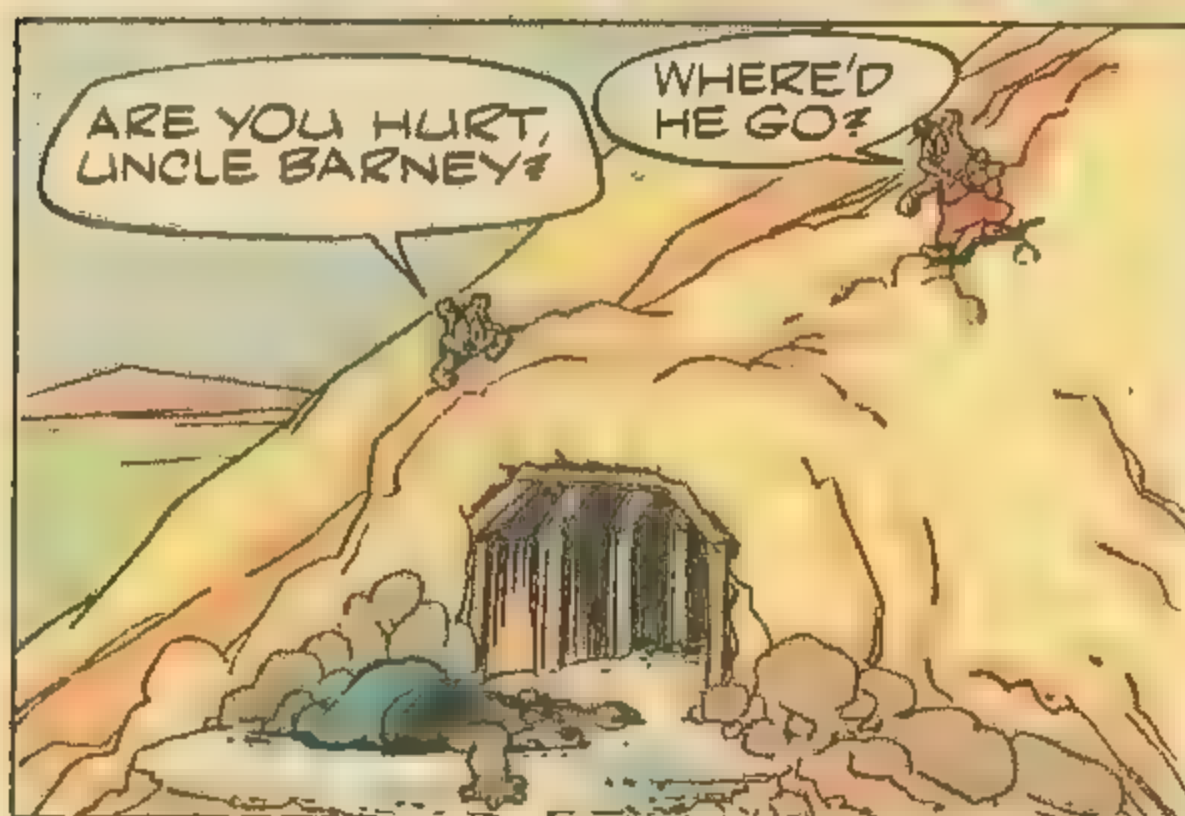
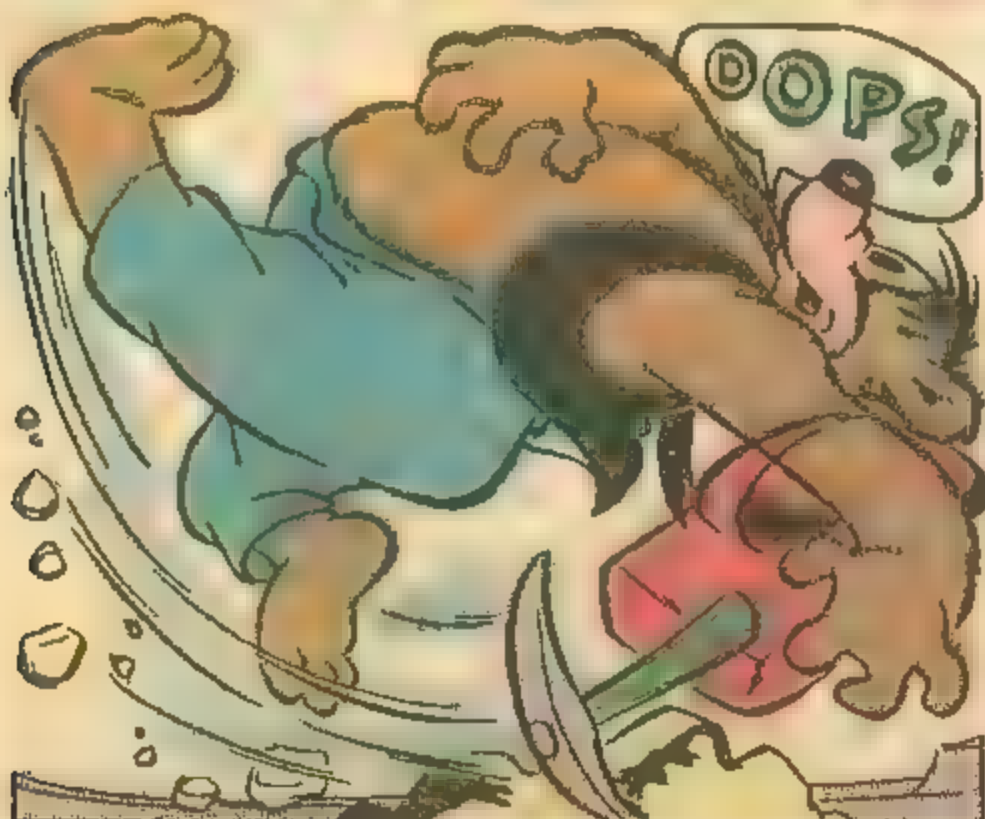
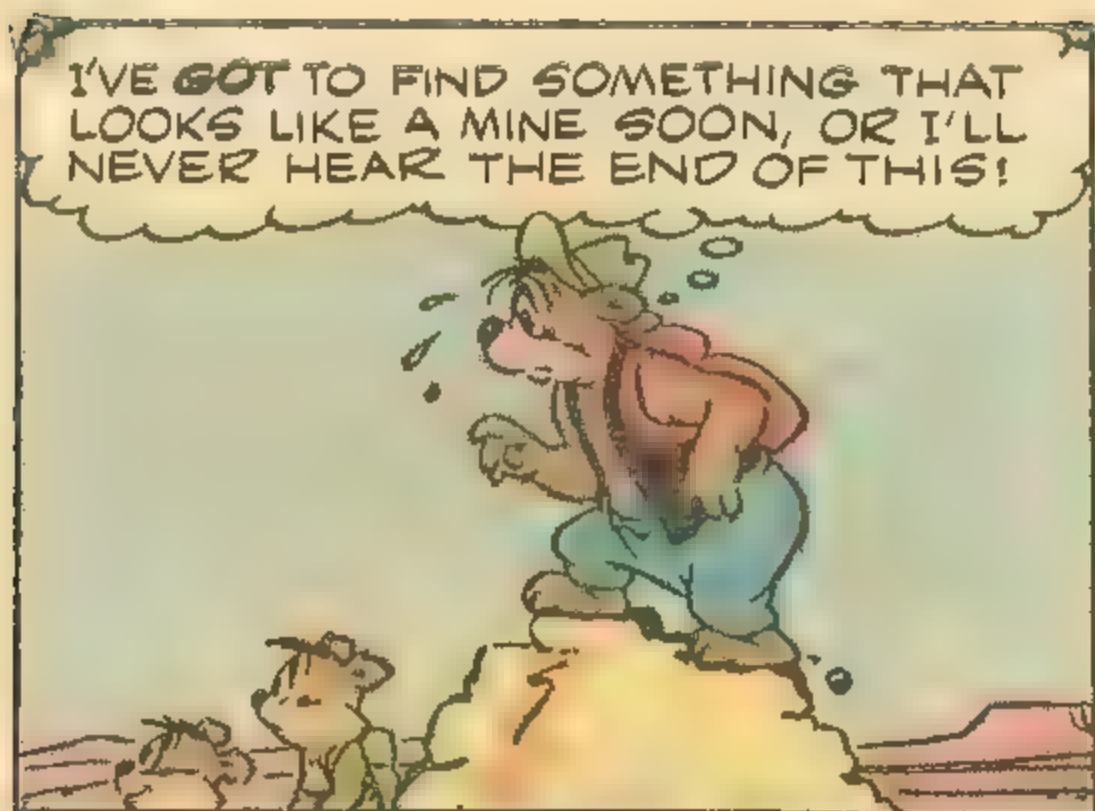
UH, OH!
HERE WE
GO AGAIN!

HOW ABOUT TAKIN' US PROSPECTIN'?
I BET YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT!

THAT'LL
BE SWELL!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS! THAT
WAS A LONG TIME AGO,
AND BESIDES...





YOU STAY HERE AND GUARD OUR EQUIPMENT UNTIL I COME BACK!

OKAY, UNCLE BARNEY!

I DON'T KNOW HOW I EVER LET THOSE KIDS TALK ME INTO THIS! IF I HAD ANY SENSE, I'D BE SNOOZING AT HOME RIGHT NOW!

HEY! IT'S GETTING LIGHTER AROUND THE CORNER!

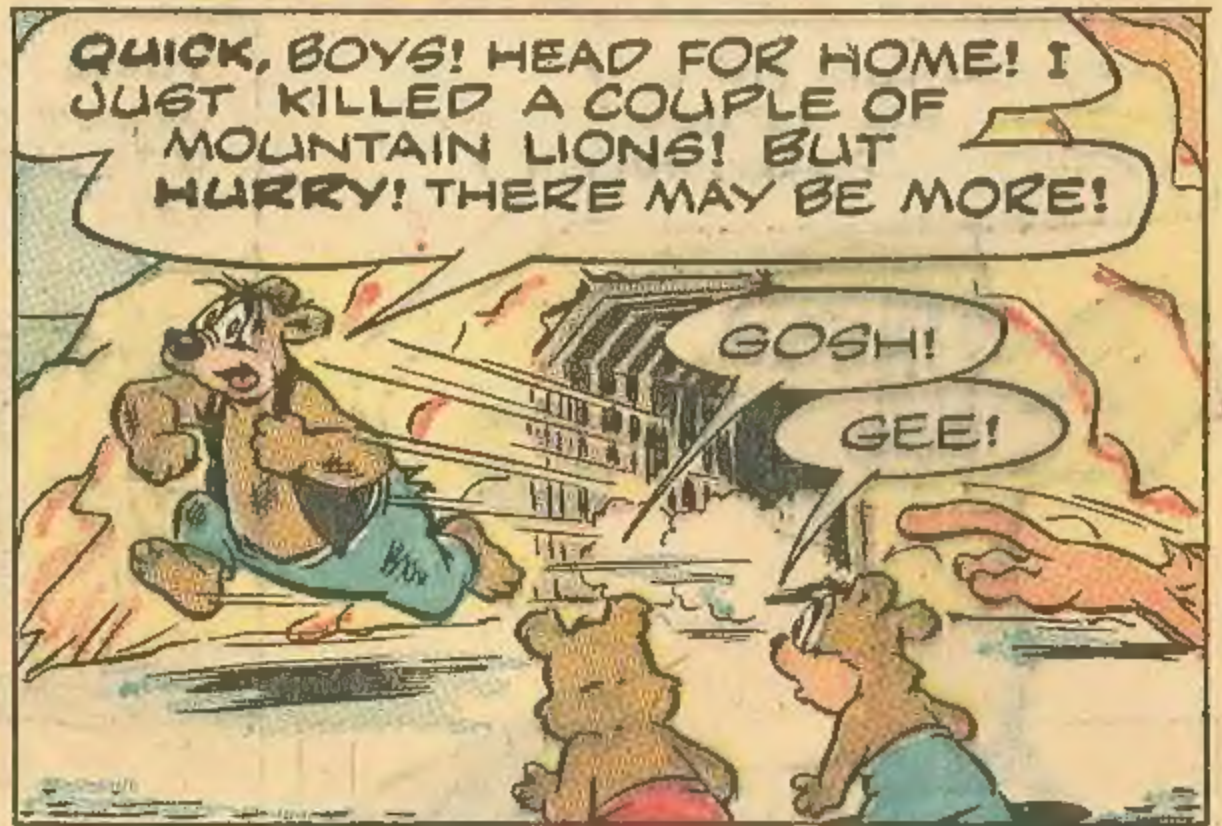
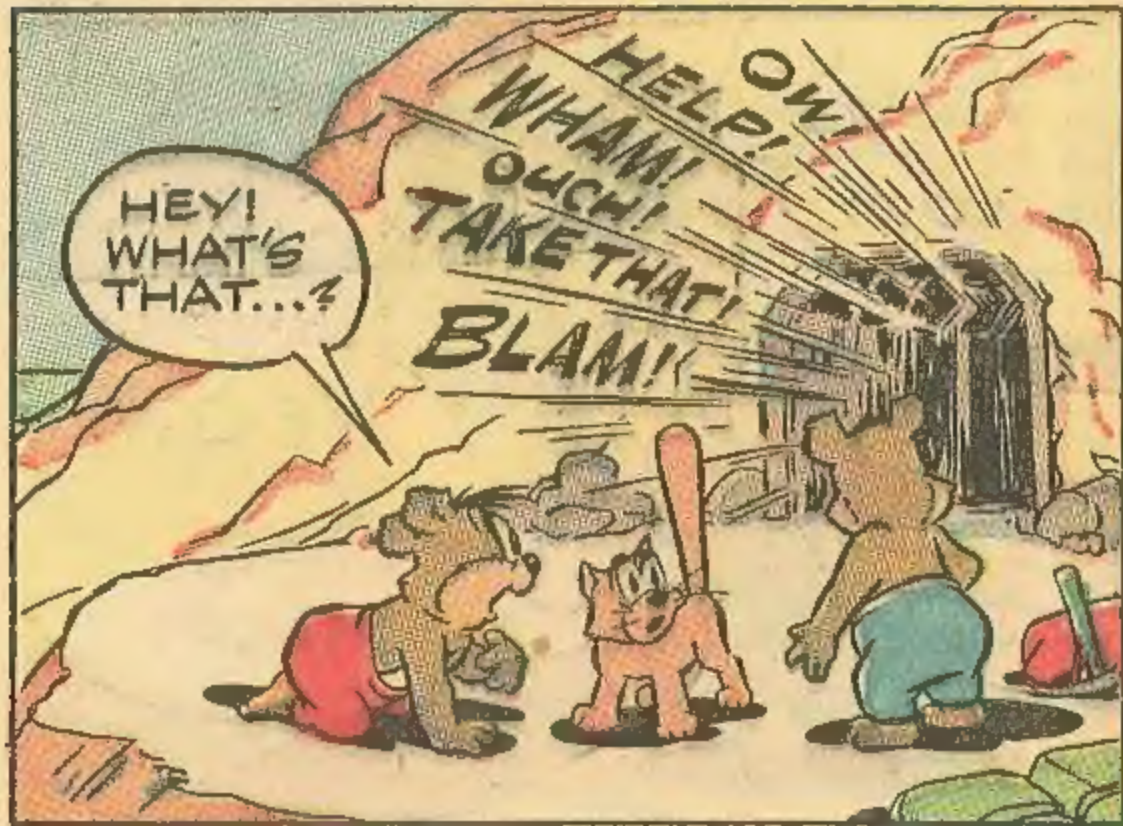
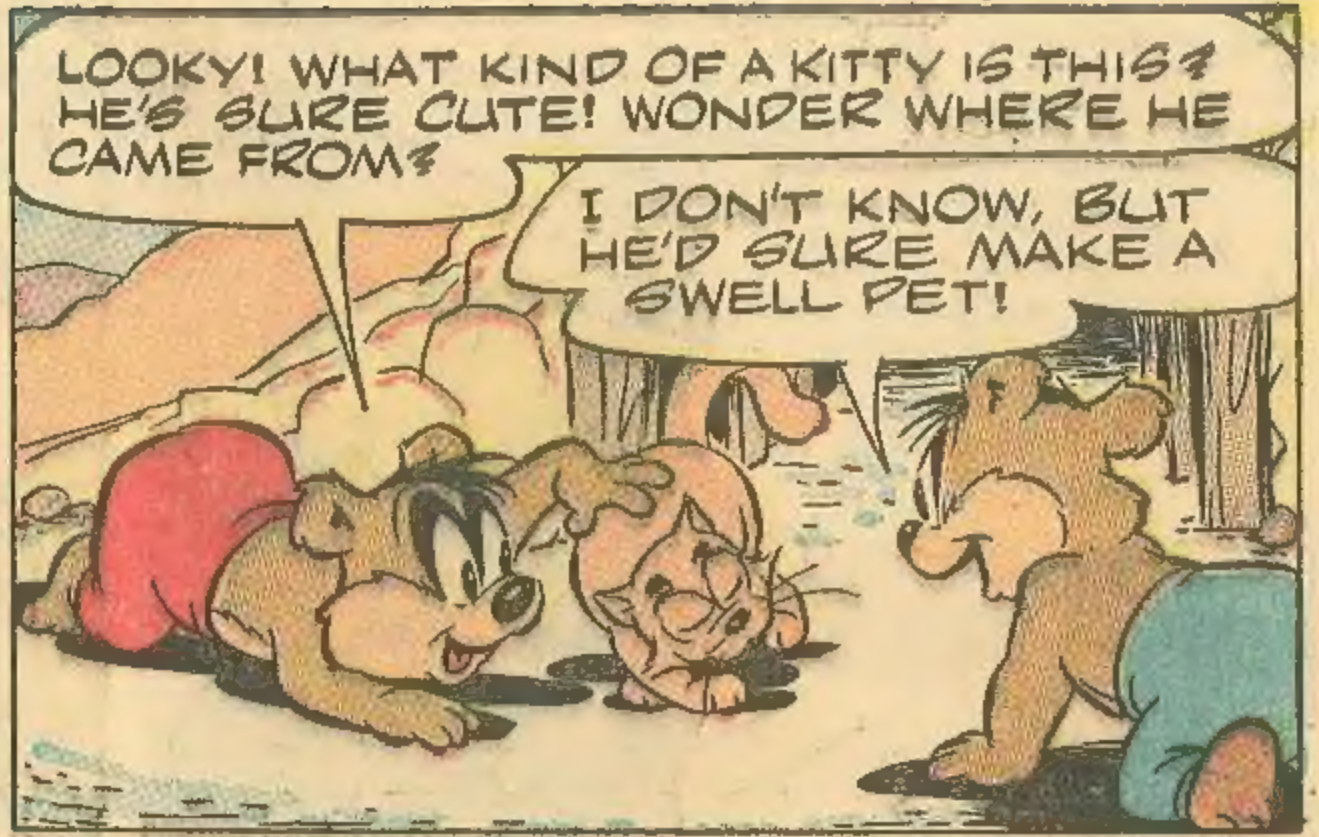
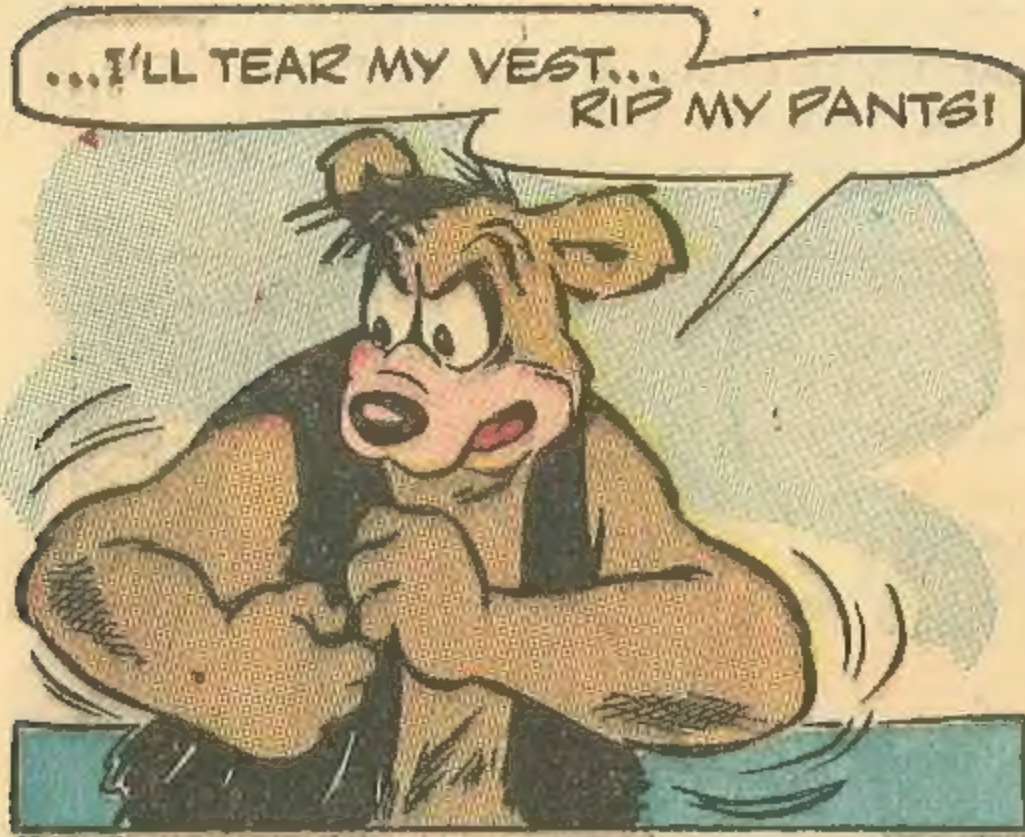
WELL, WHAT DO YA KNOW...

...THE TUNNEL COMES RIGHT OUT AGAIN ON THIS SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!

HM-M... IF I COULD CONVINCE THEM THERE'S TERRIBLE DANGER HERE, I COULD GO HOME AND FINISH MY NAP!

LET'S SEE... WHAT'S THE WORST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN? A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS?... N-O-O-O! A HUGE GORILLA?... N-O-O-O! A... AH... A MOUNTAIN LION? YEAH, THAT'S IT!

I'LL MUSS MYSELF UP PLENTY TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD...





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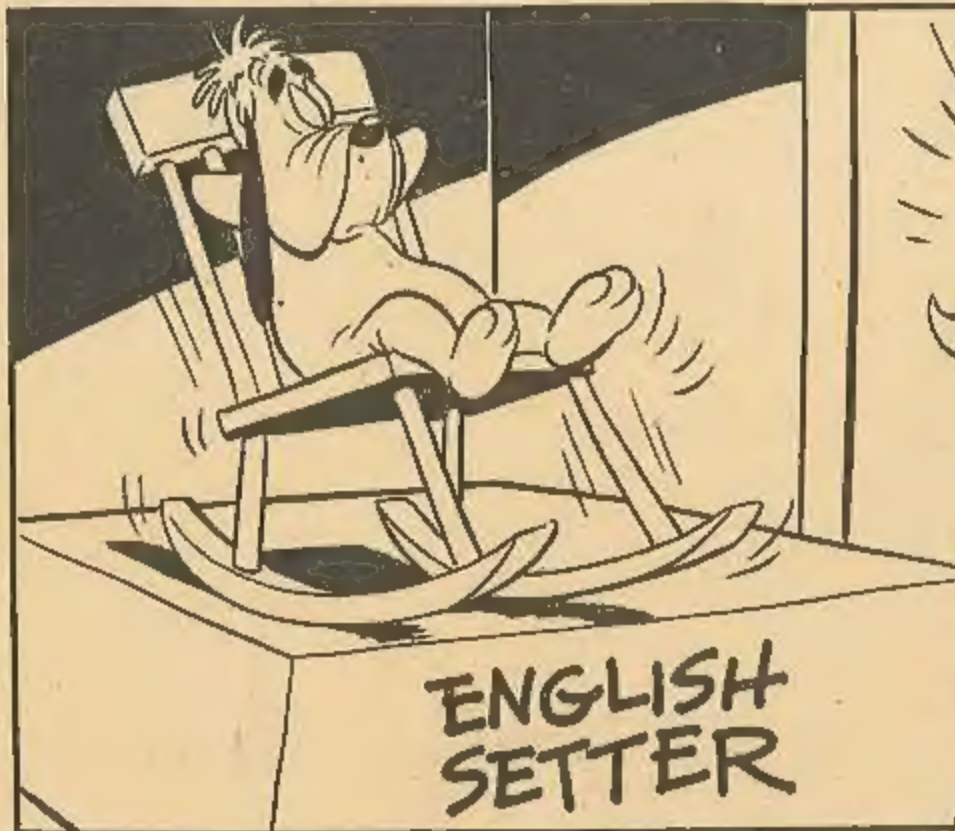
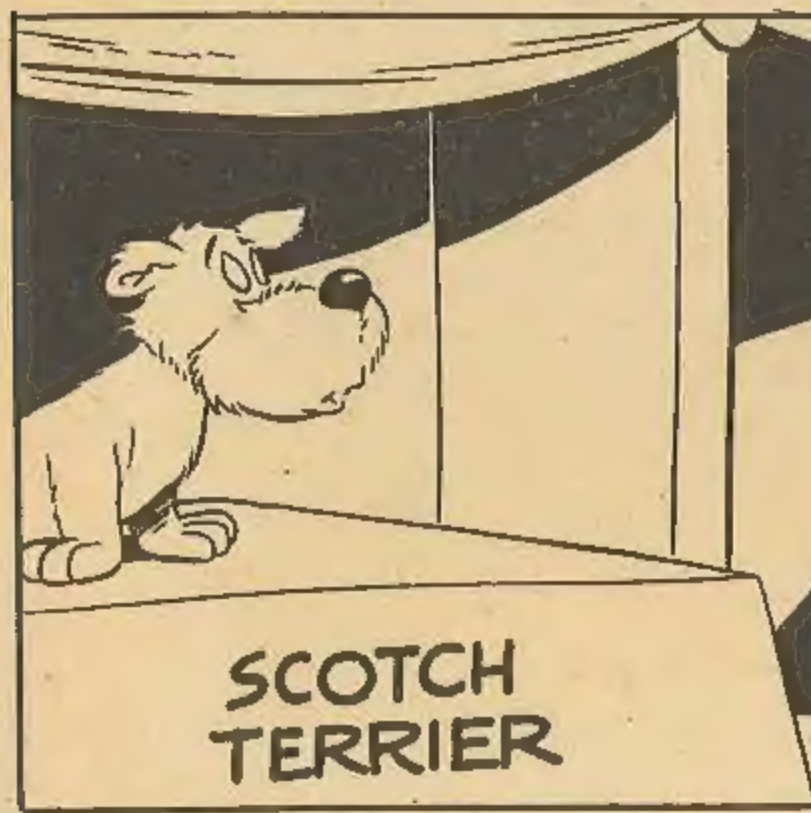
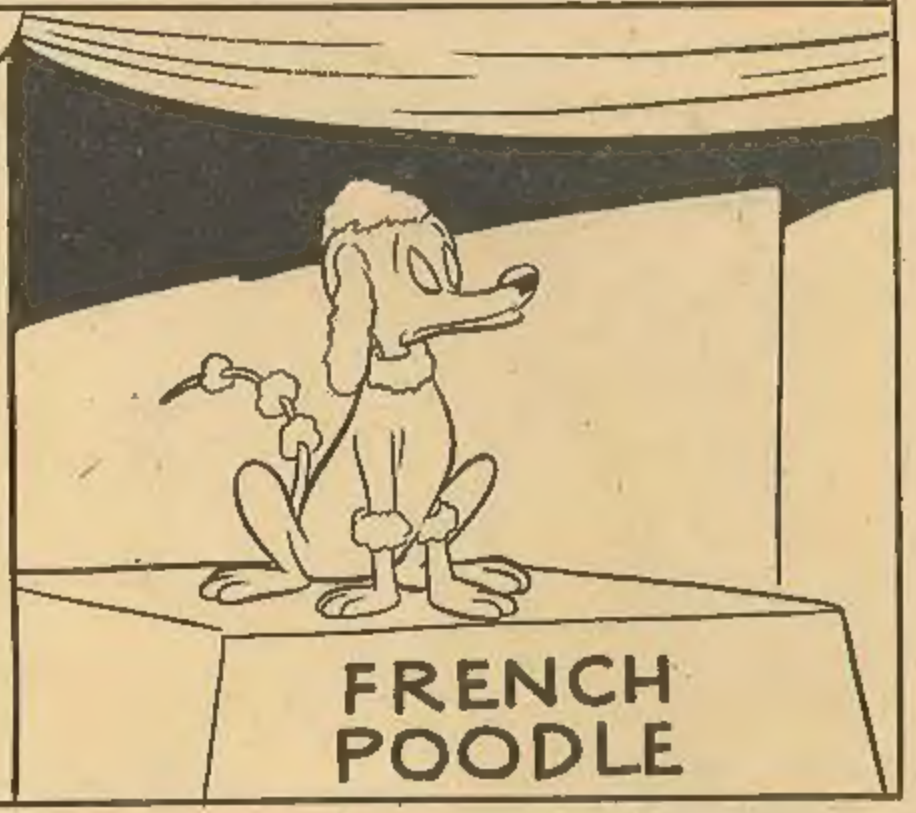
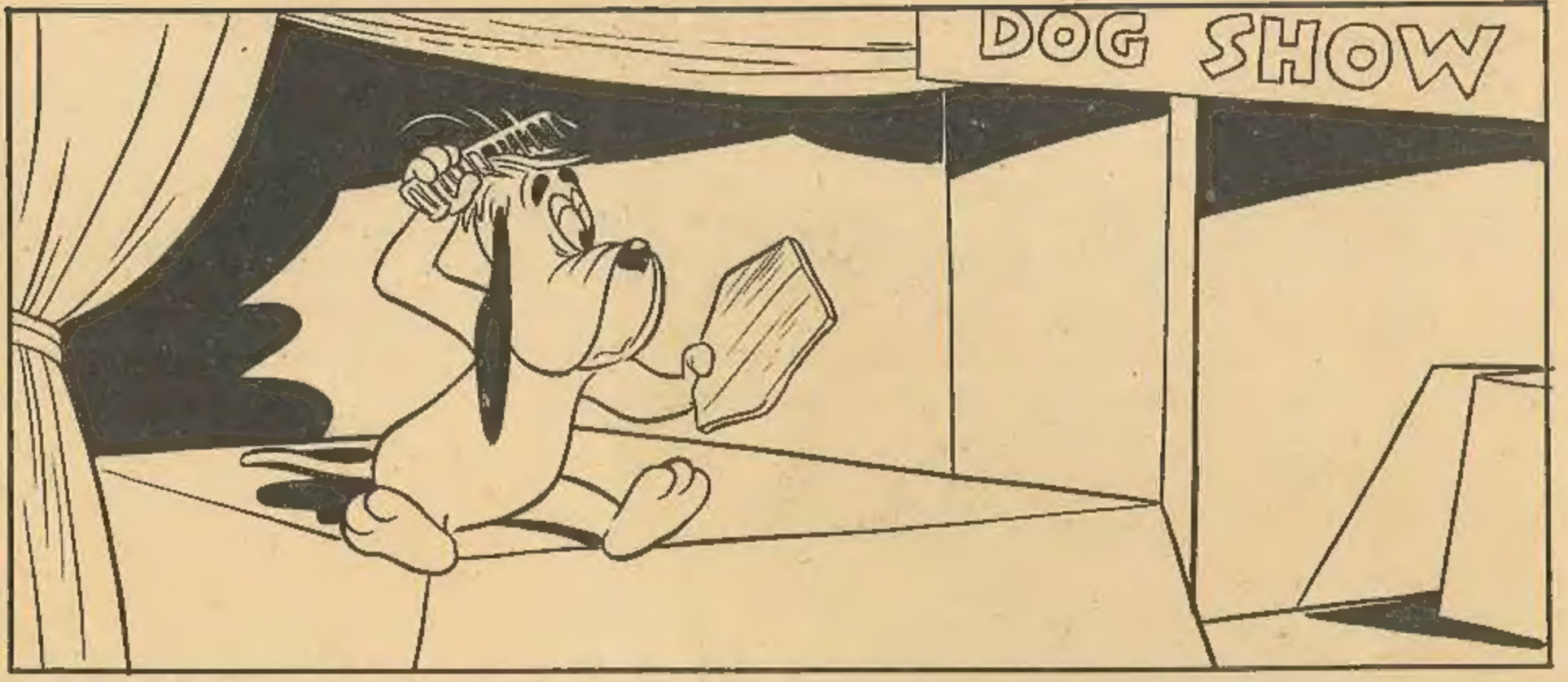
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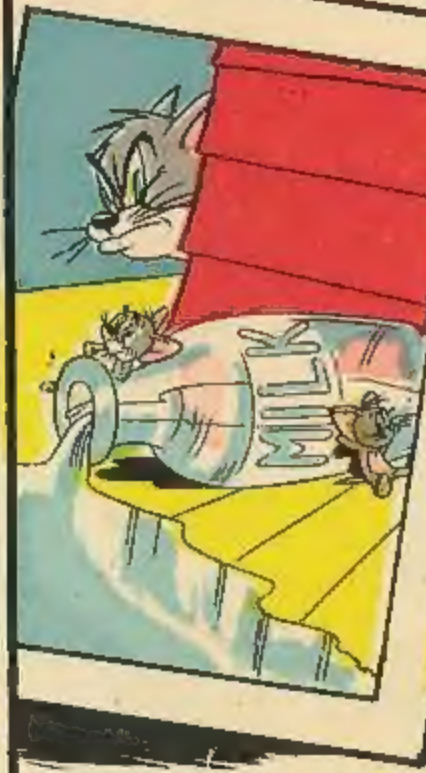
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